THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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How to Make a Movie

SPECIAL! 50 YEARS AT THE MOVIES

Academy Awards of All Time by Rex Reed & John Simon

How to Break I

Woody Allen
What's So Funny?

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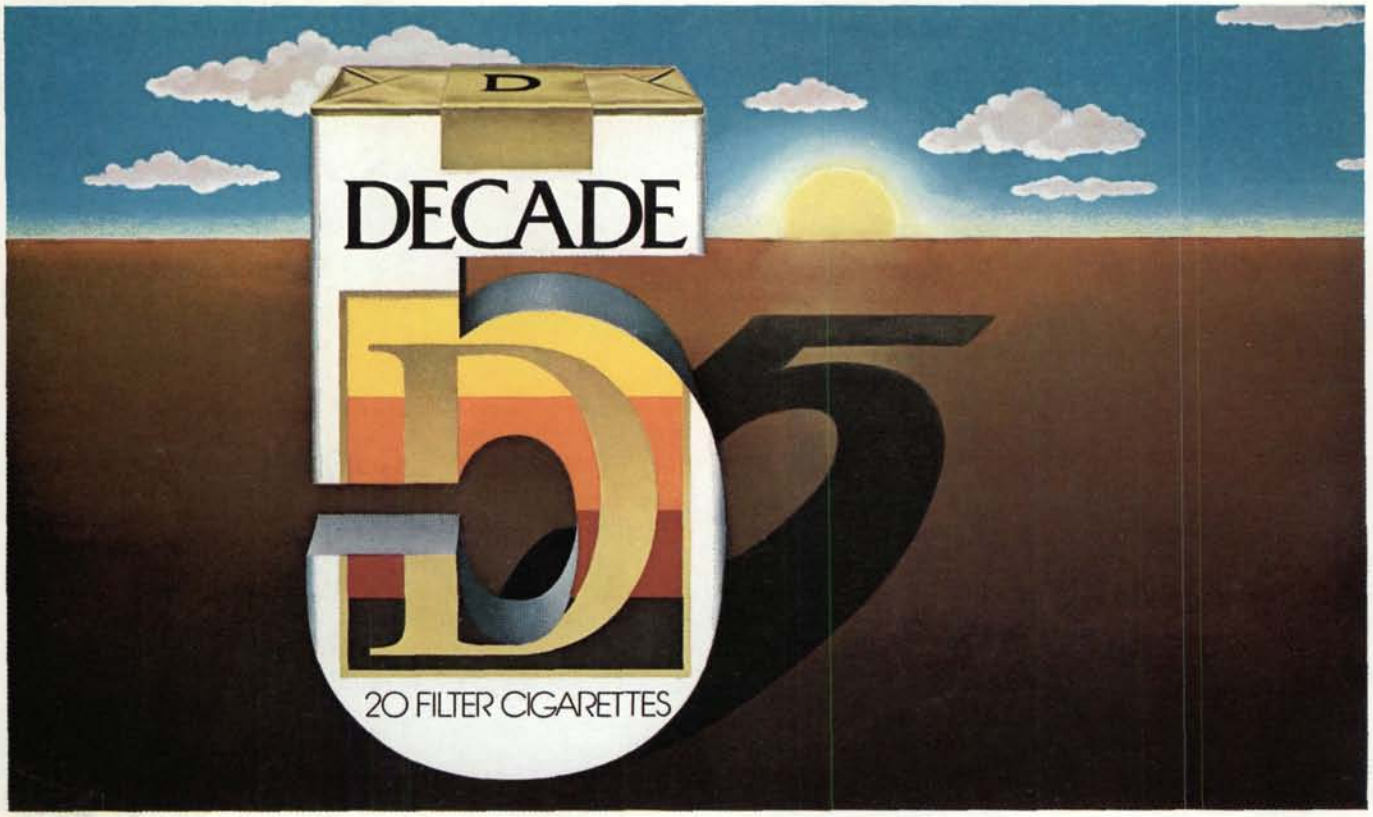

IT TOOK TEN YEARS BUT WE FINALLY GOT YOUR NUMBER.

Decade's got your number. Only 5mg. of 'tar.'

Now you might be wondering why it took us ten years to reach 5mg. Well, if we were simply interested in lowering 'tar,' we could have done it in a lot less time. After all, others have.

But this wasn't just a numbers game to us. Our goal was to reduce 'tar' without removing taste. So we took our time.

Finally, after ten years, we were good and ready. We had developed our "Total System." A totally unique way of delivering truly satisfying taste in a 5mg. cigarette. That's why we say Decade is "The taste that took ten years to make."

Every part of a Decade cigarette is arranged in perfect balance with the others. The tobacco, the filter and even the paper. Only by concentrating on these parts are we able to perfect the whole.

So try Decade. We think you'll agree that 5mg. can be a very tasty little number.

Only 5 mg. 'tar.'

Regular and Menthol.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine ave. per cigarette by FTC method.

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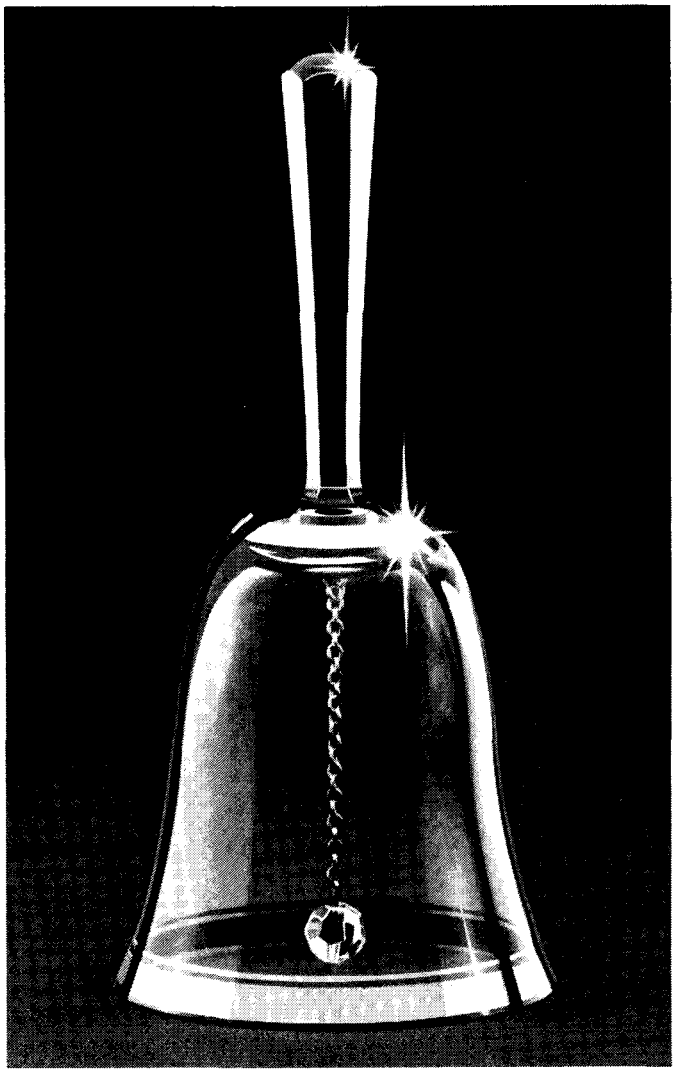
The First Danbury Mint Gold-On-Crystal Bell

- **The first gold-on-crystal bell ever issued by the Danbury Mint.**
- **Individually hand cut from the finest full lead crystal.**
- **Richly hand decorated with precious 18kt. gold.**
- **Each bell individually serially numbered.**
- **Issued in a strictly limited edition. Not available in stores.**
- **Priced at only $27.50.**

Gold and Crystal! These very words evoke special emotions among connoisseurs of the rare and beautiful. For Full Lead Crystal is universally treasured for its flawless purity, transparent brilliance, timeless beauty, and great rarity. No wonder, then, that Full Lead Crystal has found favor as a fine art medium with discriminating collectors on every continent. And, what better way to complement the flawless quality of the crystal than the addition of the most precious of all the precious metals — Gold!

Each bell will be individually hand cut, thus making your bell unlike any other in the world. Then, each bell will be decorated by hand with three solid bands of precious 18kt. gold. Finally, a clapper of hand cut crystal will be fitted into each bell, thus allowing you to ring the bell and enjoy a sound as pure and as beautiful as the crystal itself.

This First Danbury Mint Gold-On-Crystal Bell will be issued in a strictly limited edition. *In the United States, this edition is limited to the number of reservations postmarked by August 31, 1978, and then the edition will close forever.* At just $27.50, this bell would be an elegant addition to any home.



Bell shown smaller than actual size of 7".

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06856

Must be
Postmarked by
August 31, 1978

Please enter my order for **The First Danbury Mint Gold-On-Crystal Bell.**

I have enclosed my remittance for the following:

_____ Gold-On-Crystal Bell(s) @ $27.50 each $_____
quantity

Postage and Handling @ $1.50 $_____

Total Amount Enclosed* $_____

Name _____

Address _____

City / State / Zip _____

Please make check or money order payable to: Danbury Mint
Allow 6 to 10 weeks after order deadline for shipment.
**Connecticut residents please add $2.03 per bell for sales tax.*

SEP

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On Vacation...

But his companions are a lot of business details that he cannot shake off

GOOD times all around him—but *he* might as well be back at the office. Cooped in his hotel room he spends his vacation hours, alone, worrying about business details that he cannot shake off.

So many men do not know how to unload routine work! Every time they leave the office, something goes wrong.

If only they would realize that 90 per cent* of business operations are done on recurring situations they would let printed forms take care of all detail work for them.

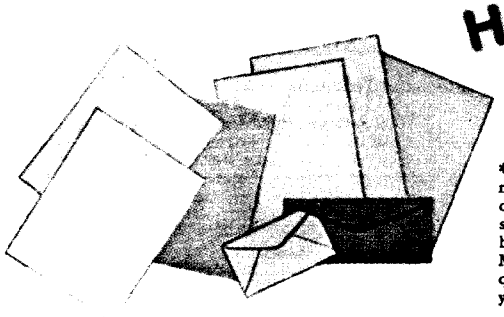
Memo blanks, requisitions, form letters, work sheets, sales letters, shipping instructions, reports and many other forms applicable to *your* business get things done, the right way, at the right time—and cut down worry, waste, errors. And above all, a system of printed forms frees you for more important work and quicker advancement.

The paper for such work is Hammermill Bond. Its surface invites use. Pen or pencil glides smoothly over it. Typewriter and printing press register cleanly and clearly. Carbons are always neat and legible.

Also, Hammermill Bond is available everywhere in twelve standard colors and white. That is so the work of different jobs or departments may be identified by color.

In addition, Hammermill Bond has the strength to withstand rough handling, and is reasonably priced.

Let your printer help you get better printed forms and letterheads by standardizing on Hammermill Bond. Bond and ripple finishes with envelopes to match all colors and both finishes.



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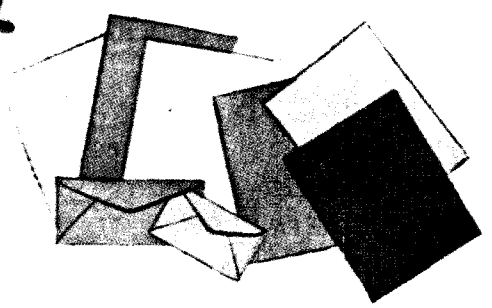
The Utility Business Paper



This is one of the vital facts uncovered by months of research among successful business organizations. As a result of this research a series of bulletins for managing executives has been prepared. The first, entitled "Safeguarding Managerial Time," will be sent free if you request it on your business letterhead and sign your executive or departmental position. Address the Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa.

This ad appeared in The Saturday Evening Post *June 16, 1928*

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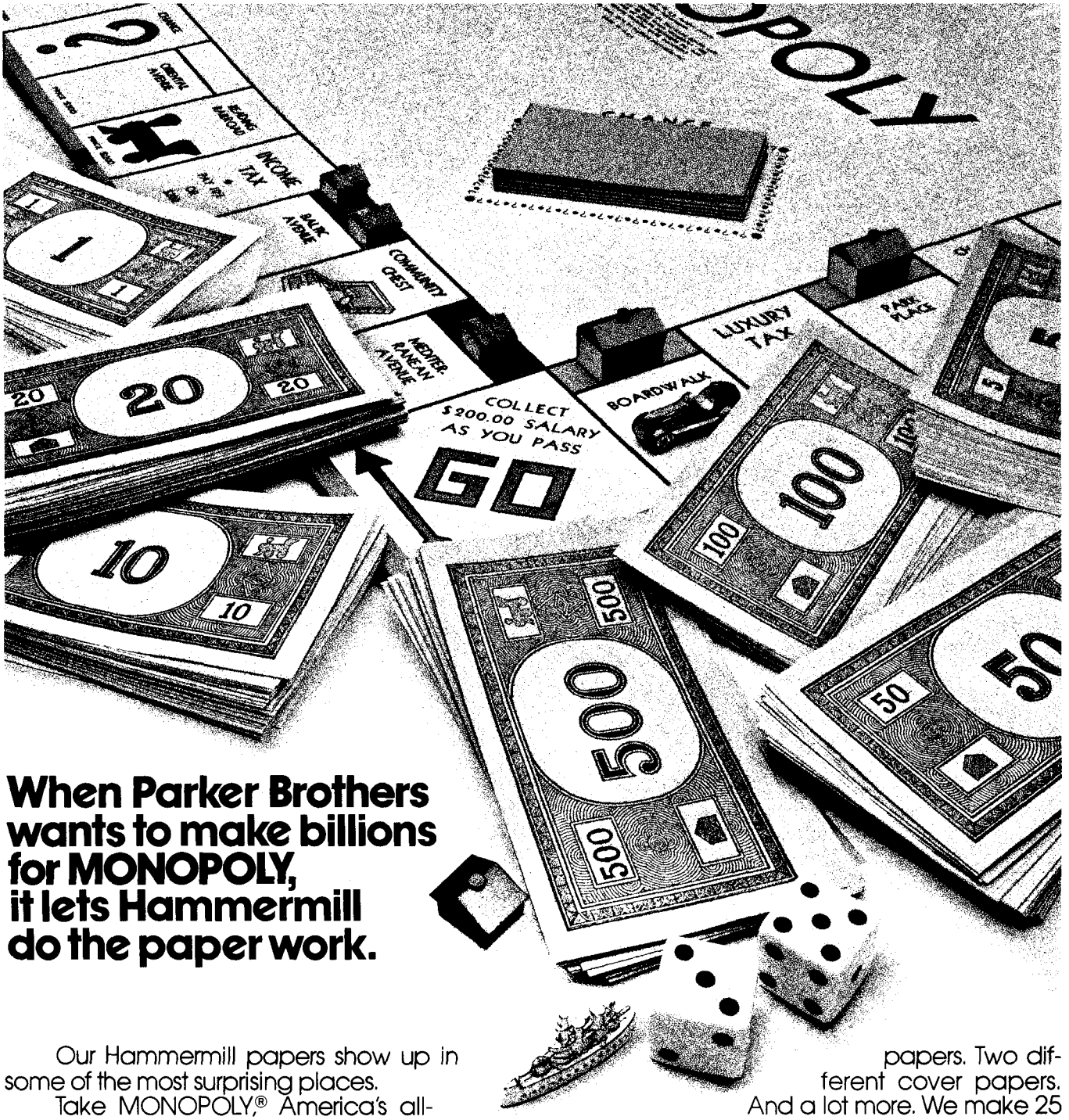

When Parker Brothers wants to make billions for MONOPOLY, it lets Hammermill do the paper work.

Our Hammermill papers show up in some of the most surprising places.

Take MONOPOLY,® America's all-time-favorite board game. To bankroll it, Parker Brothers has to print billions of "dollars" each year.

The paper Parker Brothers puts most of its MONOPOLY money on is our economical Hammermill Fore Bond® with a special finish.

Our Fore Bond is just right for the makers of MONOPOLY. But it's not the answer for every printing chore. That's why Hammermill makes a lot of different papers.

We make three different bond papers. Eight different copier papers. Two different cover papers. And a lot more. We make 25 different papers in all, in all kinds of colors, weights, finishes—and prices.

The fact is, we do a lot of paper work for a lot of companies. Because if a company has a paper problem, one of our Hammermill papers is likely to be right on the money.

Call your printer or local Hammermill distributor to find the Hammermill paper that will work best for you.

HAMMERMILL PAPERS®

Hammermill Papers Group, a division of Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania 16533.

Let Hammermill do the paper work.

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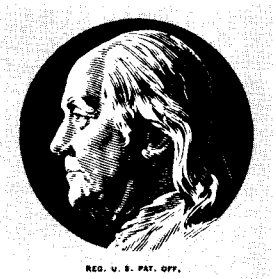

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Woody Allen Cover Photograph by Steve Schapiro

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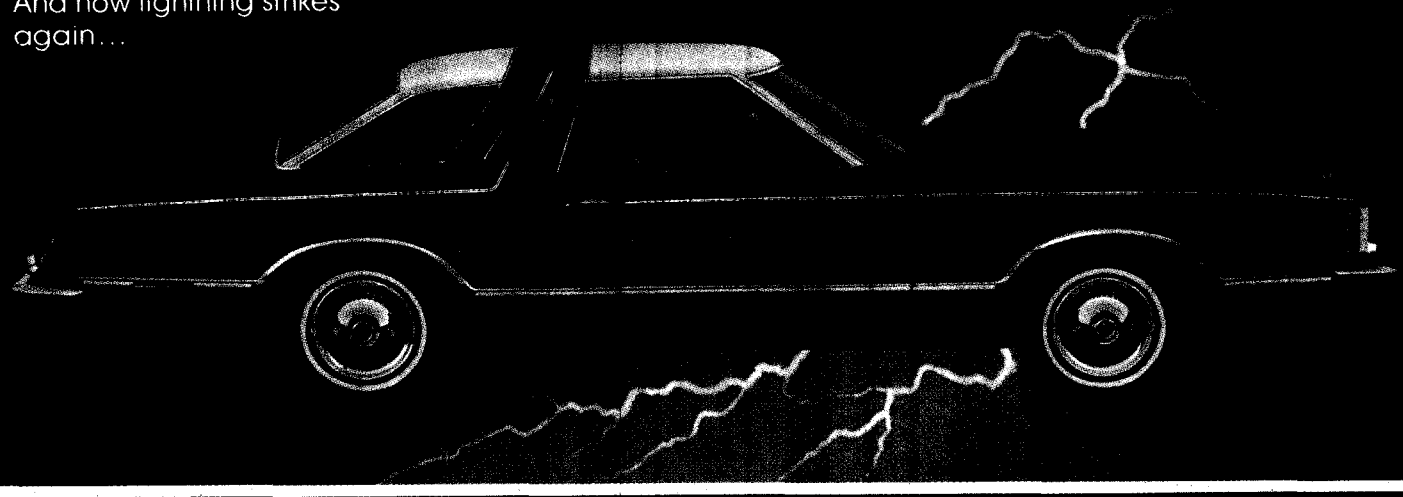
LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE!

Two unique personal cars in two sizes and two prices.

THE LEGENDARY THUNDERBIRD $5,845* as shown $5,448 base sticker price

The first of Ford's personal cars was Thunderbird. Unique in all the world. A legend in style and personal luxury.

And now lightning strikes again...



THE DRAMATIC NEW FUTURA $4,291* as shown $4,068 base sticker price

Ford's newest personal car, Fairmont Futura, is here! A dramatic combination of style and technology. Thunderbird and Futura. Two unique personal cars in two sizes and two prices.

Excitement you can find only at Ford Dealers... where the better ideas keep coming.

*Sticker prices excluding title, taxes and destination charges.

FORD
FORD DIVISION

Ford
75th ANNIVERSARY

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Announcing
The Official State Flowers Bell Collection

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• For the first time . . . 50 exquisite little bone china bells portray all of America's official state flowers.

• Each bell will be decorated with a specially commissioned original painting and hand-decorated with 24 Kt. gold.

• A uniquely designed unit to display the complete collection will be provided at no additional cost.

• Final order deadline: July 31, 1978.

America the Beautiful is blessed with magnificent flowers. A carpet of color and fragrance that stretches from sea to shining sea – reminding us of the bounty that nature has bestowed upon our nation. And of all the lovely flowers that flourish on our native soil, the very favorites have been named the official flowers of the 50 states.

Now, at last, all 50 of these official state flowers will be faithfully portrayed on exquisite little bells of fine bone china – an unprecedented artistic tribute to our 50 states . . . a joyous celebration of our love for the land we live in.

Fine Bone China – The Perfect Art Medium for This Unprecedented Collection

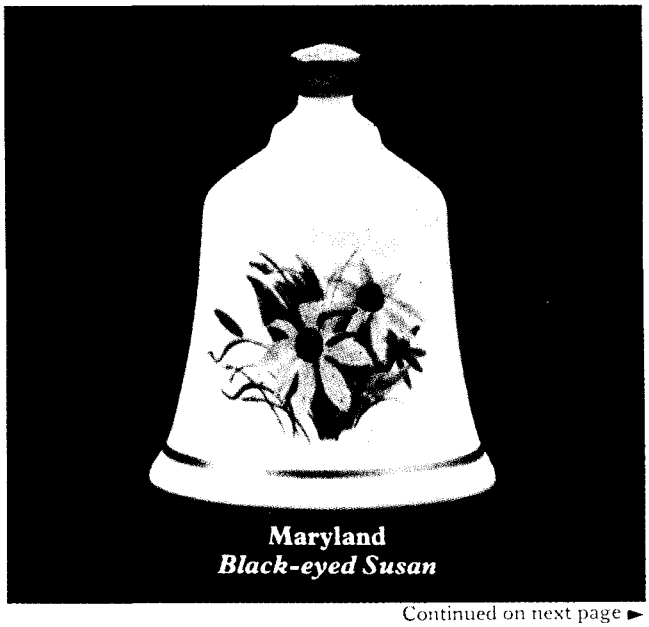
The special qualities of imported fine bone china are perfect for portraying these beautiful flowers. Bone china is renowned for its pure ivory-white color and remarkable translucence – qualities which enhance the vivid colors of each flower. Fine bone china is also famous for its light weight and delicate appearance – qualities which perfectly correspond with the delicacy of the flowers themselves.

Very few china makers in the entire world have mastered the necessary skills to produce bone china. This is why bone china is found only in a few countries –and why it is treasured by collectors on every continent. It is rare to find an exclusive, privately commissioned bell collection in fine bone china – and rarer still to find a collection consisting of fifty exquisite little bone china bells.

Original Paintings by One of America's Most Distinguished Nature Artists

To create the original art that appears on each of these bells, a special commission was awarded to the prominent American nature artist, Jo Polseno, whose work has been shown in leading galleries and has appeared in Audubon Magazine. Working in fields, plains, and mountains across America, Polseno has created a striking series of original floral watercolors expressly and exclusively for this collection. These paintings have never been seen before – and will never appear again in any form.

The flowers include the sweetly scented Massachusetts Mayflower, beloved of the Pilgrims . . . the Mississippi Magnolia, fabled flower of the Deep South . . . the vibrant California Poppy . . . the lovely pink and



Maryland
Black-eyed Susan

Continued on next page ►

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◄ Continued from preceding page

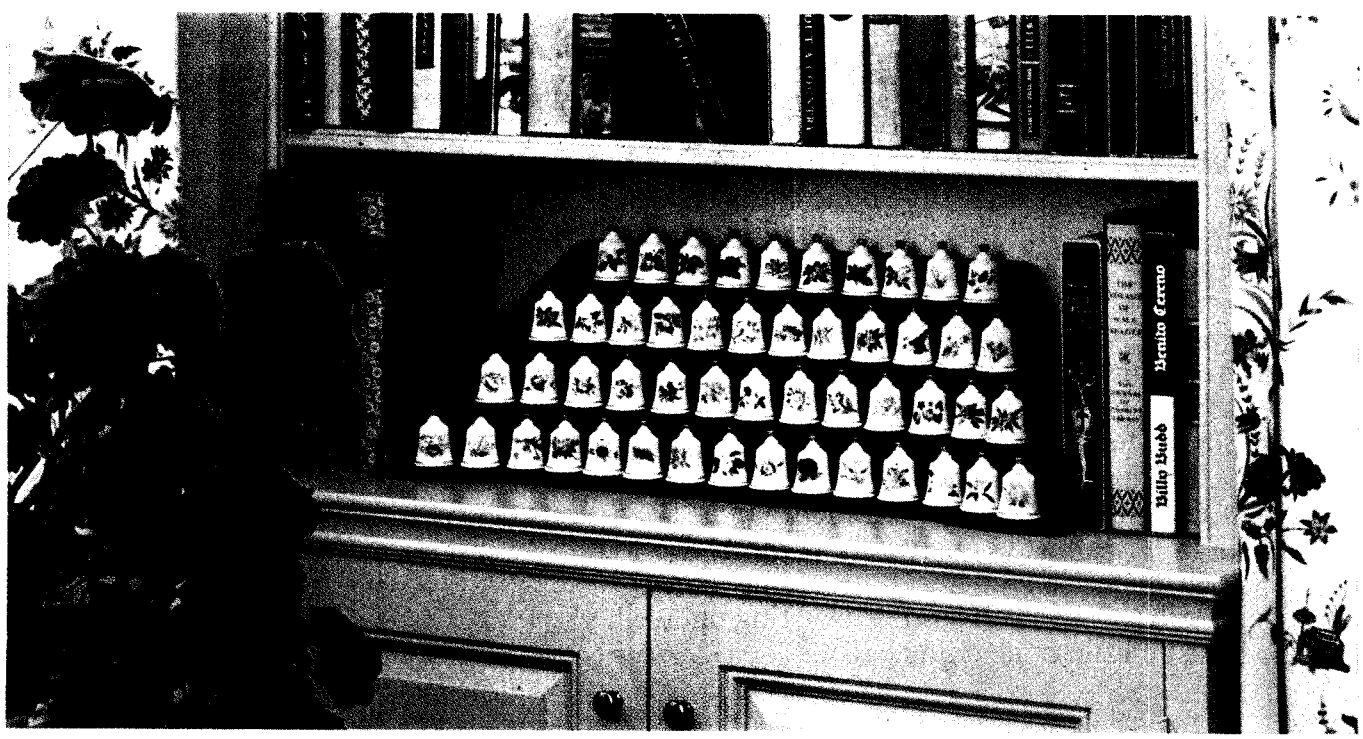
yellow wild rose of Iowa. In all, 50 lovely flowers . . . authentic down to the most minute detail . . . vibrant in all their natural colors.

Each Bell a Handcrafted Work of Art

To create a bell collection worthy of our official state flowers and the fine bone china, a specially designed bell shape was created. To produce this unique shape, each bell will be individually cast by hand. Then the original Polseno watercolors will be transferred to each bell using techniques involving many separate colors. As a crowning touch of luxury, each bell will be hand decorated with precious 24 Kt. gold applied to both the handle and base. Each bell will also bear the name of the state and its official flower, as well as the Danbury Mint hallmark.

Display Accessory at No Additional Cost

A custom designed display unit will be furnished at no additional charge. This beautiful unit may be placed on a table or book shelf (as shown below) or hung on a wall – to display all 50 bells to best advantage.



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Bells shown actual size.

A Strictly Limited Edition

The Official State Flowers Bell Collection will be available only directly from the Danbury Mint by advance reservation. Reservations for this limited edition offering must be postmarked by July 31, 1978.

North Carolina
Dogwood

(Bell's reverse side)

Convenient Acquisition Plan — Guaranteed Satisfaction

To reserve your subscription to *The Official State Flowers Bell Collection* simply complete the Reservation Application and mail it to the Danbury Mint by July 31, 1978. You need send no money now. You will be billed for each of your bells prior to shipment.

The Official State Flowers Bell Collection consists of 50 individual bells to be issued at the rate of two bells per month. Subscribers are guaranteed the same, low original issue price of just $9.00 each for every bell throughout the entire collection.

Should you receive any bell that you are not completely satisfied with, you may return it within 30 days for replacement or refund. Naturally, you may cancel your subscription at any time.

Prompt Action Needed

Remember, subscriptions for this offering must be postmarked by July 31, 1978. Please act promptly.

Reservation Application FEP

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06856

Must be postmarked by July 31, 1978

Please accept my reservation to **The Official State Flowers Bell Collection.** I understand there will be 50 bone china bells in this limited edition series and that the bells will be issued at the rate of 2 new bells every month at the guaranteed price of $18.00 per monthly shipment (plus $1.50 for shipping and handling costs).

I need send no money now. I will be billed for the first 2 bells prior to shipment and invoiced for subsequent bells on a monthly basis. I may cancel this subscription at any time and any shipment may be returned for a full refund if upon receipt I am not completely satisfied.

Name_____

Address _____

City_____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

☐ Check here if you want your bells charged, as they are shipped, to your:

☐ Bank Americard/Visa ☐ MasterCharge

_____
Credit Card Number Expiration Date

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Fifty Years at the Movies

Movies say action, motion. In a movie, life is focused, narrowed into a meaning. We see, very clearly for once, those elusive bugaboos, our beginning, middle, and end. We sit in the dark, and the screen appears like the light at the end of the tunnel, the tunnel of our possibilities. And if the movie is good, we emerge from the darkened theater with not just our eyes adjusting to the light, but our hearts, spirits, and brains too. We don't discuss film technique or acting ability on the ride home. We are beyond that.

From the beginning (literally, since the magazine ran Edison's own article on how and why he invented the moving picture and what results we might expect) the *Post* covered films and film stars.

Mary Pickford wrote for the magazine. Harold Lloyd. Al Jolson. Eddie Cantor. *Post* stories—by F. Scott Fitzgerald, Agatha Christie, P. G. Wodehouse, Jack London, Conrad Richter, William Faulkner—were made into movies with such regularity that the very style of writing for the magazine changed. The stories were shorter and more visual. The action progressed through scenes of motion. Small-town tales gave way to stories set in exotic locales. Close-ups in fiction were suddenly more important than purple phrases. The reader had to *see* the story.

Favorite features over the years in the *Post* were "The Role I Liked Best," "Can You Name This Star?" "Pete Martin Calls on . . . " in which one of the *Post*'s best star chasers tracked down Clark Gable (the only taped interview he gave), Ingrid Bergman, Marilyn Monroe, Gary Cooper, John Wayne, Marlon Brando, and others too numerous for billing. Nunnally Johnson, once a *Post* reporter and story stringer, became Hollywood's biggest producer, a man who made so much money his mother in Georgia was embarrassed to tell her friends his salary.

The *Post* in this 50th anniversary of talkies, in its own 250th anniversary, and in the 50th birthday of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, salutes this glorious medium.

"The dark is light enough."

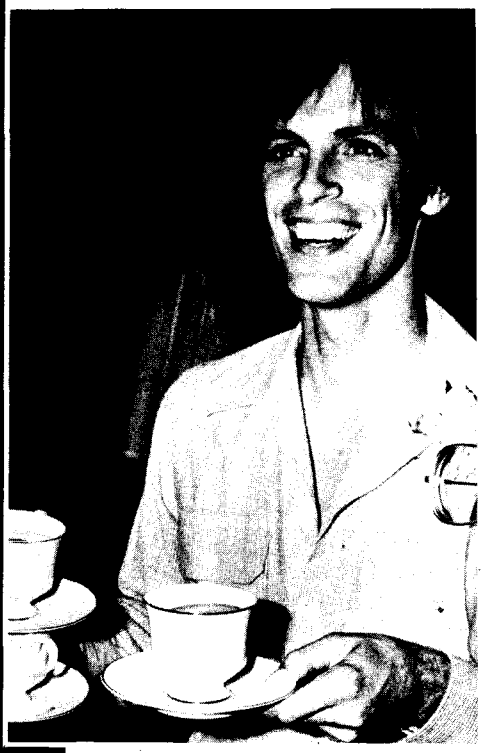
PUTTING ON HEIRS

It all started with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Call it nepotism, or maybe propagation of the species, but Hollywood's royal families are spreading like Hapsburgs.

by Bob Lardine

Photography by Peter Borsari

Jane and Peter Fonda flank father Henry (below) during TV tribute. Keith Carradine (right, son of John) won fame in Nashville, *singing "I'm Easy."*



When Debby Boone first expressed interest in a singing career, her father, Pat Boone, advised the light of his life, "I wish you'd try something else. I want you to lead a normal existence."

But most celebrities don't discourage their star-struck children; it does little good anyhow, as witness Debby's case. Instead, they push, shove, and otherwise spur their offspring to follow in their illustrious footsteps. Veteran stars often call influential friends, producers, and directors in an effort to smooth or advance their progeny's show business careers. If an actor happens to be making a picture, he'll quietly arrange for his kid to be in the movie. If the performer is starring in a TV series, his little girl will somehow wind up on that show during the year.

Just look what has happened on the movie, *The Champ*, for example. Ryan O'Neal insisted that his son, Griffin, 12, be given the role made famous in the original *Champ* by Jackie Cooper. Director Franco Zeffirelli didn't like the idea, so Ryan abruptly walked off the film.

"I'm not going to do this picture 'cause Griffin won't be in it," said Ryan. "He made the screen test and was really good. Zeffirelli gave me the impression that Griffin would be in the movie. I'm now bitter as hell."

O'Neal claims he was extremely fair about the situation. "I even suggested that my youngest son, Patrick [9], be tested for the role if Griffin didn't work out. But Griffin was excellent."

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Western stars Tex Ritter and Dorothy Fay met making movies, then married. Son John (male third of TV's "Three's Company"), here with new wife Nancy.

Sure it's nepotism, but, as Desi Arnaz, Jr., sees it, there's really nothing terribly wrong about it.

"Most plumbers try to get their sons into plumbing and into the union," he says. "So do most electricians, printers, and what have you. Big businessmen often give their sons preferential treatment by bringing them into the firm over better qualified persons. It's an age-old practice, and I don't see why actors have to be different."

Not only is nepotism in the entertainment world firmly entrenched but also it's growing more prevalent every day. Never before has there been such a horde of second-generation performers.

Just look at what happened on Robert Altman's upcoming film *A Wedding*, for example. No fewer than five offspring of famous actors gained key roles: Desi Arnaz, Jr. (son of Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball); Geraldine Chaplin (daughter of Charlie Chaplin); Susan Newman (daughter of Paul Newman); Mia Farrow (daughter of Maureen O'Sullivan); and Gavan O'Herlihy (son of Dan O'Herlihy).

When American International Pictures cast *Joyride* last year, every single lead role was handled by a second-generation performer: Desi Arnaz, Jr.; Robert Carradine (son of John Carradine); Anne Lockhart (daughter of June Lockhart); and Melanie Griffith (daughter of Tippi Hedren).

On occasions, second-generation casting becomes comical: When Carrie Fisher (daughter of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher) suddenly bowed out of *I Want to Hold Your Hand*, she was replaced by Paul Newman's daughter, Susan.

When young performers are asked just how influential their parents were, they usually say they did it all on their own. By the same token, the famous parents almost unanimously take the position that they did nothing to help their child's career. The fact is that few things are more important to an aspiring performer than having a well-known actor as a parent. Casting doors suddenly spring magically open.

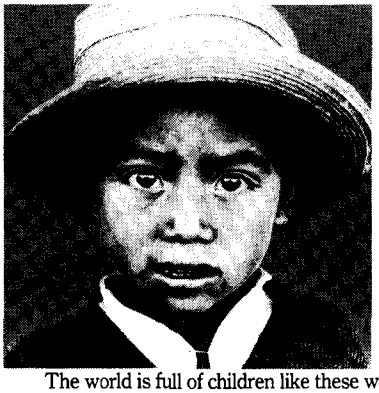
"Sure," says Desi Arnaz, Jr., "being the son of famous parents had to help me. In no way could it hurt, and I don't understand those who claim it did." And yet Desi insists that he has accomplished everything by himself. "I've always felt that I was my own man, though I must admit I never needed money and never had any frustrations about material things. I could have taken it easy, relaxed, and played around. Instead, I've worked very hard. I felt I had to prove something to myself more than to anyone else."

Desi has been active in show business since he was 3. At 6 he had his own Dixieland combo, at 10 his first rock band. He believes that talent isn't inherited. "However," he says, "it's enormously helpful to grow up among talented people. My parents have aided me in every way, but in the long run you must do it by yourself. You must follow through on what you've been handed. When people put their money down, they want to be entertained and don't care who you are."

It must be pointed out that many

Read this and cry.

Froilan lives in Central America in a one-room hut with dirt floors and no sanitary facilities. Labor there is so cheap that, for men like Froilan's father, hard work and long hours still mean a life of poverty. But now life is changing for Froilan.



Her name? We don't know. We found her wandering the streets of a large South American city. Her mother is a beggar. What will become of this little girl? No one knows. In her country, she's just one of thousands doomed to poverty.

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second-generation actors tend to be spoiled. They grow up rich and sassy, never having to work to sustain themselves. The average young unknown actor, on the other hand, must battle to snare even an extra's job and do menial work to keep both his show business dreams and himself alive.

That's why many struggling thespians are understandably bitter when they read these items about second-generation performers:

"Patricia Calhoun plays her first film role in *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.* Her father, Rory Calhoun, is also in the movie."

"Buddy Ebsen's daughter, Bonnie, has a key part in the opening episode of the new series, 'The Kallikaks.' "

"Greg Morris and his son, Philip, have featured roles in the movie, *Com-Tac 303.*"

"Robby Weaver, son of Dennis Weaver, has been cast among the principals of *Spree.*"

"Lucas Donat, 14-year-old son of 'The Waltons' ' Michael Learned, will play William Holden's son in *Damien-Omen II.*"

And on and on it goes.

In rare instances, stars have refused to lift a finger for their children. Chris Mitchum says his dad, Robert Mitchum, hasn't done a thing for his career. "And that's the way I want it," says the 34-year-old actor. "My dad raised me to be independent. He never encouraged me in any single direction. Instead, he advised me, 'Even if you're going to be a bum, be the best bum there is.'

"I never intended to be an actor, and sort of stumbled into it at the age of 24," he says. "Being a famous actor's son was a handicap. Producers didn't like the sound of nepotism. I had to be better than anyone around to get roles." Since starting out 10 years ago, he has appeared in 20 pictures, including 3 with John Wayne—*Chisum*, *Big Jake*, and *Rio Lobo.* Upcoming is a starring role in *Stingray*, and a pretty good part in Charlton Heston's latest, *The Last Hard Men.*

But Mitchum still finds it tough going to support his wife, Cindy, and their three children. In 1976, he tended bar and sold swimming pools and encyclopedias, but last year his film work paid all the bills.

"I guess if I asked my father for help, he would come through," says the actor. "But it's not in his personality to volunteer, and I have never asked him." Chris demonstrates his independence in many ways, including living on a hay farm in Northfield, Massachusetts, far from the glitter of Hollywood. "The quality of life is much better here," he says. "I like the attitude of New Englanders, too. Besides, the crowds and pollution of Los Angeles got to me. Even if I became a whopping movie star, I'd still make my home in New England."

By contrast, Patrick Wayne credits his superstar dad, John Wayne, with giving him substantial boosts in his career. "He put me in several of his pictures (*Rio Grande*, *The Quiet Man*, *McClintock*) and called people so they'd audition me." But the handsome young actor insists that he never talked to his father about goals. "You must understand," he says, "that I'm not very close to my father. My parents were separated when I was very young, and I didn't spend much time with him while growing up. He never helped me financially. I never wanted him to. I put myself through school without help from anyone."

Moreover, Wayne says, movie people other than his father tended to brush him off when he started acting. "They figured that I really wasn't interested in acting," he says.

Wayne feels that he now must succeed as an actor with his individual talent. "Being John Wayne's son isn't going to help me now," he says. "Besides, I'm not like him in any way. He's 4 inches taller and 70 pounds heavier. In this country, people usually don't associate me with my father, but when I go to Europe I'm introduced everywhere as John Wayne's son."

There's evidence that second-generation performers these days are finding it easier than ever to crash the upper echelons of show business. Producers seem to feel there's box-office strength in having a star's kin grace their productions.

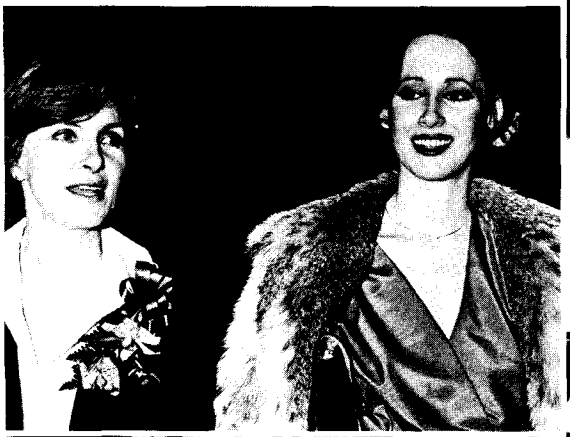
But veteran actor Charles Durning isn't heartened by this development. He's still vehemently opposed to his children (Jeanine, 16; Doug, 15; Michelle, 10) entering show biz.

"Acting is a dead life, and I intend to do everything possible to keep my kids away from it," says Durning.

"But," he continues, "my daughter Michelle has tremendous acting ability. If she comes to me when she turns 18 and says, 'Dad, I'm going to be an actress with or without your help,' I'll have no choice. I'd never tell her to go out on her own. I'd do what Jane Fonda's father did and Liza Minnelli's and all the rest of the father-actors. I'd move heaven and earth for her."

Tatum O'Neal stole Paper Moon *from her father, Ryan, but he didn't mind; he wants all of his children to be stars.*

Paul Newman's starlet daughter, Susan, with stepmother-star Joanne Woodward.



Desi Arnaz, Jr., and Liza Minnelli (above) prove what the twins of Andre Previn and second-generation star Mia Farrow (left) may someday learn: Two famous parents are better than one.

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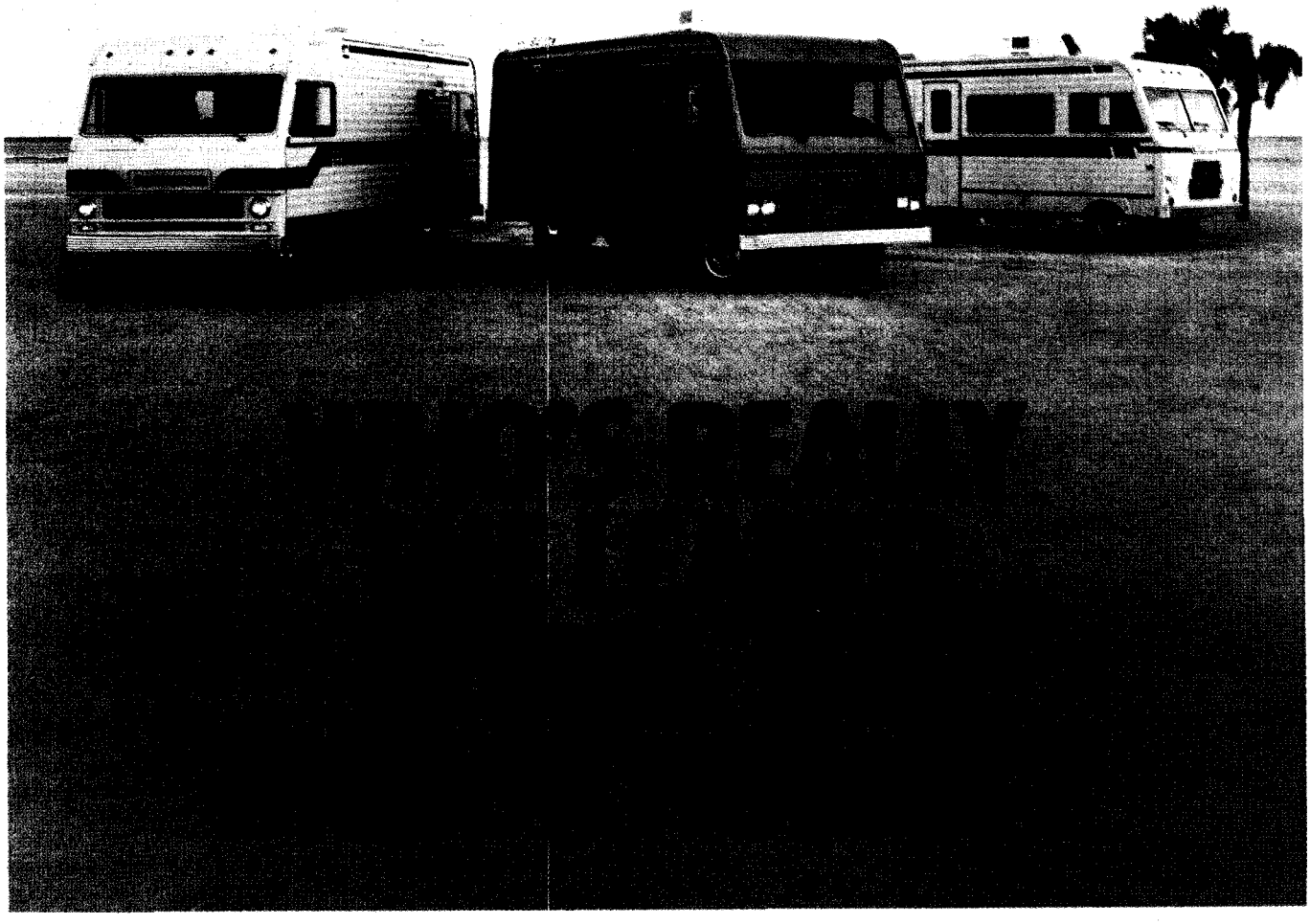

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LITTLE MISS MIRACLE

Shirley Temple lit up the Depression. Her dimples did more than Roosevelt and the W.P.A. to chase away those been-down-so-long-it-looks-like-up-to-me blues.

by J. P. McEvoy

A few years ago there was a shotgun wedding in Hollywood. Twentieth Century and Fox were being married—and about time, too—with Wall Street standing by. The ceremony over, a wedding feast was in order, and all the big moguls were lined up at the head table, and all the little moguls sat around the little tables. At one of these was a writer who was celebrating the nuptials, for now his job was secure and the cinema was saved. At the height of the festivities, Shirley Temple toddled in, and as she passed the writer's table he picked her up, holding her high overhead and cooing to her in a festive voice.

"Suddenly," says Sam Hellman, telling me the story, "a horrible silence fell on the room, and I looked toward the head table, and there all the bankers from New York had turned white and were mopping big drops of sweat off their brows. I realized then what I was doing. Here I was holding practically all the assets of Twentieth Century-Fox in my hands. It scared me so I nearly dropped her. But I managed to set her down on the floor, and when I looked at the head table again, the bankers were sighing big sighs of relief and the color was creeping back into their haggard faces."

Privacy was a rare and fiercely guarded pleasure. Even Temple family outings were besieged by fans.

Shirley with dentures? When she lost baby teeth, bridgework filled the gaps.

Shirley's mousetrap memory was a Hollywood legend. Not only did she remember her own lines, she remembered everyone else's.

Shirley is nine years old now, and is a better actress than a few years back when Adolphe Menjou called her "an Ethel Barrymore at four." Today you could put any Hollywood star in a scene with her and she wouldn't need the Lord's Prayer—which completed her utter theft of *Little Miss Marker* from Menjou. Today she could take it with the multiplication table.

And don't think the stars don't know it. It's practically impossible to get one to play against her, and once they do it, they know better the second time. Not that Shirley is a deliberate scene stealer—she simply knows her job better. While they are struggling to remember their lines, Shirley is delivering hers, for Shirley never forgets, never blows up, and never worries about the proper interpretation. Other stars are thinking about other things—they have a lot on their minds—the mortgage on the house at Malibu, how their horses are running at Santa Anita, whether their options are going to be taken up. Shirley has no mortgage on her house, no race horses in her stable, and no options; for just as she stands in her little socks she is worth ten million dollars to any studio that could get her.

Ten million couldn't buy her contract. All the Garbos and the Gables, the Colberts and the Lombards together can't pull them into the theaters the way Shirley does. And that goes not only for this country but for every country in the world. For two years now she has been the international box-office champion.

What has she got? It's hard to put your finger on it. Hollywood is full of wonder children. In the quaint phraseology of the town, Hollywood is lousy with talent—children who can sing, who can dance, who can act, who have curls, dimples, and little round legs. But there is only one Shirley. It must be so, for if Hollywood is full of wonder children, it is also full of parents who wonder: "Why isn't little Millicent away up there where Shirley is? If Millicent only had the chance——"

So she gets the chance. The other studios would like a Shirley too. Her name could be Millicent, for all they care. They test her. They test little Gertie too. And Annabelle. Hundreds of them, thousands of them. So far, no dice. And yet somewhere there must be another Shirley Temple. Maybe you have a little Shirley in your home. Maybe you don't suspect it. Mr. and Mrs. George Temple didn't. ☒ (1935)

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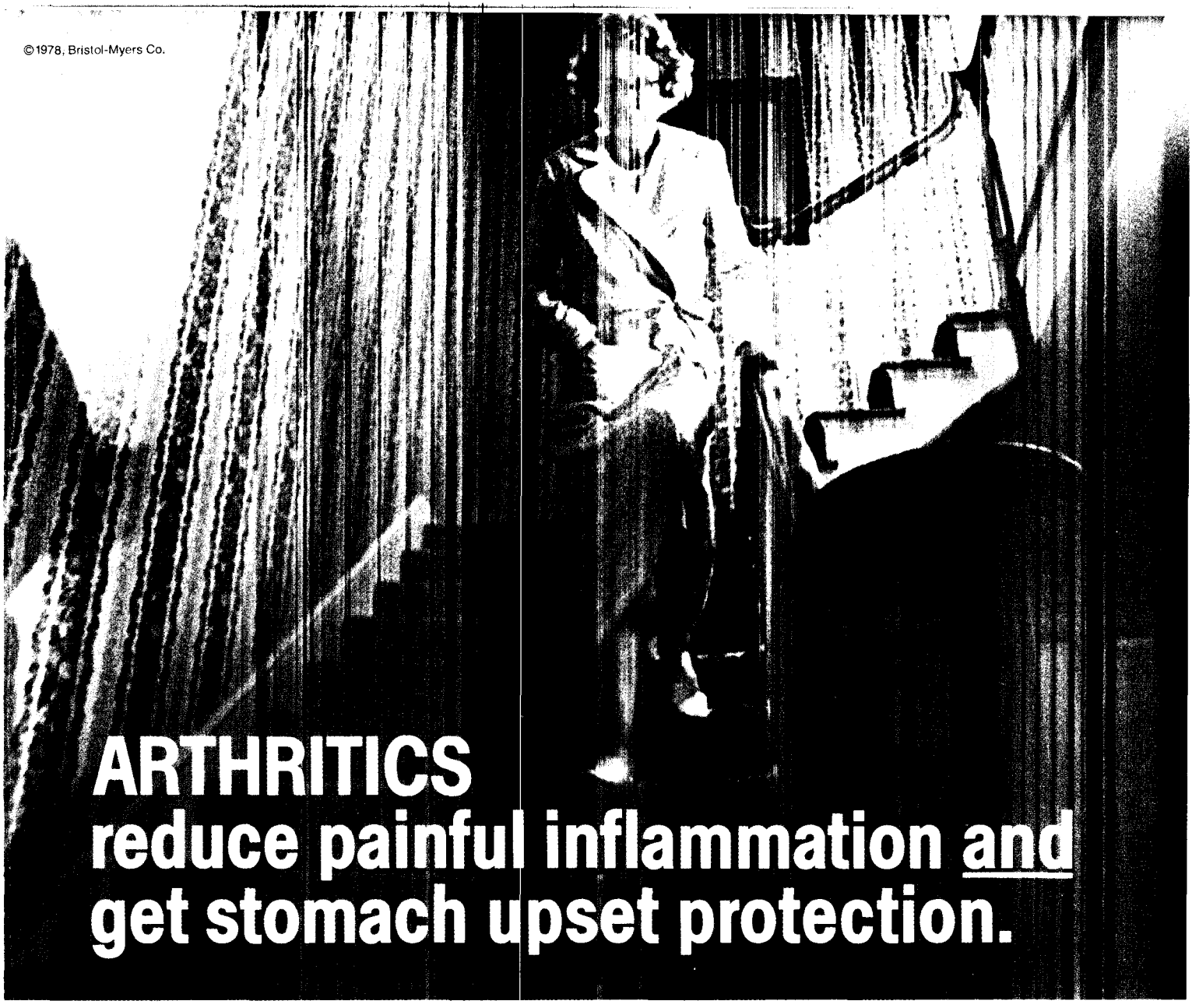

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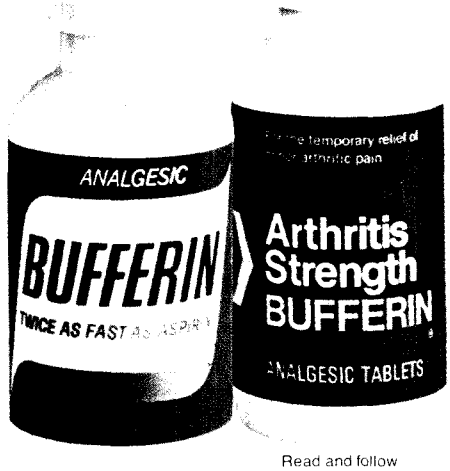

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ONE STUNT TOO MANY

The best stunt pilot in Hollywood, Paul Mantz knew all the tricks of his trade. But he didn't know when to quit.

by Theodore Taylor and James Atwater

For over 30 years Paul Mantz had been a daredevil stunt pilot who had been unable to turn down the tough assignments. He had flown under bridges, smashed his airplane head-on into another, clipped off wings by flying between two trees. He was the man who had crash-landed a B-17 in *Twelve o'Clock High* and he was the man who had skimmed a Stearman through a hangar in *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World.* So when producer-director Robert Aldrich approached him earlier this year, Mantz decided to postpone his retirement for one more stunt.

Aldrich needed Mantz for a tricky bit of flying that was absolutely necessary to make the audiences believe a most unbelievable movie he was making for Twentieth Century-Fox called *Flight of the Phoenix*. In one wild, climactic scene, with some men strapped to the wings, the *Phoenix* struggles into the air and manages to fly to civilization.

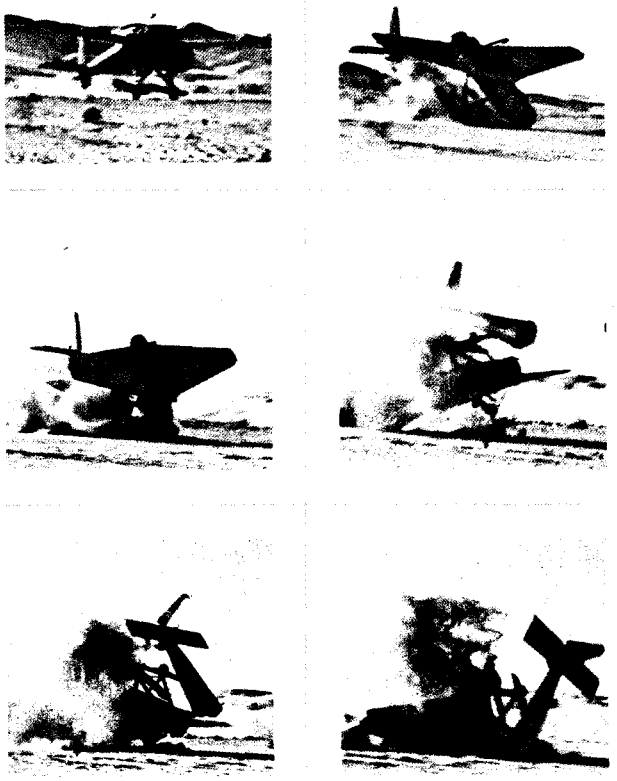
It was the kind of scene that would have to be done live. Mantz would have the job, essentially, of taking an aircraft purposely designed to look as though it would not fly at all and making it fly—barely.

On the morning of July 6 Mantz finally took off to try the stunt, but had to turn back when his engine overheated. The next day Mantz coaxed the *Phoenix* into the air again, and several times dipped into Buttercup Valley, touched his wheels down, and made it out. But when Mantz landed, he discovered that he had been too close to the camera. They wanted another try.

At 6:10 on the morning of July 7, Mantz strapped on his cloth helmet and said, "Well, here we go again." He sounded weary. In the rear cockpit was another old man, Buddy Rose, 64, who used to walk wings in flying circuses.

In Buttercup Valley, the technicians were talking to Mantz by radio and relaying some of his replies over a loudspeaker system that echoed them up and down the valley. Mantz came over the dunes at about 100 feet. The tiny cockpit was so shallow that the upper half of his body seemed to be sticking out in the open air.

Mantz made one pass. It was good. On his second pass, Mantz touched down the *Phoenix* twice and barely cleared the western dunes. It was excellent. He circled while the directors of the scene radioed him their congratulations. Then they asked him to do it one last time. They wanted what the trade calls a "protection" shot, in case something happened to the first. For three decades directors had been congratulating Mantz, then asking for one more.



The Phoenix *breaking up on stuntman Paul Mantz's ill-fated last mission. When the aircraft arrived at Yuma airport, young marine pilots came to stare at the Hollywood contraption and the man who was nuts enough to try to fly it. Asked if he'd like a ride, one pilot gasped, "In* that*?"*

It was only 6:45, but the temperature in Buttercup Valley already was up to 85 degrees. Mantz knew that the air currents rising from the sand would be trying to lift the *Phoenix* while he tried to bring her down. The air currents vastly compounded the problem of flying the *Phoenix*, and Mantz had flatly declared that he would not try at any time after the temperature had built up.

But now, anxious to get the whole thing over, he agreed. His voice came booming over the radio: "I'll give them a good one. That will be the last one."

They put out a white flag to guide him in. For a moment he was out of sight as he circled around the dunes, and then he was coming again. "I think I see it," he radioed, and you could almost see him leaning forward slightly and squinting through his glasses. Then he was over the dunes and down into the valley and saying triumphantly, "I see it—I see it," and touching down. He hit once and rose into the air for 100 feet. Then he bounced, heavily. His wheels broke through the crust of sand, but he wobbled back into the air. He was in big trouble, but then, Paul Mantz had been in trouble before. He knew what had to be done. He gunned his Pratt & Whitney engine with a great roar to get the nose up and the tail down.

It was the right thing to do, of course, but it was no use. The absurdly long fuselage was beginning to break in two. Seconds later, the prop dug into the sand, and the pieces began to somersault along the floor of the valley. Buddy Rose lived through it. Paul Mantz died in the sand.

As it turned out, Mantz's last flight was not really necessary. He had already done the job on his earlier tries. Just as planned, *Flight of the Phoenix* will show a grotesque airplane fight its way into the air, rising over the sand dunes that surround Buttercup Valley, and flying to safety. ☐ (1965)

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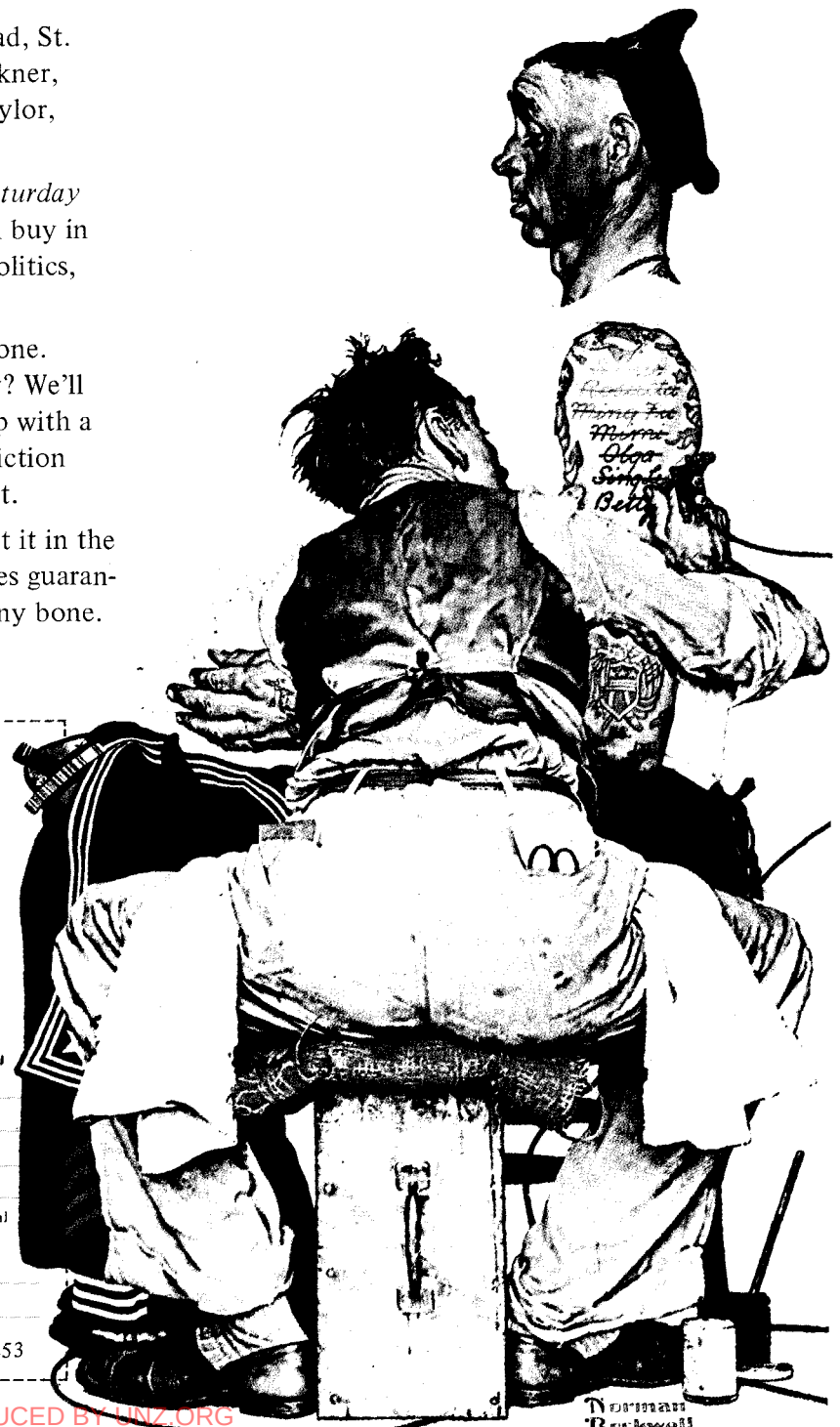

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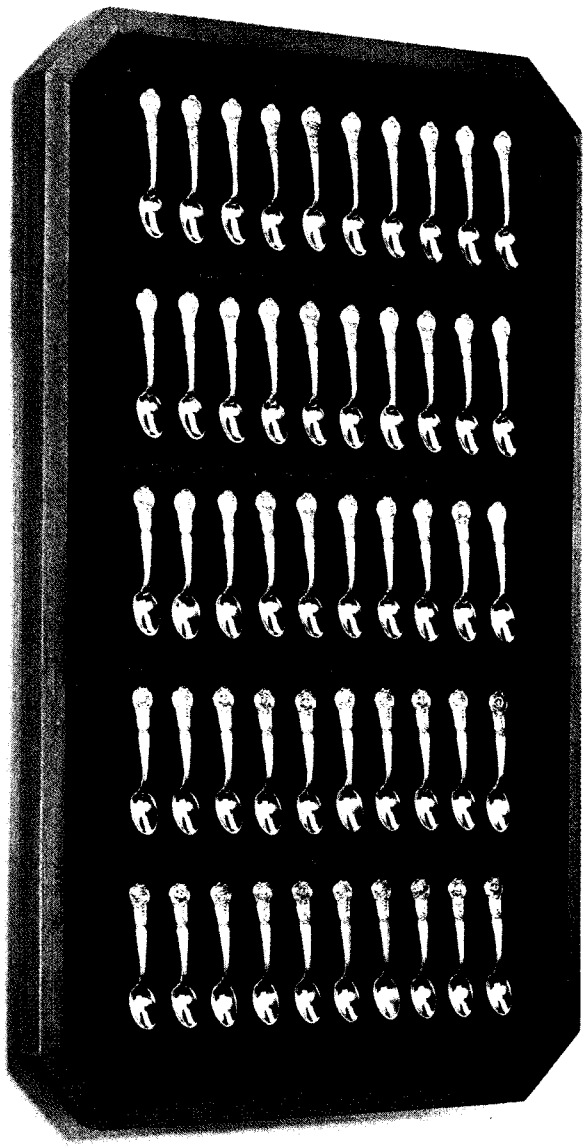

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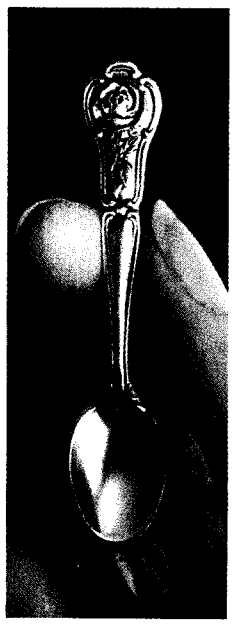

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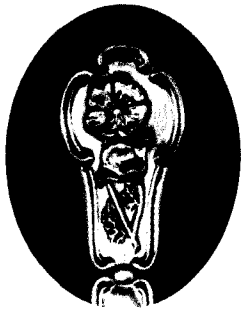

Golden poppy: California

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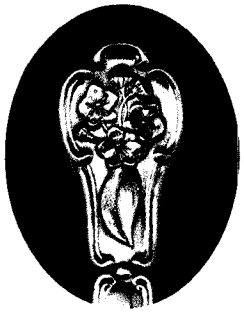
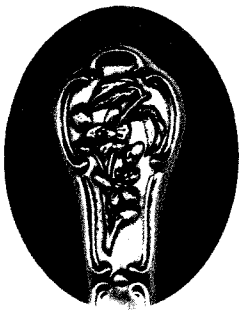


Mountain laurel: Pennsylvania
ENLARGED TO SHOW DETAIL



Orange blossom: Florida

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Bill me $12.50* for the first sterling silver spoon in advance of shipment, and the same amount for each subsequent spoon as it is sent to me monthly.

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GOSSIPS

Loves and losses, matrimony and acrimony, hearsay and heresy—these columnists built careers on the shifting sands of Hollywood.

by Janet Kioski

"The main industry of Hollywood has never been the making of films, or even television. It is gossip," a prominent Hollywood columnist once stated. Beneath the skins of all of us lives a Peeping Tom who needs to know that others actually do the things he fantasizes. Gossip columnists have built entire careers on this basic truth. As Oscar Wilde said, "There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about."

Among the many reporters drawn to the glitter and glamour of Hollywood in the early days of filmmaking was Louella O. Parsons, who described the young stars this way: "Movie players were like children, they got in and out of trouble, they married and divorced, lived and loved, like gay gypsies with laws of their own making. The biggest scoop I ever got—and it has been called the biggest news story ever to break from Hollywood—was the parting of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, then the great lovers of the world, the 20th-century Romeo and Juliet.

"Second in importance to the Pickford-Fairbanks scoop was the Charlie Chaplin marriage to 18-year-old Oona O'Neill. It was a honey, a natural, and the type of scoop dear to my heart, filled with intrigue, suspense, and outwitting the competition. A reporter who lets his personal views get in the way of a news story isn't worthy of his profession."

Louella's sworn enemy, though much of their feuding might have been just good publicity, was Hedda Hopper. Like Louella and the others, Hedda lived and reported what she saw throughout the glitter years of Hollywood. "Hollywood was built on glamour," she once said, "but there's scarcely a trace left now. Morning, noon, and night, girls parade in babushkas, sweaters, and tight pants. The geniuses who conduct the motion-picture business killed glamour when they decided that what the public wanted was not dream stuff, but realism. They took the girls out of satin, chiffon, velvet, and pink, put them first into gingham and then into blue jeans. So what happened? They converted the heroine into the girl next door, and I've always advocated that if you want to see the girls next door, go next door."

(Above) Louella Parsons and Walter Winchell shared a Sunday night spot—usually on some celebrity's character. Rona Barrett (right, with her husband) carries on a tradition some stars would like to have dropped although most columnists claim that they report only the truth. Rona has her own magazines, television niche.

Not all of Hedda's material made the newspapers, however. For readers who hoard Hollywood trivia like a collection of old coins, she had these offerings: Clark Gable had not a tooth of his own in his head; Sinatra, Jerry Lewis, and Doris Day all shower at least three times a day; Mario Lanza roamed the streets of Beverly Hills at night in his Cadillac to batter down the mailbox of a movie mogul he thought had betrayed him; Harry Cohn broke up the romance of Sammy Davis, Jr., and Kim Novak by having thugs threaten to work Sammy over. If such juicy bits never appeared in the newspaper column, it was because the editors were more timid than Hedda!

Occasionally a gossip columnist could find himself in a mess because of his mouth. Jimmy Fidler is a case in point. Errol Flynn, who once said he was only at peace when he was in bed, had a dog named Arno whom he adored. While on one of his many trips aboard his yacht *Sirocco*, the dog was lost at sea. Flynn called the Coast Guard, distraught and in real emotional distress. Later, the dog was found drowned and identified by his collar. Asked by the Coast Guard if he wanted to claim the body, Flynn declined saying, "No, just send me the collar," which he then buried in an animal cemetery. Of this incident Jimmy Fidler wrote: "Errol Flynn, whose love for his dog Arno has been much heralded, didn't even bother to go get his body when it was washed ashore. That's how much he cared for him."

Naturally that set badly with Flynn. A few weeks later he went to the Mocambo with Bruce Cabot, who remarked, "Hey, there's your pal Fidler." Making his way to Fidler's table, Flynn overlooked the smile and extended hand, saying to Fidler, "I won't dignify you with a closed fist but. . . ." Flynn landed an open-handed swat, knocking Fidler over onto the dance floor. "At that instant," Flynn later recalled, "I felt a sharp pain in my ear. His wife picked up the nearest fork and jabbed me with it."

"Your wife obviously has good manners," he later told Fidler. "She used the right fork."

Sheila Graham, who straddled four decades of Hollywood history, said she has never understood the people she wrote about. In *Confessions of a Hol-*

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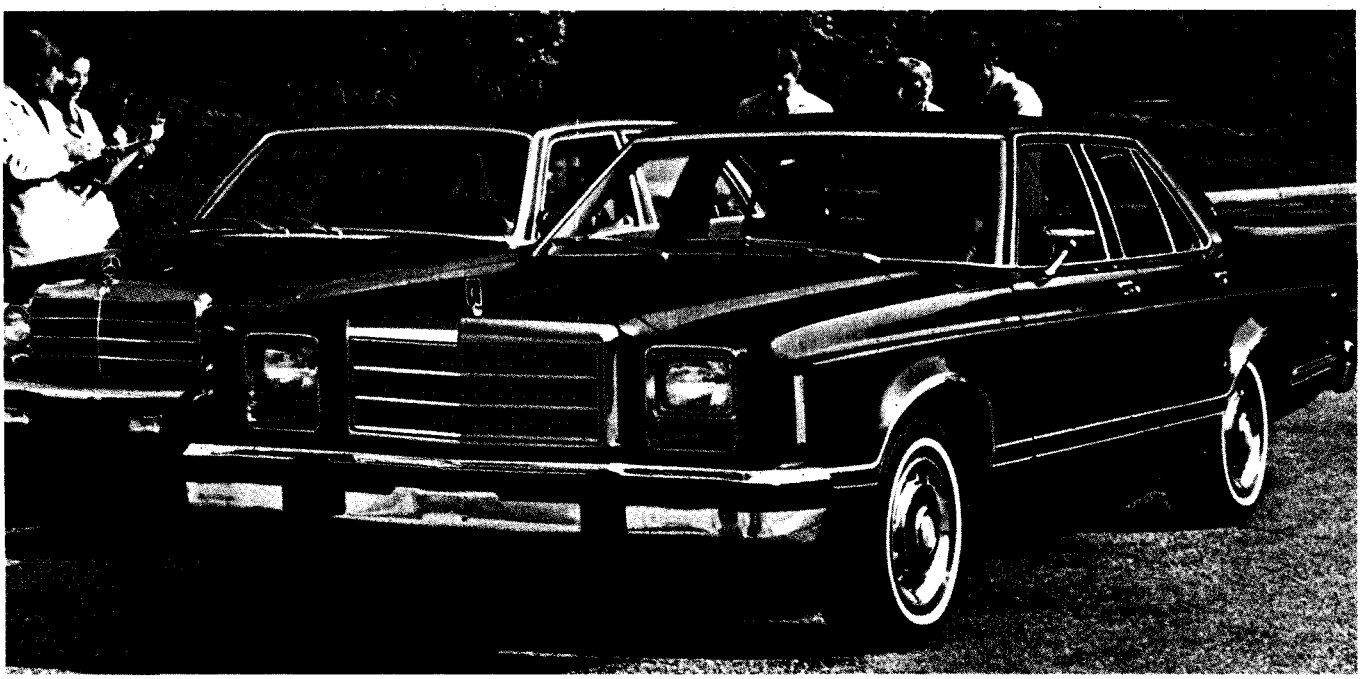

January 27, 1978: Ford engineers conclude a series of scientific ride comparison tests between a $22,000 Mercedes Benz 280SE, and a Ford Granada Ghia.

A FORD GRANADA GHIA. HOW DID IT COMPARE IN SMOOTHNESS AND QUIETNESS OF RIDE WITH A $22,000 MERCEDES BENZ?

1. Luxury Interior 2. Data Analyzer 3. Decibel Sound Meter 4. Granada Ghia 2-Door

TEST A: SMOOTHNESS
To test for "riding smoothness," Ford engineers drove a Mercedes and a Granada over various road surfaces and at different speeds. Using a sensitive electronic recorder, they measured vibration levels.

TEST RESULTS:
Analysis of the data showed that in 3 out of 4 of the test conditions, "both cars rode with virtually the same level of smoothness."

TEST B: QUIETNESS
To evaluate for "riding quietness" both cars were again driven over a variety of road surfaces and at different speeds. A sound level meter recorded their interior sound levels on the dB (A) scale.

TEST RESULTS:
Analysis of the data showed that the Granada rode almost as quietly as the Mercedes. Average of all tests: Granada only one decibel higher.

CONCLUSION:
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The lost art of looking up.

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We realize we're just a business. But we also believe that the matter of standards and morals should be practiced by everyone, every day. And we feel if we can do our part, and encourage others to do the same, then the art of looking up might never be completely lost.

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lywood Columnist she said, "I have listened to them all, from the eccentric Garbo the Great to the mixed-up Grant; Brando, whose acting in recent years should have embarrassed him; those desperate sisters of horror films, Davis and Crawford; the ungrateful Connery; Caine, who plays the anti-hero on and sometimes off the screen. And Richard Burton, of the magical voice, waving a glass while orating sweatily in bars. Orson Welles, a slim, handsome young man, now wide as the universe. And Frank Sinatra, who thought he was God until a pretty girl and a one-two punch knocked out his mystique and his two front teeth. Rita Hayworth, who went up, then down, and still doesn't know what hit her. And Ava Gardner, who drowned her anguish in fast living. And Marilyn Monroe, soft, foolish, uncertain Marilyn, is dry dust on my tongue. Peter Sellers, with his superstitions and spoilt-child behavior; George Hamilton, who wouldn't or couldn't marry the daughter of the President of the United States; soft Rock Hudson; Ronald Reagan, who did not get my vote for Governor of California. The amazing saga of Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. And self-centered Barbra Streisand, who will have her enemies as long as there is a Hollywood where the bongo drums of gossip will still be beating when the little town is silent and not a columnist to tell why."

Walter Winchell was another who was right in there calling them as he saw them. The reporting business was not for the fainthearted who feared to make enemies. Winchell scrawled the tidbits of Broadway gossip he collected on little scraps of paper and shoved them into his pockets. One day he sat down to write his column and found he had no jokes or poems to fill space. "Why not?" he said, pulling out the bits and tatters of paper containing his notes.

"Helen Eby Brooks, widow of William Rock, has been plunging in Miami real estate. . . . It's a girl at the Carter De Havens. . . . Lenore Ulric paid $7 income tax. . . . Fanny Brice is betting on the horses at Belmont. . . . S. Jay Kaufman sails on the 16th via the *Berengaria* to be hitched to a Hungarian. . . . Report has it that Lillian Lorraine has taken a husband again. . . . "

And so the famous—or infamous—Winchell column was born. His use and misuse of the English language was both praised and criticized as he searched for new ways to retell the same old stories. Much of his material was repetitious—births, romances, weddings—hence the need to punch out an eye-catching phrase or line to break the monotony. For the birth of a baby he wrote: *blessed event, getting storked, preparing a bassinet, blessed expense, bundle from heaven, baby-bound, infanticipating.* For a romance: *on the verge, uh-huh, on fire, that way, Cupiding, blazing, man-and-woman-ing it, Adam-and-Eveing it.* For marriage: *middle-aisled, Lohengrined, welded, sealed, merged.* Divorce: *Renovating, telling it to a judge, straining at the handcuffs, wilted, have phfft, this-and-that-way.*

As Winchell said, "I am not a premier, or a prime minister, or a president. I am merely a reporter who must follow the truth wherever it may lead, whomever it may hurt, and however unpleasant it may be to read and hear. . . . And so—with lotions of love—this is your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, who knows that all the lights on Broadway are never as bright as the candle in the window when you come home."

The gossip columnist is not a relic of an earlier day, by any means. Rona Barrett, with both magazine and television exposure, is as well known and loyally followed as any of the earlier columnists in their days. "I hate the word 'gossip.' I give *fact*—why call it gossip?" says Rona.

"Other people always want to know something somebody else doesn't know, and people live vicariously, and they're always interested in anyone who can take them away from their everyday, humdrum existence. People like gossip—it's human nature, and I don't care *who* you are!"

Rona has her own critics. Joyce Haber, a rival columnist, once was quoted as saying, "Rona's audience is different than mine. Mine can read." Tony Curtis commented icily, "My main complaint is that she's a liar." Barbara Parkins reflected, "I don't think you could be a close friend to Rona. She prints everything. . . . " But Rona goes on.

"Hardly a week or a month goes by but that I hear from the *giant* stars. I got a note from Kirk Douglas. He said, 'Dear Rona, I hope you stay as sweet/or as bitchy as you are.' "

Sweet is not Rona's style. Typically, she once described Barbra Streisand's Academy Awards hairdo as looking like "two boxes of steel wool squashed together." As for her scoops, they tend to include plenty of off-color linen, ranging from alleged extramarital flings to plain old matrimonial discord. She creates a stir with her "wicked whispers," usually blind items with a nasty dig. "What TV Western star raised eyebrows with his anti-Semitic remarks in a local restaurant?" That remark, in fact, led to a threatened lawsuit and ABC told Rona to watch her whispers.

The key to this entire business seems to be not to take oneself too seriously. Sheila Graham had the right idea when it came to describing the glitter and glamour of filmland. "It was an illusion. Film stars are ordinary people, some pleasant, some nasty, even as you and I. However, because of our neurotic need to identify with something more glittering than ourselves, we have permitted dwarfs to cast a long shadow." ☐

Hedda Hooper (left, with Joseph Cotton, Orson Welles) was an actress herself, became famous for hats, defense of maligned stars. Jimmy Fidler (above) survived restaurant scrape with Errol Flynn when Mrs. Fidler retorted with a dinner fork.

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Velma Scannell was commissioned to work on the collection for her rare gifts in miniature sculpture and her scholarly expertise in historic fashions. To faithfully reproduce each sculpture, the Gorham artisans chose the painstaking and costly *cire perdue*, or "lost wax," method. Only through this age-old process could the exceedingly fine detail be preserved. Thus, in all six portrait bells . . . fingers and fingernails are defined . . . eyebrows and lips distinct . . . and fine details of the apparel are exact.

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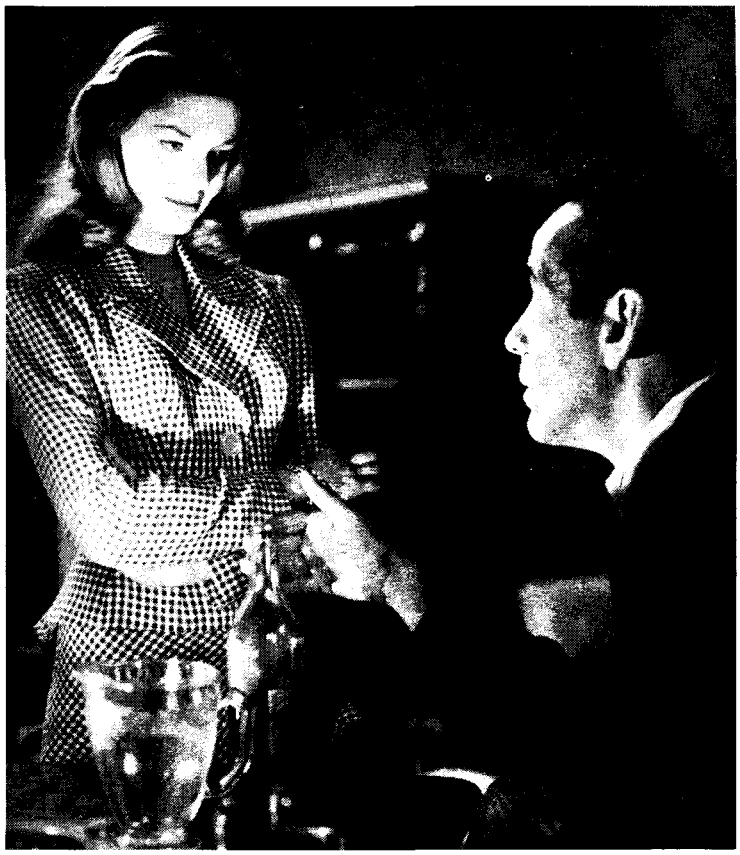
THE ROLE I LIKED BEST

"The Role I Liked Best" was a popular Post *back-of-the-book feature from 1945 to 1955. More than 300 stars told the readers of the* Post *about their triumphs (for the most part) on the silver screen. Whether noble, ignoble, funny, or sad, the reasons for their selections were never dull.*



The Role I Liked Best . . .

BY LAUREN BACALL

THE role of Marie in the film To Have and Have Not brought me two wonderful things, one professional and one personal. Professionally, it started me on a career I had wanted all my life. On the personal side, it introduced me to Humphrey Bogart, now my husband.

Aside from marking a double turning point in my life, the part is my favorite for a number of other reasons. The story, based on Ernest Hemingway's best seller, packed drama and humor, and the role of Marie was just right for me. She was not the sweet, submissive type—and neither am I. I may not be as steely as Bogie, it's true, but I'm no softie, either.

Playing Marie opposite a character like Morgan (Bogart) developed an atmosphere of constant conflict. One reviewer said it created "an electric mood between the two principals; it is there, rather than in the incidental gunplay, that the dramatic lightning crackles."

This was my first part in the movies and Bogie was a big help to me. When he heard me reading a line with the wrong inflection, he would say, "What?" That always tipped me off. Just after the film was released, Moss Hart told me, "If you're smart, you'll quit right now. Because you can never top this." He was right. So far, there hasn't been a role in my life that surpasses Marie.

Ronald Reagan

Until I got the part of George Gipp in the picture *Knute Rockne, All American*, I was the Errol Flynn of the B's. I always played a jet-propelled newspaperman who solved more crimes than a lie detector.

Naturally, I welcomed the chance to get away from this pattern especially as it was to play the part of a man I had always admired. Years before, as a sports announcer, I had told the radio audience about George Gipp. How he ran 80 yards through Notre Dame's varsity the first time he put on a football uniform; how he went on to become one of the greatest football players of all time; and how, after his early death, he became a legend.

I liked the part not only because these things made it a fine role but also because it was the springboard that bounced me into a wider variety of parts in pictures. It's true, I got some unmerited criticism from sports writers. One wondered why producers never picked real football players for such parts; as I practically earned my way through college playing football, that disturbed me. However, this was nicely balanced by some unmerited praise from the same general source. For another sports writer said I was so accurate in my portrayal of Gipp that I even imitated his slight limp. Actually, I wasn't trying to limp. I just wasn't used to my new football shoes, and my feet hurt. (1949)

He starred with a chimp in Bedtime for Bonzo, *got rich on flicks and politics (worth $1.4 million in '76).*

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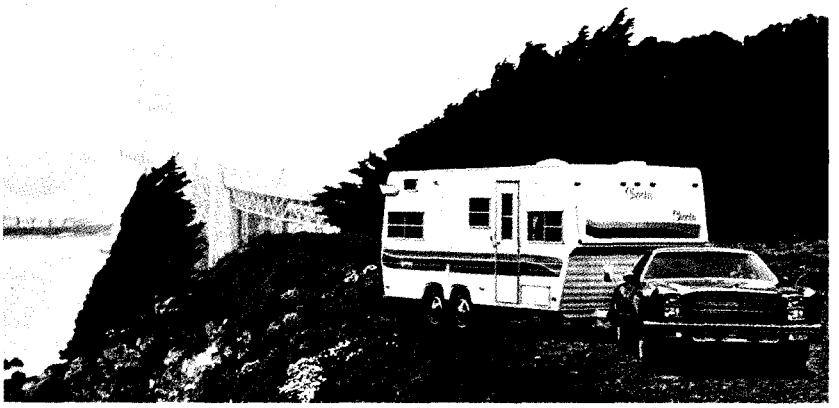

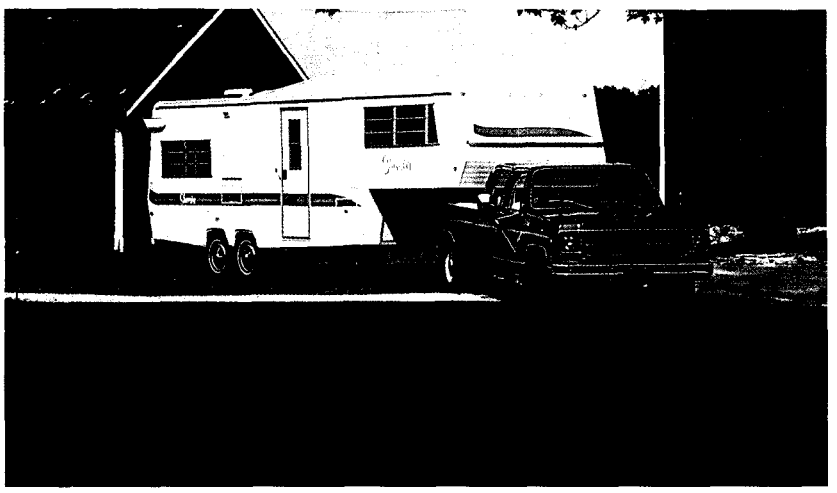

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The Role I Liked Best . . .

By DONALD O'CONNOR

AS Peter in the picture, Francis, I was the confused companion of an exceptionally sagacious talking mule. I liked the part and was naturally pleased when the film proved popular. But the role had its drawbacks.

When I suggested a raise because of the film's success, studio executives would cloud over and say, "Yes, the picture is doing a landslide business. But is that because of you—or the jackass?"

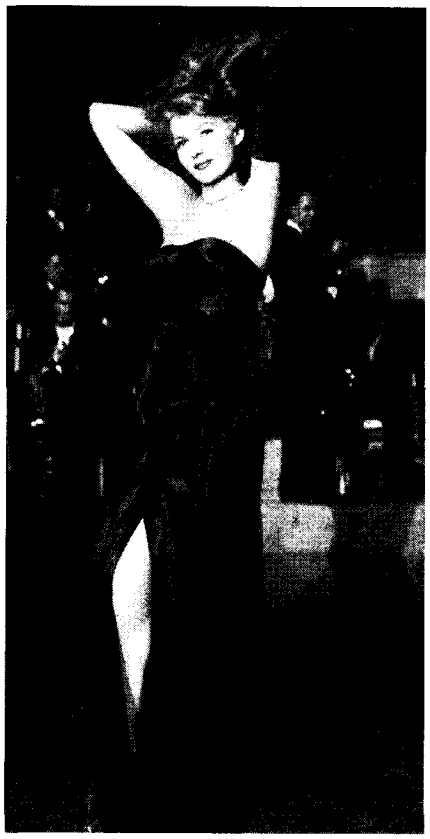
Seriously, though, I was very glad to get this role and very pleased with the way it helped my career. Before playing Peter, I'd been in a slight slump; afterward, I suddenly was offered a three-year contract and a series of good roles.

Francis, of course, collected most of the glory in this picture, and he deserved it. After talking to him through a few scenes I began to think of him as a person instead of an animal. Francis is that kind of a mule.

Actually, we used three additional mules in filming the picture. One was a specialist at opening doors; one sat down expertly; the third was a kicking expert. But Francis, who did all things well, often had to stand in for his stand-ins when they proved stubborn.

As Peter, a sad-sack soldier who was talked out of most of his difficulties by a mule, I was uncomfortably successful. In fact, I still wonder just what people mean when they insist I played this not-too-bright character in a very convincing way.

In the logical extension of her wild role in Gilda, *Rita left Orson Welles (her second husband) and ran to Europe to live with Prince Aly Khan.*



They knew his harp and honker but not his voice; the master pantomimist spoke for his public only once, narrating a television special in 1958.

Rita Hayworth

The essence of acting is to be somebody other than yourself, yet in portraying Gilda in the picture of that title, I was more nearly myself than in any other role. Gilda's story was written to order for me, and her character tailored to fit me as carefully as the long black gloves which, in one wild scene, she takes off so suggestively.

Even without this spiritual kinship, I would have loved Gilda for the sheer excitement that surrounded her. Tension and hidden fire were implicit in the setting—in romantic Argentina, in the wartime intrigues of international Fascism, in the fabulous casino in Buenos Aires, and in props like the 50-foot gaucho whip which I learned to brandish with menace.

Gilda herself appealed to me. It was easy to understand her fierce impulse to hurt Johnny Farrell by pretending to be utterly rotten. The problem in portraying her was to express this flagrant abandon, yet suggest the love it camouflaged. The glove scene required dozens of rehearsals to achieve exactly the right hint of a strong passion straining to snap its controls.

Glenn Ford was particularly challenging as Johnny Farrell. We lived our roles so completely that in one scene we exchanged real, stinging slaps after rehearsing how to fake them. (1947)

Harpo Marx

As a youngster in New York, I got 10 cents for lunch money and often shot the works for two glasses of lemonade. I don't know why I did it, because I never liked lemonade until I was in the picture *Duck Soup*. Then I had to bathe my feet in the stuff to cool them, and I discovered that lemonade was wonderful when properly used.

Maybe a psychiatrist could twist this boyhood-adult reaction into some complicated reason why I pick the role of Brownie as my favorite. Personally, I think I liked the role because Brownie was an even dumber person than I usually play. I love to play illiterate characters. I'm almost one myself, having read only two books in my life, and Brownie was superilliterate. A lot of fans agreed with me on this, though they had an odd way of saying it. Mostly, their letters began: "From one idiot to another: I liked *Duck Soup* very much. But then, what can you expect from a moron?"

Don't ask me why the film was called *Duck Soup*. Ask Groucho. He'll tell you the title came from a soup recipe: "Take two turkeys, one goose, four cabbages, but no duck, and mix them together. After one taste, you'll duck soup the rest of your life." (1951)

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MAKE YOUR OWN KIND OF MOVIES

But be careful. If you seem to be enjoying your masterpiece more than anyone else in the screening room—or if, in fact, you are the only one still there—you may have a few things left to learn.

by Ed and Dodi Schultz

We're assuming that you own a movie camera. Does that mean you're all ready to start making movies? No, we don't think it does—any more than buying a four-year-old a pencil would enable him to sit down and start writing out the next great American novel. We have to learn what our tools will do, and how to use them, before we can begin producing creative miracles with them.

What you have to do, what you should aim to do, is to make that camera as familiar a tool of expression as a pencil—or a typewriter, or the kitchen stove, or whatever devices are second nature to you. Though it's a good deal more complex than any pencil and most stoves and typewriters, the principle's exactly the same.

Begin by sitting down with your camera *and* the instructions that came with it. No film. Read the instructions, slowly and carefully. Do those things the paper says the camera can do—repeatedly. Learn and understand how all the mechanisms work; open the camera, and watch the insides operate. Put a piece of discarded or expendable film inside, and work the buttons: rewind the film; watch it move at different speeds. Look through the lens. Change the focus and the lens aperture and see how the picture changes. Move in and out with the zoom lens; see what it does, and how the view through the lens changes. In short, work all the gadgetry your camera offers, until you know exactly what all of it does. And repeat the process with any new camera.

Then start carrying your camera around—around your house, around your neighborhood—practicing looking through it, sampling shots. It is our very serious suggestion that you spend a good bit of time doing this, *without any film in the camera*. Everything we're going to say here could well apply either way, with or without film. Still, it's really vital to get the feel of your camera in shooting situations, and there's no point in wasting film while you're going through this initial getting-the-hang-of-it stage. Don't feel silly about it. Other people won't know whether or not your camera's loaded; and if they do—so what? Besides, if they get used to you strolling around with that contraption glued to your eye, they're apt to lose their self-consciousness, and you'll get much more natural-looking stuff when you do get around to real shooting. Pros call this process "blending in with the woodwork," and that's how they get all that documentary material in which people seem to be incredibly oblivious to the film crew. (They are.)

Extending your own capability is part of the process—making your camera an extension of your brain and hand. At the same time, you're adapting your eye to the camera, and vice versa. Your camera is in one sense a broadening experience: it can isolate things the human eye normally doesn't; it can move you close to things too distant to see without the camera's lens. In another sense, the camera's limits must become yours: the camera draws a frame around a small section of your world, and you must always remember that what the camera "sees" is it, so far as your movie is concerned. Train yourself to atune your vision to the camera's.

That last point may need a bit of clarification. Beginning pros, as well as amateurs, have made plenty of boo-boos based upon it, and it can indeed be a hard lesson to learn. What's in your head has to be translated into action via the camera. Your camera can do miraculous things like scissoring out a slice of life and recording it on a piece of film—but only at your direction.

Any time you find yourself looking around and thinking, "Wait till the gang back home sees this!" just remember that they'll see only what the camera sees. If you're taking a long, overall shot of a beach, you may be thinking about the girl in the pink bikini; but unless you change the camera's view, your audience is going to see a long, overall shot of a beach. If you're aiming your camera at Aunt Martha drinking a glass of water beside a stream, and out of the corner of your left eye you see a waterfall, and it occurs to you that it's a nice visual contrast—forget it, if the camera sees only Aunt Martha; so far as your audience is concerned, the waterfall doesn't exist!

In moviemaking there is a basic, and wholly valid rule. Remember it. *Your camera is a tool. You are its master and its superior, and you can make it do what you want it to do.* It cannot think or feel. Its function is to help you communicate and reveal your thoughts, feelings, and observations to your audience, in the most entertaining and interesting way.

What are you looking for, and at, as you're getting reacquainted with the world through your camera's eye?

Anything and everything.

Look, for example, at the cop on the corner directing traffic. Use the zoom lens, if your camera has one, and notice the framing at various points. See the effect, the changes in composition and in emotional content, as you shift from a long shot, to a close-up of the policeman blowing his whistle, to drivers or pedestrians frowning impatiently. Watch the scene for a while; we think you'll absorb new insights as you observe this dramatic microcosm—the kind of insights you must have in any situation, before you can pass them on to your audience.

Look at camera movement. Basically, there are two kinds of movement in movies: subject movement, and movement of the camera itself. Both kinds can be overused, especially the latter. Good camera movement is never aimless; it is a shift from one good composition to another, and to be successful, it should simulate human eye or head movement.

Horizontal camera movement is called *panning*. The word comes from "panorama," and indeed it can be used to give a broad, or panoramic, view in a situation where such a view makes

Continued on following page

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The gulf between the professional film-maker (De Mille and Chaplin, above, with the Mountbattens) and the amateur need not be so huge. With a little guidance even children, naturally creative, can make good movies.

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sense. Coming upon a breathtaking expanse of valley as you're ascending a mountain road is a perfectly good reason to pan your camera across the scene—because doing so really does communicate your feelings.

The same principle can be applied on a smaller scale as well. People often look slowly around an unfamiliar room, for instance, when they've just entered it; if you want to convey that feeling, a pan is a fine way to do it. You'll find this kind of shot frequently used in mystery movies in which the hero or heroine enters a somehow ominous setting.

These pans should, by and large, be smooth and steady and unidirectional. Of course a back-and-forth pan, or a simulated double take, can also be utilized, as can an unusually lingering pan that hovers over some area or object. Just be sure to think about what you're doing. If *you* were looking over a scene, or around a room, might *your* gaze waver, or return to something you'd seen?

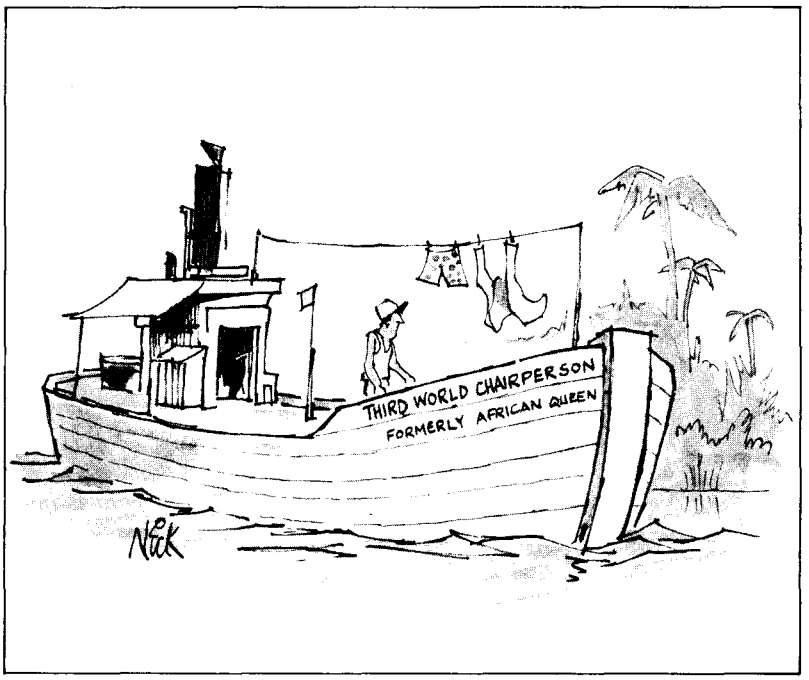
A pan may also be used to follow a moving object or person; again, with some thought about the reason and effect. If young Matthew is running in a track meet, and the aim of the shot is to show his lip-biting, chest-heaving effort, by all means pan with him; similarly, if you want to depict challenges posed by nearby runners and the effect of those challenges on him. If you want to give a feeling of speed—whether it's young Matthew, or cars zipping by in traffic—then don't pan. Hold your camera steady, and let your subjects move through the frame; the result may well be slightly blurred, which serves to enhance that feeling of speed.

We said that camera movement should simulate human eye or head movement; it needn't duplicate it. Remember the optical potential of your camera. With a zoom lens, for example, it's perfectly possible to pan "with" a runner in a ball game (or any moving subject) beyond the point to which the human eye could normally follow the action; your camera can actually extend your vision and that of your audience.

Vertical camera movement is called *tilting*, and you might try some of that too. Like panning, it should be used in situations where your audience will accept it as natural; there should be a motive. Try tilting upward, then down again, on a tall building; see how the perspective changes as you do so.

Tilting, like panning, can be used both to look at something stationary, or to follow up-and-down action—such as a bouncing ball, or a descending parachute. But here, there's another factor: gravity. Parachutes retard the working of gravity. When you're shooting a bouncing ball, or an object in free fall, though, gravity must be taken into account, for acceleration of the movement exceeds the capability of the human eye to follow. If you want to follow, say, the bounding ball, and you want it to appear clear and unblurred, the use of high-speed shooting might well be necessary.

Speed effects, in general, apply vertically as well as horizontally. A moving subject will appear to move more slowly if you tilt to follow it, more rapidly if you simply hold the camera motionless and let the subject go down (or up and down, as the case may be) through the frame.



Another thing to look for, and at, as you go roving with your filmless camera, is the subjective view versus the objective. The former, often called *subjective camera*, uses the camera to represent a person, and everything is viewed as if seen through that person's eyes; the person may be the moviemaker, or a particular fictitious character. The audience thus assumes the role of the participant. The *objective camera* is the more familiar of the two: the action is recorded by the filmmaker, who is himself, or herself, not directly involved.

Unless you're so advanced that you're ready to invent new techniques, it's best to keep the viewpoint, whichever you choose, clear and consistent; otherwise, you're likely to jar and confuse your audience. We've all seen home movies in which the observing camera suddenly becomes the involved camera, as people turn to talk to it and wave at it; the spell—assuming there has been one to start with—is effectively shattered.

Getting back to the broader uses of the two techniques: how are they typically applied? Well, in a mystery film, for example, the objective camera might show us a traveler approaching an ancient, fog-shrouded castle, seeking refuge from a driving rainstorm. The next shot might reveal the interior of the castle, where we find an evil-looking old man, puttering amid ominously smoking test tubes, interrupted by a frantic knocking. Then we might see the scene of confrontation as the door is opened—perhaps with close-ups of both the sardonic sneer on the face of the castle's owner and the sudden fear on the traveler's face. And so on.

The subjective camera in such a film would commonly be used to represent the traveler; it's this character for whom the filmmaker would seek audience sympathy, and in whose shoes he would want to place the audience. We, the audience, would not see the traveler at all; the camera would represent him, and we would be the traveler—encountering the adventures called for by the script and hopefully (if the film is well made) experiencing the emotions the character would feel.

Now the camera would carefully record only what the eyes of the character would register under the given circumstances. We—via the camera—would look around at the desolate, stormy night. We would glimpse the forbidding walls of the castle through the gloom. We would plod hesitantly up to its ornate metal door with its strange incised emblem, and lift our hand to rap at it. We would hear the echo of the knock reverberating through the cavernous interior. We would find ourselves fixed by the piercing eye of the old man as he opens the door, see that eye become larger and more menacing as he peers closely at us.

Subjective camera can be especially interesting—and, admittedly, harder to bring off successfully—when there's interaction with other participants in the movie. The challenge is in getting

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your actors to accept the premise, and to behave appropriately. Little Susie's birthday party—a typical home-movie event—could pose such a challenge: perhaps you muse that it might be nice to make the camera a "guest at the party." No problem coping with the opening of the invitation, the wrapping of a present for Susie, the approach to Susie's house (at six-year-old eye level, naturally). The trick is getting Susie to greet the camera, which she knows full well is a camera carried by Daddy crawling on his knees, as an invited guest; and to persuade Susie's other guests, and Susie's mother, to play the game too.

As you view the world anew through your camera, realize too that it's not always action per se that tells the story most effectively on the screen. Showing the action's effects can often get the point across just as clearly, and with even greater impact. At a ball game, for example, let's suppose you've established that it's the bottom of the ninth inning, the opposing team is two runs in the lead, and the home team is at bat with two outs and the bases loaded. You could, of course, follow the flight of the ball into the left-field stands and the progress of each of the players around the diamond. Or, you could stay with the ball only as it connects with the bat and begins to arc upward. A quick switch to home plate might follow, catching the triumphant arrival of each of the four runners. Or instead of that, the camera might cut to the exuberant home-team fans to show their obvious glee. Either way, the outcome is clear to the audience—without spelling out the visual course of the successful hit, and with far more human interest.

We've touched, throughout these last few examples, on another basic home filmmaking concept; you're not only the cameraman, but the director as well. You decide how much you want to show your audience, and how you want to show it. Frequently that means skipping or ignoring some parts of the action to place emphasis on others, or choosing to view the goings-on from a totally new viewpoint or angle, or switching to a close-up of a single detail to the complete exclusion of the rest of the scene. These departures can serve, too, to eclipse time.

Real time and reel (screen) time need never be equal. Changes of view can "shrink" time and move the action quickly to essentials. An example. Let's say you set out to film young Tommy giving the family dog a bath. Of course you could shoot every minute of the preparation and the performance. But you could do it another way, far more interesting—and suspenseful—for your audience; always

Continued on page 137

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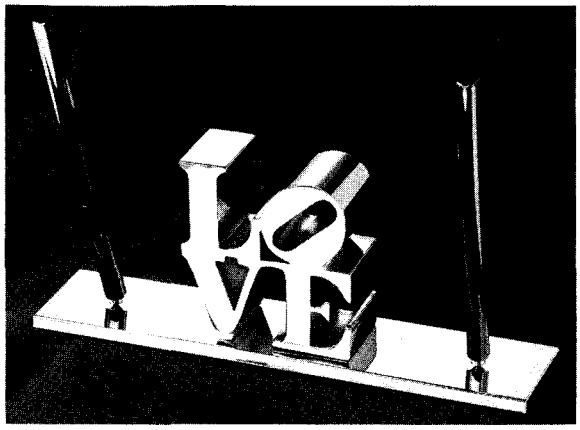

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TITLES

Once, producers produced. Now the producer may be the son-in-law of a conglomerate. Money is the name of the game but art may be a by-product.

by David Smith

You are seated in a movie theater, eager for the action to begin. But you must first sit through a series of "credits." You may recognize the names of some actors and actresses and perhaps the director, but the rest of the credits are meaningless. Have you ever thought, "What do all these people do?"

The Producer

Production credits can be very confusing. Today we may be faced with the following production credit . . .

Paul Newman, Robert Redford, Robert Shaw
in a Bill/Philips Production of
A George Roy Hill Film
THE STING
A Richard D. Zanuck/David Brown Presentation
A Universal Release

Who's to blame? Or who deserves the fame? The cameraman who lights the right (or left) side of the face? Or the stars themselves?

This simply illustrates the complexity of financing, production, and distribution in the motion picture industry today.

Once a producer conceives a project, the next step is to obtain financing and related deals. As one of the more successful independent producers has put it, "Today 80 percent of a director's time is spent making deals and the remaining 20 percent making films." But an effective producer can have real creative power. He can choose his own story, bring in a writer of his liking, cast the film, and even have a hand in its exploitation.

The Director

Over the years, the director has come to be recognized as the "author" of the film he directs. We speak of Hitchcock's *Psycho* or Coppola's *Godfather* or Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* or Lucas' *Star Wars*. He may not have written the screenplay, he may not have had the final say in the casting, he may not have had the last word in the design of the sets or costumes. But once the producer has done his work and the shooting begins, the director has control of the film until it is finished.

The Writer

The great French director Jean Renoir once said, "What you have to say is much more important than the way you say it." Most writers would readily agree with Renoir. By what divine right does a writer's creation suddenly become the property of the director? Indeed, many writers look upon the director as a person who adapts to film the work provided by the writer.

The Cameraman

The Director of Photography (or whatever title is given the cameraman) is responsible for the shooting of the entire film. He is frequently responsible for the lighting as well. Many cameramen today do not actually operate the camera. The cameraman usually meets with the director prior to the start of the film to plan the lighting, the angles, the type of image and mood for which the director may be striving. The cameraman must be an expert in the art of lighting, in color, optics, staging methods, and be fully aware of the film materials and their limitations.

The Actor

There are certain actors and actresses who through sheer talent and force of personality can make a potentially dull film exciting. Stars came to realize their importance to the success of a film and began to demand more than just a "salary." In 1952 Stanley Kramer made *High Noon* for just $750,000 because he got Gary Cooper to take a cut in salary and a participation in the profits. The film was a huge success and this led to other stars demanding a share of the film's profits or even of the gross income. Today most well-known actors and actresses either produce their own pictures or get some kind of a share in the film's revenue.

The Cutter . . . or Film Editor

Editing a motion picture is a formidable job. The intricate organization of the many pieces of film shot takes a lot of patience and special knowledge in order to make it "work." Many directors have come up through the ranks of film editors. There are a number of directors who carefully pre-plan their films so they can be edited only one way. These directors feel they can protect their work better by doing this. Other directors shoot thousands of feet of film for a single scene and the editor must select the footage he thinks will best illustrate what the director wants to achieve.

Many of the jobs in motion pictures tend to overlap. A producer, a writer, or a cameraman may also direct. An actor may also produce, a director may also act, etc. There is the Art Director who designs the settings. There is the special effects man, the composer of the musical score, the sound men, etc. After the film has been completed, there are those who can help make it or break it at the box office . . . the distributor, the people who advertise and exploit the film.

All of this to produce what Orson Welles has called simply "a ribbon of dreams."

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The Ultimate Tax Shelter

by
TED NICHOLAS

Tax experts are now referring to a small, privately owned corporation as "The Ultimate Tax Shelter." This is especially true since the passage of the Tax Reform Act of 1976. This law makes most former tax shelters either obsolete, or of little advantage. Investments affected include real estate, oil and gas drilling, cattle feeding, movies, etc. These former tax shelters have lost their attractiveness. Aside from that, these tax shelters required a large investment. Only a small segment of the population could benefit from them.

I've written a book showing how you can form your own corporation. I've taken all the mystery out of it. Thousands of people have already used the system for incorporation described in the book. I'll describe how you may obtain it without risk and with a valuable free bonus.

A corporation can be formed by anyone at surprisingly low cost. And the government encourages people to incorporate, which is a little known fact. The government has recognized the important role of small business in our country. Through favorable legislation incorporating a small business, hobby, or sideline is perfectly legal and ethical. There are numerous tax laws favorable to corporate owners. Some of them are remarkable in this age of ever-increasing taxation. Everyone of us needs all the tax shelter we can get!

Here are just a few of the advantages of having my book on incorporating. You can limit your personal liability. All that is at stake is the money you have invested. This amount can be zero to a few hundred or even a few thousand dollars. Your home, furniture, car, savings, or other possessions are not at risk. You can raise capital and still keep control of your business. You can put aside up to 25% of your income tax free. If you desire, you may wish to set up a non-profit corporation or operate a corporation anonymously. You will save from $300 to $1,000 simply by using the handy tear-out forms included in the book. All the things you need: certificate of incorporation, minutes, by-laws, etc., including complete instructions.

There are still other advantages. Your own corporation enables you to more easily maintain continuity and facilitate transfer of ownership. Tax free fringe benefits can be arranged. You can set up your health and life insurance and other programs for you and your family wherein they are tax deductible. Another very important option available to you through incorporation is a medical reimbursement plan (MRP). Under an MRP, all medical, dental, pharmaceutical expenses for you and your family can become tax deductible to the corporation. An unincorporated person must exclude the first 3% of family's medical expenses from a personal tax return. For an individual earning $20,000 the first $600 are not deductible.

Retirement plans, and pension and profit-sharing arrangements can be set up for you with far greater benefits than those available to self-employed individuals.

A word of caution. Incorporating may not be for you right now. However, my book will help you decide whether or not a corporation is for you now or in the future. I review all the advantages and disadvantages in depth. This choice is yours after learning all the options. If you do decide to incorporate, it can be done by mail quickly and within 48 hours. You never have to leave the privacy of your home.

I'll also reveal to you some startling facts. Why lawyers often charge substantial fees for incorporating when often they prefer not to, and why two-thirds of the New York and American Stock Exchange companies incorporate in Delaware.

You may wonder how others have successfully used the book. Not only a small unincorporated business, but enjoyable hobbies, part time businesses, and even existing jobs have been set up as full fledged corporations. You don't have to have a big business going to benefit. In fact, not many people realize some very important facts. There are 30,000 new businesses formed in the U.S. each and every month. 98% of them are small businesses; often just one individual working from home.

To gain all the advantages of incorporating, it doesn't matter where you live, your age, race, or sex. All that counts is your ideas. If you are looking for some new ideas, I believe my book will stimulate you in that area. I do know many small businessmen, housewives, hobbyists, engineers, and lawyers who have acted on the suggestions in my book. A woman who was my former secretary is incorporated. She is now grossing over $30,000 working from her home by providing a secretarial service to me and other local businesses. She works her own hours and has all the corporate advantages.

I briefly mentioned that you can start with no capital whatsoever. I know it can be done, since I have formed 18 companies of my own, and I began each one of them with nothing. Beginning at age 22, I incorporated my first company which was a candy manufacturing concern. Without credit or experience, I raised $96,000. From that starting point grew a chain of 30 stores. I'm proud of the fact that at age 29 I was selected by a group of businessmen as one of the outstanding businessmen in the nation. As a result of this award, I received an invitation to personally meet with the President of the United States.

I wrote my book, **How To Form Your Own Corporation Without A Lawyer For Under $50**, because I felt that many more people than otherwise would could become the President of their own corporations. As it has turned out, a very high proportion of all the corporations formed in America each month, at the present time are using my book to incorporate.

Just picture yourself in the position of President of your own corporation. My book gives you all the information you need to make your decision. Let me help you make your business dreams come true.

As a bonus for ordering my book now, I'll send you absolutely free a portfolio of valuable information. It's called "The Incom Plan" and normally sells for $9.95. It describes a unique plan that shows you how to convert most any job into your own corporation. You'll increase your take-home pay by up to 25% without an increase in salary or even changing jobs in many cases. If you are an employer, learn how to operate your business with independent contractors rather than employees. This means that you'll have no payroll records or withholding taxes to worry about. And you'll be complying with all I.R.S. guidelines. "The Incom Plan" includes forms, examples and sample letter agreements to make it possible.

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IMMORTALS

The face is forever young, the gesture frozen in its perfection; motion triumphs over the clock. Your heroes of yesterday are still at work.

by Sam Walton

Greta Garbo was the first person to walk upon the moon. Or so it seemed when her lunar beauty stole across the screen. A generation of eyes realized her perfection was not of the earth. Today, seeing her in New York, behind her dark glasses, or standing on her head in the Caribbean, one realizes time may have met its match. Age and death cannot diminish her hold on her fans' imagination and memory.

Other stars of her magnitude still glitter in the firmament of entertainment. Gloria Swanson, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Bette Davis, Lillian Gish, Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne, Fred Astaire are still at work, some celebrating their own golden anniversaries. The pleasure they have given us and new generations who meet them on television make them heroes and heroines—Ulysses and El Cid and Joan of Arc—to us, much realer than the originals.

Actors of the past can only live in contemporary descriptions, but film makes performances immortal. Garbo's saying, "Gif me a visky," in O'Neill's Anna Christie *will be as fresh a hundred years from now as Astaire's dancing, Grant's wit, Dietrich's legs, and Lillian Gish's shy smile.*

Gloria Swanson

Gloria Swanson realized that her time had run out when, in the fall of 1938, her appearance on the streets of Paris no longer aroused a small riot.

Getting the brush-off from Hollywood was just a glancing blow compared to the shock Miss Swanson got when she realized that most of her money was gone. It seems incredible that a woman whose average annual income was three quarters of a million dollars for a decade would have to worry about money, but Miss Swanson's extravagances had been just as incredible.

Miss Swanson had a go at all existing free-style records for spending. On her first trip to Europe in 1924, she engaged the Prince of Wales suite on the S. S. *Berengaria*. In Paris, she rented the Marquise de Bront's six-story townhouse and a staff of bewigged flunkies in satin knee breeches. Among other creature comforts, the house had a master bathroom with a large sunken tub. Flanking the tub were a pair of massive stone urns whose function mystified Miss Swanson until she was told they were for wafting fragrance through the bathroom. She ordered the most expensive Paris perfume for the urns. Weeks later she learned it was customary, even among the bon ton, to fill the urns with tap water and drop in scented powder which could be bought for a franc at any pharmacy. (1950)

Marlene Dietrich

It is odd to reflect that just a brief while ago, a young German miss was strolling about Germany, probably eating sauerkraut and brocklewurst, and in no time at all her name shrieks at Broadway and other Broadways in signs that must cost plenty of money a kilowatt hour.

Marlene's calm is astonishing, especially when the action is snapping all about her and most women you know would be standing on one foot and shrieking to heaven. There is always present among beholders a feeling that Miss Dietrich may at any moment let go and explode, or burst into flames and burn away the front-row seats before the gratified auditors can get out of the building. So far, this threat has been confined to a promise. (1931)

Greta Garbo

Because, so 'tis said, she dieted too rigidly at the start, her health was none too good and she has had to fight off the threat of anemia. That is why she takes those famous sun baths. She has a fine faith in the curative rays of the California sun, and has her sun bath daily, weather and the studio job permitting. And this sun-bath predilection is what started a small commotion and gave the studio a couple of frightened half hours.

An energetic young gentleman with a camera and a pad of paper made up his mind to crash through the barricades and acquire for himself a fine pot of money and deathless fame. He had heard tell of the sun baths and, selecting a rosy hour when the sun was high in the famous heavens of California, he descended upon the Santa Monica neighborhood where Garbo then lived. Carrying his camera carefully under his right arm, he came upon the thick hedge that protected the star from her public, and upon burrowing awhile, he perceived that the stories about Garbo taking sun baths were quite true; for lo and behold, there she was in person and, as you might say, in a highly epidermoidal state, happily taking her sun bath.

Pushing brambles and hedge blossoms aside, the bold fellow aimed his camera, took a picture of the famous sun bather, and then stood up beside the hedge to hear if the lady had anything to say, indicating he would be glad to jot it down. The astounded Garbo wrapped her suntan up in a blanket and bade the young marauder to get him gone, and her commands of the moment were sprinkled with viking words referring to heat and brimstone.

The visitor wrote down what he could remember of the conversation, crawled backward through the hedge, and later announced that he had, for cash sale to publications, a brisk statement by Miss Greta Garbo, and one (1) photograph of a rather interesting character, showing a lady alone with her sun. When the studio heard that a young man was walking up and down Hollywood Boulevard with a photograph, there was quite a bit of telephoning, but the alarums were groundless.

When the stolen photo was sold, developed, and studied, it was a complete failure. The only living thing in it was the Garbo cat. Over in the corner devoted to sun bathing, there was nothing but a formless blob, and everybody in California breathed a sigh of relief. (1932)

Bette Davis

From the moment I read *Dark Victory* I wanted to play Judith Traherne. Jack Warner felt that a picture about death would be too depressing, but I convinced him that this was a story of life, not death, because Judith learns that it isn't how long we live that's important, but how we live.

Judith was my kind; I respected and understood this girl who, at 23, learned that she had only a few months to live. Although her background—money and the social whirl—differed from mine, I sympathized with her emotions and her way of thinking, her preference for the cold truth. She had the thoroughbred qualities we all admire. Here were the elements that make for a favorite role.

Edmund Goulding, the director; George Brent, who played the doctor; Geraldine Fitzgerald in the part of

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Clockwise, from top left (revolving around—of course—Greta Garbo): Orson Welles and then-wife Rita Hayworth in The Lady from Shanghai; *Gloria Swanson in a 1915 Mack Sennett comedy; a younger Mae West—today, at 86, she's still working; Marlene Dietrich, imported in 1930 to add glamour to the American screen; Katharine Hepburn, onstage in* Philadelphia Story.

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Leslie Howard and Bette Davis in Somerset Maugham's Of Human Bondage *(1934). A perversely fascinating opportunist, she snares him with beauty and cruelty. She tells him: "After you kissed me, I always used to wipe my mouth."*

Judith's friend Ann—all of us loved the story, and from that fact there came that wonderful feeling of reality and oneness which rarely happens on a Hollywood set. George and I had shared six other films, but I know this was both our best and our most important, our lucky seventh.

The most beautiful scene was the one where Judith, in the garden planting flowers that will bloom for the man she loves, suddenly realizes that the sunlight is not so brilliant as it should be, that she is going blind; and she quietly draws on a great courage to face the end. We had to do the scene again and again.

I knew there must be no tears, for Judith wouldn't have cried, but time after time I could not help crying. It was an unforgettable experience, portraying Judith's victory over the dark. (1946)

Orson Welles

Welles speaks Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German. When he can find anybody to trust him at the controls, he pilots a plane. An ardent bullfight buff, he hobnobs with Spain's leading *matadores*.

"I was a *novillero* once myself—did you know that?" he said. "I fought in Mexico and Spain as *El Americano*. I was no damn good. I had to hire the arenas. I'll show you my scars, I'm covered with them. But bullfighting has always been one of my major passions. Another is magic. I'm in a perpetual state of frustration because my friends never ask me to do a trick. I remember a birthday party for Louis B. Mayer. All the Hollywood talent was there, prepared to entertain. I arrived, my hopes high, with a rabbit concealed in my dinner jacket. Well, Danny Kaye sang, Jack Benny cracked jokes, and around two in the morning the party broke up before I got a chance to do my stuff. Cost me a dry-cleaning bill, too, because the rabbit misbehaved.

"Still I can brag, as Juan Belmonte did when they asked him who was the world's greatest bullfighter. 'I am because I get the most dough.' As a magician I once played a week in Las Vegas for $30,000. . . . The war was the golden age of magic. The GI's ate it up. I toured the Army camps with Marlene Dietrich and Joe Cotten, and—no use being modest about it—we put on a hell of a show. I sawed Marlene in half; I levitated her. The smasheroo was the bullet-catching stunt. A rifleman would fire a marked bullet at me, and the bullet would appear between my teeth. Simple really—just a switch of bullets and a secret deal with the rifleman so he'd aim to one side. It made me kind of nervous, though, wondering what would happen if I picked a psycho who disliked me." (1961)

Mae West

Mae West came to Hollywood in 1932. In the process of making a series of successful movies (meanwhile establishing box-office records and discovering Cary Grant in a chorus line at Paramount), she introduced several one-line remarks that have since become part of the language.

Of these, "Come up and see me sometime," is probably the most famous. Another line, not often remembered these days, but one embodying a valuable principle and therefore worth mentioning, goes as follows:

A confidante in a theater tells Miss West at the end of a performance that 10 men are waiting for her at home. Miss West languidly replies, "I'm tired, send one of them home." (1964)

Katharine Hepburn

Finally RKO gave Kate a magnificent story—*Alice Adams*, by Booth Tarkington. And *Alice Adams* gave Kate a magnificent director—George Stevens.

Several were being considered for the assignment. Late on the afternoon when Kate was to make her choice, she was sitting in a parked car with a beau of hers, near the studio. They were in the middle of a kiss when a stranger walked by, saw them, said, "Sorry!" and walked on. Kate was still embarrassed when she went to her appointment with her producer. The first person she saw in the office was the stranger. He turned out to be George Stevens.

Kate said, "Well, Mr. Stevens, I guess you're the one I want."

After three weeks, they were still at the "Mr. Stevens" - "Miss Hepburn" stage. Stevens' nerves were raw when they came to the scene where Alice Adams' first real sweetheart leaves her house after a tragic evening. The script called for Alice to enter her room, throw herself on the bed, and burst into tears. Stevens decided it would be more effective if she cried at the window, instead.

Eventually, Kate blew up. "It's ridiculous!" she shouted. "There's a limit to stupidity. I've put up with all of it I can. You dumb ——, I'm going to cry on the bed!"

Presently, Stevens said quietly, "Miss Hepburn, just walk to the window, please, and stand there awhile. You needn't weep. I'll dub someone in, in a long shot, and we can fake the sound track."

Kate walked to the window. The cameras turned. The lines of her face broke. She wept. (1941)

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THE HAZARDS OF TALENT

James Dean was in three movies, Judy Garland in dozens.
But the success they found was not the success they needed.

By Cameron Shipp

James Dean burst the seams of conventional society with his rebelliousness, his daring ability to embellish a part so that it became him rather than the role the author had intended without in any sense detracting from the role's part in relation to the rest of the movie. "I came out to Hollywood to act, not to charm society," he said when he was criticized for his unruly stubbornness.

An unhappy love affair with Italian actress Pier Angeli (who later committed suicide) left Dean wild and forlorn. "It's only when I'm racing I feel whole," he said about his new girl friend, a Porsche 550 Spyder he dubbed "The Little Bastard."

A studio producer who was given a lift to work by Dean was so terrified by the actor's driving he warned the production department, "If you have any loose ends, you better tie them up quick. The way this kid's handling that car I don't think he's going to be around much longer." On September 30, 1955, the Spyder smashed into a young college student in a station wagon. Dean's neck was broken on impact. His chest was crushed. He died instantly. He was 24, a legend to some of his friends and fellow actors, a frightening portent of youth to come to others.

Dean had told one of his friends, a minister, "There really isn't an opportunity for greatness in this world. We are impaled on a crock of conditioning. A fish that is in water has no choice . . . genius would have it that he swim in the sand. . . . We are fish and we drown." (1955)

In the interests of this story, I scraped acquaintance with a psychiatrist who treated *Judy Garland* a few years ago.

"How would you describe her?" he asked.

"Schizophrenic?" I offered.

"You mean a personality split two ways, no doubt," said the doctor. "Now, if you are speaking of actresses of the caliber of Miss Garland—and mind you carefully, I am not discussing Miss Garland—you need another term. I don't know it myself. We would have to invent one. We would need a word that means a personality that's split at least five ways."

I tried again. "Why does she walk out of productions, why does she collapse and hide under beds, so to speak?"

"Why, that's easy enough," the doctor said. "Everybody wants to creep under beds. But, if you or I did it, some member of the family would come along and say, 'Hey, boy, get out from under there and stop making a fool of yourself.' And we would come out, be ashamed, and behave.

"But when a movie star crawls under a bed, a battery of eight hairdressers, six secretaries, and a flock of psychiatrists gather around and murmur, 'Oh, you poor dear.' So the star crawls under the nearest bed the next time she is miffed. Tell me, now, how are you feeling? How is your mental health after talking to movie people day after day?" (1955)

(Left) Judy Garland's talent withered under strenuous performance schedule, prescribed drugs. (Below) Dean died as he lived, at 100 mph.

(Left) Judy and Mickey, superb dancers, super singers, on screen happy people. (Above) Dean in Eden *with Jo Van Fleet.*

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ACADEMY AWARDS OF ALL TIME

Pick THE BEST from 50 years of movies?
Impossible, absurd. But now that you ask. . . .

Post editors, pooling 50 years of favorites, join distinguished film critics Rex Reed and John Simon and the American Film Institute in daring to choose the best movies, actors and actresses of all time. You may not agree with the choices but they call up happy hours spent in the dark.

The American Film Institute picks the 50 best movies. The top 10 are:

The African Queen (1952)
Casablanca (1942)
Citizen Kane (1941)
Gone With the Wind (1939)
The Grapes of Wrath (1940)
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975)
Singin' in the Rain (1952)
Star Wars (1977)
2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)
The Wizard of Oz (1939)

The next 40 are:

All About Eve (1950)
All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)
All the President's Men (1976)
Ben Hur (1959)
The Best Years of Our Lives (1946)
The Birth of a Nation (1915)
Bridge on the River Kwai (1957)
Butch Cassidy & the Sundance Kid (1969)
Cabaret (1972)
Chinatown (1974)
City Lights (1931)
Dr. Strangelove (1964)
Fantasia (1940)
The General (1927)
The Godfather (1972)
The Godfather, Part II (1974)
The Graduate (1967)
High Noon (1952)
Intolerance (1916)
It Happened One Night (1934)
It's a Wonderful Life (1946)
Jaws (1976)
King Kong (1933)
Lawrence of Arabia (1962)
The Maltese Falcon (1941)
Midnight Cowboy (1969)
Modern Times (1936)
Nashville (1975)
On the Waterfront (1954)
Psycho (1960)
Rocky (1976)
Snow White & the Seven Dwarfs (1938)
The Sound of Music (1965)
The Sting (1973)
A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)
Sunset Boulevard (1950)
To Kill a Mockingbird (1962)
The Treasure of the Sierra Madre (1948)
West Side Story (1961)
Wuthering Heights (1939)

Best Movie

Gone With the Wind: Although there have been more artistic triumphs, it is the film I've seen most and I have never been even slightly bored or disappointed. Forty years later, it is still freshly minted.

Rex Reed

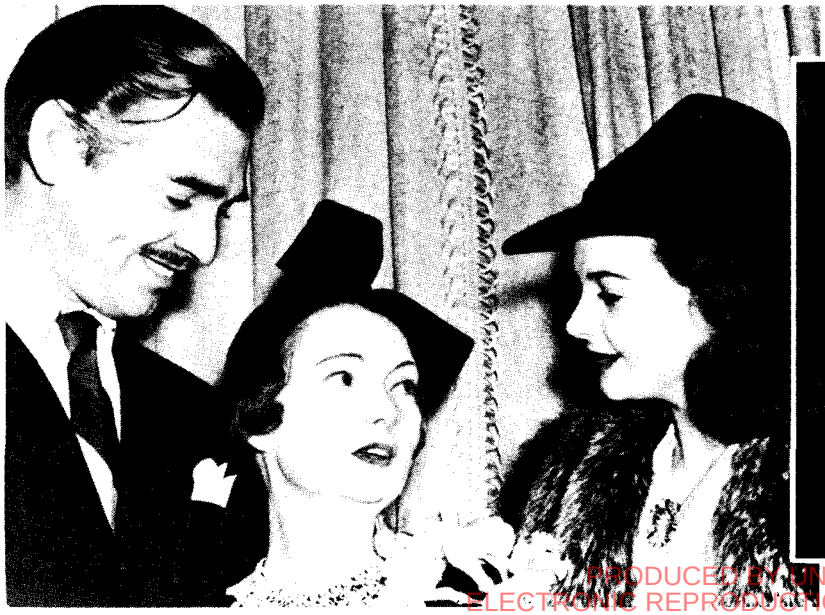
Badlands is the only completely successful film made in Hollywood by an individual—Terrence Malick—whose vision is realized in every aspect of the movie. In other words, the triumph of the individual over the corporate system.

John Simon

The Wizard of Oz: Its irrepressible good humor, its innocence, its compartmentalization of good and evil, its exuberant songs and dances which fit perfectly within the willing, oh-so willing, suspension of disbelief, its characters, its stars, its child, its dog, its allegorical interest make it that great rarity, a family favorite, a signal of joy to moviegoers and television watchers all over the world.

Editors

Three huge talents—Gable, Margaret Mitchell, and Vivien Leigh—burn Atlanta with mutual affection at the premiere of Gone With the Wind.



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Best Actor

Spencer Tracy was all things to all people; he knew his craft brilliantly, yet created the illusion that what you were seeing was effortless.

Rex Reed

Fredric March was the most graceful, intelligent, and versatile actor in American movies, as good at dramatic as at comic roles, as fine as leading man as he was as character actor. Yet he has been unjustly overshadowed by flashy performers of far less substance.

John Simon

Sir Alec Guinness takes you into his confidence with an intimacy so pleasant and yet with a sweep so grand—from *The Lavender Hill Mob* to *Star Wars*, from *Great Expectations* to *The Bridge on the River Kwai*—that his acting becomes an analysis of your possibilities, your past, your sense of all that the world has accomplished. This is the triumph of a great actor, the giving of his audience to itself.

Editors

Grace Kelly's cool beauty in High Society *handled Sinatra (left), Bing Crosby, and Cole Porter songs. Louis Armstrong was an added glory. Grace was* already *a princess.*

Judy Garland and the Munchkins in filmdom's happiest creation, The Wizard of Oz.

Best Actress

Audrey Hepburn never made a wrong move, she made even bad movies memorable, and she spanned three decades without ever losing her "star" status. Or—Judy Garland who did the same thing!

Rex Reed

Jane Fonda (in *Klute*, *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, and *Coming Home*): A splendid comedienne, a perceptively incisive dramatic actress, a woman of loveliness that is not of the usual Hollywood sort, and an artist who keeps growing from part to part.

John Simon

Elizabeth Taylor's stunning beauty, her precise articulation, her sense of real stardom have made literature of a number of her films—*National Velvet*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*—literature in which she performs in comfortable equality with the stories' creators: Enid Bagnold, Tennessee Williams, Edward Albee.

Editors

Bogart and Bergman (left) in Casablanca, *the best worst movie ever made according to some critics.*

Hugh Griffith tempts Audrey Hepburn in How to Steal a Million. *Hepburn survived fatal casting in gamin roles with true sophistication, somehow makes the Fanny Brice look one of beauty and sexual appeal, paved way for Streisand's strong looks.*

Playwright Eugene O'Neill's daughter Oona was 18 when she married Chaplin, 54. They had 8 children, lived blissfully ever after. In all film history, no one ever equaled Charlie's knack at turning anatomy into philosophy.

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Rex Reed,
Syndicated columnist

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

Clifton Webb never achieved the leading-man status he deserved, but he brought class to films at a time when it was badly needed.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

Thelma Ritter: Although she never won an Oscar, she was continually nominated for adding magic and mirth to films in which even the stars were often negligible. She was (and still is) more memorable than the films she appeared in.

DIRECTOR

Fred Zinnemann avoided the "auteur" stamp and turned out many different kinds of movies, each speaking artistically on its own terms. Each time the theme of the small person triumphing in a harsh world came through valiantly, from *From Here to Eternity* to *The Member of the Wedding.*

ANIMAL MOVIE

Lassie Come Home (and all of the sequels in that M-G-M series): Still the best of the animal films and even today, it gets me in the tear ducts every time.

COMEDY

Some Like It Hot enlarged the "war between the sexes" theme in ways most audiences never contemplated before.

EPIC

Bondarchuk's Russian *War and Peace* taught me how new uses could be made of extras. The crowds took on a personality of their own to create an astonishing canvas of an era. So did the battles.

MUSICAL

Singin' in the Rain proved Hollywood does it better than anyone else. It also used color, music, choreography, writing, and visual splendor to the fullest without losing a grip on its story line. It all added up to masterful entertainment.

MYSTERY

Citizen Kane enlarged our scope of what the film medium can do, told a riveting story, and was so original in concept everyone has been copying it ever since.

LOVE STORY

Mrs. Miniver glorified good people who believed in achieving inner success through their deeds rather than through their sexuality.

WAR

The Best Years of Our Lives: Without one shot of a gun going off or a limb being blown up, it investigated the hearts, emotions, minds, and doubts of the men who make wars happen. It also told the story of American heroism better than any other film about the war years, without ever visiting the battlefront.

WESTERN

Two favorites here. *Stagecoach*: While it enlarged our view of a time and place, it demonstrated brilliant cinematic use of a diversity of characters in a tight situation; and *Shane*: It took the time to develop emotional attitudes in its characters instead of using Western myths as clichés.

John Simon,
Film critic for New York *magazine*

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

Leslie Howard in *Gone With the Wind*: The only way one can pick the best supporting actor in 50 years—a rather absurd thing to have to do—is to free associate. The first name that comes into your mind must have a special, almost mystical, significance.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

Claire Trevor in *Key Largo*: Same as above. This is the first supporting performance by an actress that presented itself to me.

DIRECTOR

Stanley Kubrick is the only American director who is represented by two movies in what follows.

ANIMAL MOVIE

The Roots of Heaven: Most animal films are about the lovableness or heroism of a particular animal; *The Roots of Heaven* was about something bigger—the need to preserve endangered species—and made a convincing case against the vileness of elephant hunters, and, by implication, other kinds of game hunters.

COMEDY

Dr. Strangelove: or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb is a rare absurdist comedy with very serious implications. It is screamingly funny while making its highly important anti-nuclear war statement.

EPIC

Lawrence of Arabia: Despite some flaws (notably some cutting after release, as well as additions for the re-release), this is the only epic film with genuine intellectual and artistic values as well as true filmmaking skills.

MUSICAL

Top Hat: The Rogers-Astaire films had good music, excellent dancing, and none of the pretentiousness of movies like *Singin' in the Rain*. I'm not sure whether *Top Hat* was the best of them, but it represents them well and is the best remembered.

MYSTERY

Strangers on a Train: The master of mystery was, as any child knows, Hitchcock. Which of his many solid mysteries was *the* best may remain a mystery forever, but this one had the most provocative plot, believable characters, and tremendous suspense.

LOVE STORY

The African Queen is more than just a charming romance—the story of love coming to unlikely middle-aged people and transforming them, through genuine mutual respect, into finer, socially responsible human beings.

WAR

Paths of Glory: Among many so-called antiwar films, it may be the only one that—without forsaking the bounds of believability—shows the true dirtiness of war. There is no sense of heroism, nobility, or whatever; only horror.

WESTERN

No choice in this category. The Western is basically an infantile genre. It either idealizes false values, while also insulting the Indians, or else it is an anti-Western, scoring easy points by inverting to usual Westerns, which is facile and also infantile.

Editors,
The Saturday Evening Post

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

Villains are, by definition, not heroes, not stars, and although Sidney Greenstreet was a superb and successful stage actor and played several good-guy roles in the movies, and although Peter Lorre had a likewise outstanding career, both were most memorable as villains (especially in *Casablanca* and *The Maltese Falcon*), no-goods who had to get theirs in the end. But they were both so very good at being very bad.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

Agnes Moorehead: Her real tragedy was that no one saw how pretty she was. Never one to sulk, she conquered character roles, putting on a shrewish hue, listening to the role instead of her own vanity, creating a workable relation—one that audiences could sympathize with and understand—with the dark side of the human condition.

DIRECTOR

Ingmar Bergman: While American movies were veering dangerously toward a Doris Day/light comedy repertory, the Swedish moviemaker introduced an incisive probe into the mystical human spirit, creating such beautiful films as *Wild Strawberries*, *The Seventh Seal*, and *Cries and Whispers* on a pathetic budget to show Hollywood that there was such a thing as more taste than money.

ANIMAL MOVIE

National Velvet was a horse race which the audience won. Child stars "Butch" Jenkins (who retired at age 10), Mickey Rooney, and Elizabeth Taylor under the superb professionalism of Angela Lansbury and Anne Revere turned Enid Bagnold's classic children's story into a pride of faith and hope.

COMEDY

The Graduate: A good moviemaker, Mike Nichols, at his best, and a won-

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derful actor, Dustin Hoffman, at better than his best, which is considerable. You just cannot stop laughing, all the time knowing that you shouldn't be laughing, Benjamin's problems aren't funny, they're so real and tragic it hurts, but so funny, lord. I mean, plastics? Plastics?

EPIC

Apparently an epic movie is one that has battle scenes and an intermission. Both parts of *The Godfather* are a little shy on battle scenes (not on *killings*, certainly, but on mass fights), and a sequel may not be quite the same as a second act. But both movies were unusually long, and considered together—television even went so far as to sort things out, chronologically—they certainly qualify. It is (they are?) an epic, and of a new, more honest, less grand, and thus more powerful ilk.

MUSICAL

High Society—The Philadelphia Story with Cole Porter's songs; Louis Armstrong's brilliant and contagious happiness; the glacially pretty Grace Kelly; Mr. Cool, Bing Crosby; Frank Sinatra; and one of the straightest, best songs of any movie, "True Love"—offers classy entertainment completely devoid of snobbery.

MYSTERY

Two choices here, necessarily. *Lady from Shanghai*, because its technical achievements—camera angles, lighting, superb editing, all the Orson Welles trademarks—are so immense and intense that the mystery is as much in how such a movie could come into being as in the nevertheless hypnotic plot. And, for Bogart's sake, *The Maltese Falcon*. One of his finest performances, in the kind of role he handled best. The Sam Spade, Philip Marlowesque private eye who is stabbed in the back by everyone including the beautiful girl, *especially* the beautiful girl. Who survives, but loses everything, including any idea of why or what he has lost.

LOVE STORY

D. H. Lawrence's novel, *Women in Love*, was transformed by Ken Russell into a rich tapestry of love and class where the body and affection ruled inheritance and wealth. Glittering scenes and carefully researched literary associations make the movie a visual as well as an intellectual reward.

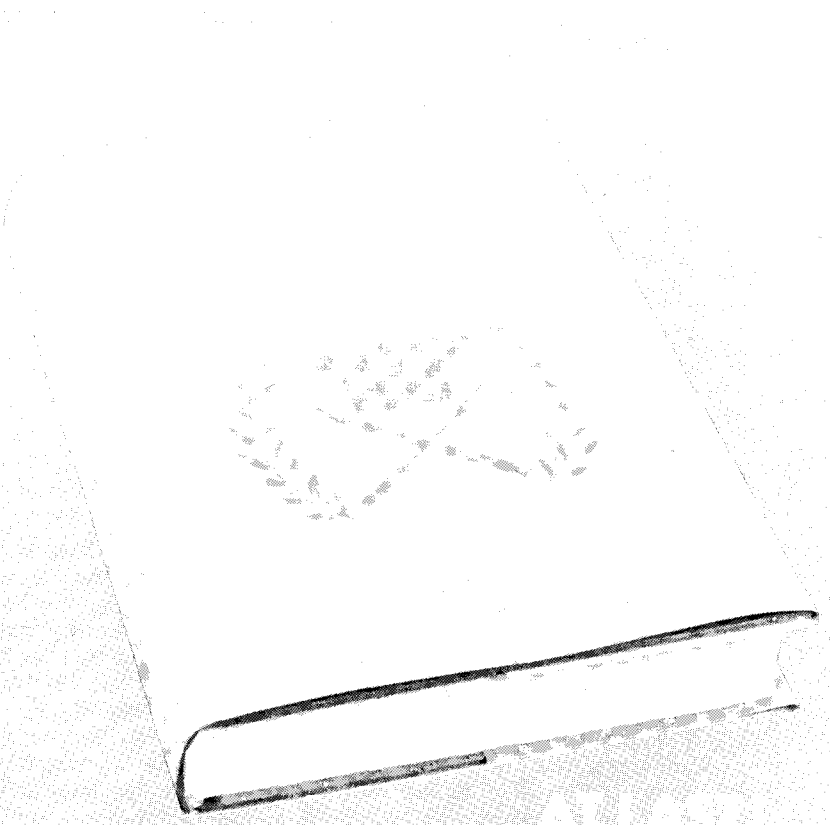
WAR

M.A.S.H., because although the war is there it's nothing mystical, nothing necessarily more—or less—serious than life, sex, death, or football, all of which get their fair share before the lights come back on.

WESTERN

McCabe and Mrs. Miller because, for one thing, it is beautifully filmed. It is impressionistic, warm and soft,

Continued on page 140



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BEGINNINGS

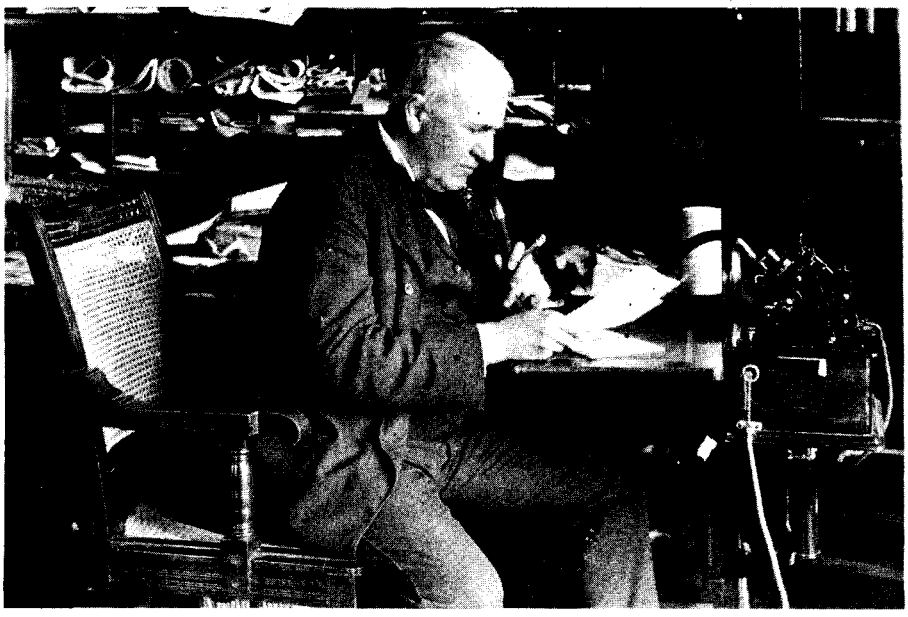
All of his abilities, his walk, his laugh, his instinct for play and for heroism appear before your very eyes. Suddenly, man is in the can.

by Thomas Alva Edison

Thomas Edison imagined his invention an illustrated lecture, moving, enlightening, scientific. But the new art form had a life of its own and immediately realized play is one of man's basic instincts. Laughter could cure more of the world's ills than physics. Griffith, Chaplin, Pickford, Fairbanks, and the Gish girls strolled across the pleasure principle with all the firmness and purpose of a Newton or a Galileo. All things flow, the ancient Greeks said, and here at last the flow was away from tragedy.

Concerning the origin and the gradual stages of development of motion pictures, there ought not to be the slightest disagreement among men of science; none among the screen folk, themselves; none in the minds of persons who have read the standard books on the art; and certainly none among the keepers of records in the United States patent offices at Washington. The science is based upon what might be termed in layman language a frailty, or defect, of the human eye. The eye does not lose sight of an object the instant vision is intercepted. If I should place before your eye a photograph and then instantly shut off the range of sight, the impress of that photograph upon the retina of your eye and upon your brain would still remain for just a fraction of a second.

Now suppose somebody—anybody—should devise a machine that will place before your eye, let us say, 15 or 20 or even 40 or many more photographs in a second of an object or person in motion. The eye is incapable of losing sight of the image in one position before another picture of the image in another fractional movement follows. Thus, by taking advantage of this delinquency of the eye, the illusion of motion is produced. We call this physiological phenomenon "the persistence of vision," and ever since it has been known—years, if not centuries ago—it has been within the reach of any man to invent motion pictures, with a great big if—if the photographs could be produced fast enough. Several men of inventive minds tackled it years before I did. But they were handicapped by having no known process of instantaneous photography. Anybody with the first tinge of gray about his temples will recall the time it used to take the old-time photographer to get his tintypes, or daguerreotypes, and how exasperated he would get when the baby gleefully kicked and gooed and simply would not "be still and see the little birdie come out." Well, what chance did those worthy pioneers in motion pictures have against such odds? The time hadn't come.



Edison thought films could be a mathematical explosion of technical charts, a cubing or squaring of the amount of knowledge a man could grasp from a single picture. He completely neglected the entertainment aspect.

Dry plates didn't come along until later, but many very creditable efforts to produce motion pictures had been made long before that. I believe Coleman Sellers and Henry R. Heyl, both identified with the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, went as far as it was humanly possible at that time—away back in the '60s and '70s—to realize upon the possibilities I have already described involved in the persistence of vision. They certainly deserve unstinted praise, and I believe Sellers got a patent on his machine, which he called a kinematoscope, and they actually staged a show of moving pictures in Philadelphia. Eadweard Muybridge too, an enterprising photographer in California, undertook to settle a bet of $25,000 made by Leland Stanford, the famous horse fancier, that a trotting horse in motion, at some time of its convolutions, had all four feet off the ground. Muybridge made some progress in recording by photography several different positions of his horse. I think he placed several cameras in a row and set up strings so the horse would click the cameras. The whole story is fully told by Terry Ramsaye, himself a modern movie man, in his history of the picture industry.

Frankly, I began working upon motion pictures after looking over the toy called a zoetrope, or wheel of life. You can find them in any toy store. Pictures of a series of figures showing fractional parts of the motion of an object, like a boy skating, are put on a strip of paper. The paper is placed inside a cylinder. The cylinder is on a pivot and can be revolved. Then the figures on the paper seem to be in motion when viewed through the openings. My experiments with this philosophical toy are told in W.H. Meadowcroft's *Boys' Life of Edison*. Mr. Meadowcroft has long been my assistant in the laboratory.

After prolonged experimentation, I concluded that if the art of producing motion pictures was ever to be reduced to practice and commercialized, a camera would have to be made possessing these features:

First: A single lens viewing the scene from a single and fixed point of view, like the human eye, instead of using several lenses as others had done.

Second: A long, tape-like sensitive film moving intermittently with respect to the lens and rapidly enough to utilize

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persistence of vision.

Third: A shutter for instantaneously exposing the film at each minute of rest.

All these essential features were finally worked out in the laboratory, and it was absolutely the first machine for taking motion pictures ever put together which embraced the requirements for the ultimate and permanent success of the enterprise. And, even then, my pictures were far from perfect. There was too much flicker.

About that time a man named Armat—Thomas Armat, now a wealthy resident of Washington, D.C.—came along with a remedy for that flicker trouble. Finally, I said to him, "All right, Armat, come along with your ideas, and we'll put yours with mine and perfect the darn thing"—and we did. Armat's help had to do with the projection of the picture. My camera for taking the pictures was sound in every particular.

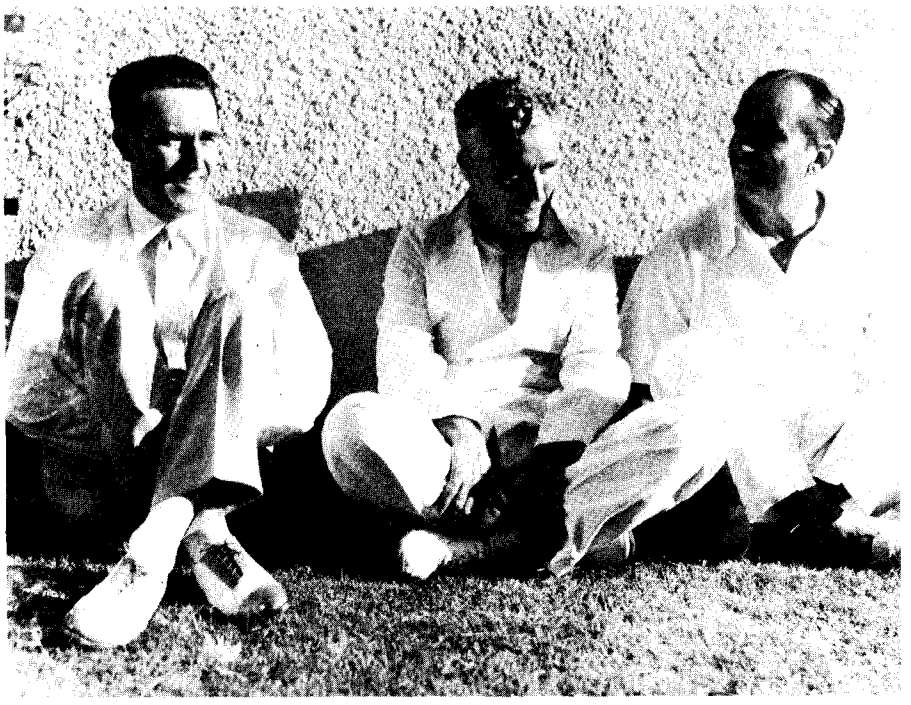
George Eastman contributed a vast deal when we got him interested in speeding up the sensitiveness of his film. There was the trouble which all pioneers and predecessors had faced.

As for the talkies, I see by the papers that the potentates of the talking pictures are celebrating this year (1930) as the 17th anniversary of that growing industry. That would fix the birth of the talkies in 1913, and this tallies exactly with the time I sent from this laboratory the kinetophone and put talking pictures on the stage. To be perfectly exact, however, this is the 18th, not the 17th anniversary of that invention, for we had talking pictures here in the laboratory in 1912, a good whole year before we ventured forth with the machine to produce sound pictures.

We opened up the first night at Keith's Colonial Theater—now the Walter Hampden Theater—in New York City, on February 13, 1913. I am reminded of the date by Samuel Tauber, then manager of that theater, who quite recently grew reminiscent for the New York *Times* and told some funny stories about having passed out the word, after the manner of theatrical managers, that "Mr. Edison, in person, would be present," and then had a hard time explaining my failure to come before the curtain and make a speech when the audience called for me.

The show went off pretty well for the first week, but in the second week the sound projector got out of gear. It was a rather crude affair, anyhow. We had a wire hooked up with the orchestra and run back of the stage. Of course, this wire was out of sight to the audience. Well, it synchronized all right at times. I believe it did better later on in Boston. We had a minstrel show. The tenor sang "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and a chorus sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." But, while this was a real talking picture and there was no trick like having somebody, or a phonograph, talking behind the stage, and while it antedated the present talkies by 10 years, I want to say right here fairly and honestly that no permanent success could have ever attended the talking picture until the loudspeaker was invented. The early contraptions were too mumbly, too subdued—not enough volume to the sound. Nothing could be done about it then. Not until the loudspeaker was invented was any permanent progress possible. De Forest supplied that link in the chain. (1930)

John Eberson, creator of "atmospheric" movie theaters; Dorothy and Lillian Gish; and D. W. Griffith leave the White House, proving motion picture stars were far above early stage folk.



Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin, and Douglas Fairbanks were giants in early Hollywood. Lloyd lost his left thumb in a clock-hanging episode, was photographed from the other side in subsequent films. Chaplin made humor serious without being pompous. Fairbanks expanded boys' book concept of heroism.

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GIST OF THE LISTS

What do you do after a hard day's fishing in the Falkland Islands? The same thing you do on Main Street, U.S.A.

Leading the list of all-time top money-makers is the sensational *Star Wars*, which had grossed some $215,537,442 as of April 15.

On record as the most expensive film, costing more than $96 million, is Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, produced by the U.S.S.R. government over a period of five years (1962-1967). Running time 6 hours and 13 minutes.

The longest film ever shown was *The Human Condition*, presented in three parts in Tokyo in 1961. With two intermissions of 20 minutes each, it clocked 8 hours and 50 minutes.

Walt Disney, between 1931 and 1969, won a total of 17 Oscars, plus a dozen certificates and plaques, to earn all-time Academy honors for an individual.

Ben Hur (1950), with 11 Oscars, won more Academy awards than any other movie. With 14, *All About Eve* is the most nominated movie.

According to *Sight & Sound* magazine's 1972 poll of the Best Movies of All Time, Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane* rates No. 1.

The 1973 remake of *Lost Horizon* holds the dubious honor of being the worst film ever made. Backers dropped nearly half of their $6 million ante.

Katharine Hepburn is the only Academy Award triple-crown winner for leading-role performances—in *Morning Glory* (1933), *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* (1967), and *The Lion in Winter* (1968). She also leads the list of the most nominated actresses, with a total of 11.

Spencer Tracy is the most often nominated actor. He won Oscars for *Captains Courageous* (1937) and *Boys Town* (1938) and was nominated 7 other times.

The highest income in motion picture history, $20,000 a day, was earned by Charles Bronson. His contract also provided $2,500 per hour overtime and a box-office percentage (a potential $2 million) on certain films.

A record $5.5 million was paid in 1962 by Warner Brothers for screen rights to *My Fair Lady*, which was made on a budget of $17 million.

The largest motion picture studio, located at Universal City in Los Angeles, consists of 561 buildings and 34 sound stages.

The largest theater is in the British sector of West Berlin, Germany, where the Olympic Stadium has been converted into an amphitheater which seats 22,000.

"Electric Theater," part of a tented circus in Los Angeles, opened on April 2, 1902, to earn the honor of being the oldest theater.

The earliest showing of any movie was on March 22, 1895, at 44 rue de Rennes, Paris, France. *La Sortie des ouvriers de l'Usine Lumière* was "produced" by two French brothers, Auguste Marie Louis Nicolas Lumière and Louis Jean Lumière.

The first all-talking picture, *Lights of New York*, was shown at the Strand Theater in New York City on July 6, 1928.

Japan, which annually produces the largest share of the world's full-length films, turned out 923 in 1970.

The Soviet Union has more motion picture theaters than any other country—a total of 147,200 in 1970.

The largest percentage of movie theater seats per total population is claimed by the Falkland Islands (off South America) and the Cook Islands (in the South Pacific). Each island group averages 250 seats per 1,000 inhabitants.

The world's most prolific moviegoers are found in Taiwan, where the population averages annually 66 theater attendances per person.

And Paul Morgan, 92-year-old Floridian, wins an unofficial Oscar for his performance as the most dedicated movie buff, having daily attended (since 1949) the Rio Cinema Theatre in Miami, Sundays included. The theater program is not changed more than three times a week.

Hepburn and Tracy teamed up in many movies but never won best actress and actor Oscars for same one.

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HOW TO BREAK INTO MOVIES

Hard, but it can happen. A star is born in acting school, local productions, summer theater. You need an agent (in Hollywood) and good feet (in New York), and talent and looks don't hurt.

by Robyn Kimble

When Hawks' wife pointed to the cover of Harper's Bazaar *and said, "Why not her?", she never dreamed Bacall would really become a star.*

Show business is full of storybook tales about stars who made it big overnight: Lauren Bacall got her lucky break when Howard Hawks, producer and director of *To Have and Have Not*, saw her picture on the cover of *Harper's Bazaar* in 1943; through her agent, Harold Grefsky, Sharon Tate was introduced to Martin Ransohoff, head of Filmways, Inc., and he offered her a contract when he'd never even seen her in an audition or screen test.

In 1945, Pete Martin set out with producer Joe Pasternak and Melvina Pumphery, from M-G-M's publicity department, to see if Hollywood really could take any girl with average looks and turn her into a glamour queen. They finally settled on Ruth Heacock, a waitress at Simons restaurant. The next day, between 9:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m., with the help of the wardrobe and makeup departments, they transformed this 21-year-old girl, and at the end of the day Mr. Pasternak offered her a six-month contract.

The star system is probably gone for good, according to Darryl Zanuck of Twentieth Century-Fox, who for over 30 years was one of *the* star-makers. "Today, the story is king," he explained. "Subject matter is the star. You don't need a big-name actor anymore."

Still, the storybook "lucky breaks" do come along every now and then. When Paramount decided to find a brand-new girl for *Goodbye, Columbus*, they went through photos of New York models. An agent sent Ali MacGraw to see Stanley Jaffe, president of the studio, and Larry Peerce, the film's director; they were willing to take the chance. Miss MacGraw thought it "was kind of crazy because the girl's part in *Columbus* was a complicated part, and I'd had no acting experience," but she was willing to "work like a maniac" to make this dream come true.

Dreams and show business seem to go hand in hand. Shelly Plimpton, who started out as Crissy in the show *Hair* and then went into movies with *Alice's Restaurant*, says, "When I was really young and a schoolteacher was crummy to me, I'd say, 'Someday I'll be a famous star and show her.' It was a little girl's fantasy."

Cindy Williams, of ABC's "Laverne and Shirley," dreamed she'd be discovered by her idol, Debbie Reynolds. She watched the Academy Awards every year with her family and remembers Shirley Jones saying that she had been memorizing her speech since she was 11 years old. "I was 11 at the time, and I thought to myself, 'Well, I better get mine written.' "

But those "lucky breaks," more often than not, were preceded by hours of training. Betty Grable was taking dance, voice, and saxophone lessons almost as soon as she could walk. Raquel Welch, who worked on photo layouts every Sunday for 18 months, points out, "It was terribly taxing, but I was just a nonentity, a nothing, a dot in a sea of dots. We were trying to generate interest."

Joyce DeWitt, of "Three's Company" fame, recommends, "When you first start out in acting, the name of the game is to gain credits for your résumé. The more experience you gain, the better your chances become of landing the bigger roles."

Bob Lasanka, a director for Universal Pictures, agrees. "I'm always on the lookout for fresh faces—not some car-

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In one day Ruth Heacock graduated from a Simons restaurant apron to an M-G-M bodice originally designed for Gloria Dehaven (who noticed, and was not pleased) and a six-month movie contract. Not bad, even if de rigueur *for Hollywood rags-to-riches tales is Schwab's Pharmacy.*

bon copy of whoever is the current 'star.' I go to many small 'showcase' theaters, and we do find some good actors that way. But too often newcomers are simply unqualified. They have no background or experience, and they think they can suddenly start working in films. My advice is—*know your craft.*"

Getting that first part in a professional show is much more likely if you have learned a special skill. This was as true in Gary Cooper's day as it is now. He went to an agricultural school in Montana, and when two friends told him Fox Western studios were looking for riders, he got himself an agent and, via bit parts in Westerns, set out to become a star.

Tracking down possible parts can be greatly simplified if you take advantage of various publications. Many theaters use the services of the Theatre Communications Group, which puts out a *Theatre Directory* ($2.00), a monthly *Newsletter* (runs $15.00 a year), and *An Informational Handbook of Nonprofit Professional Theaters in the United States* ($9.95). Two other publications are devoted to the upcoming season of summer stock. For $3.50, plus 50¢ postage, *The Summer Theatre Directory* is available, by mail only, from The American Theatre Association, 1029 Vermont Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. *Summer Theatres*, published by *Show Business*, is available on newsstands. The trade papers—*Variety*, *Backstage*, *Film Daily*, *The Hollywood Reporter*, etc.—and school bulletin boards are also good sources of information.

As the credits on your résumé mount up, you begin to meet agents and directors who might be in a position to help you. Those "showcases"—non-Equity theater, off-off-Broadway or the Hollywood equivalent, TV commercials—are the key to success, but parts in even those can be very hard to come by.

The casting director at an advertising agency warns, "Commercials are really tough to make. They should not be the first job you try to get when you come to New York, wet behind the ears."

One resourceful young actress in New York created her own "showcase" when she and her boyfriend rented a theater, then wrote, produced, and performed in a series of comedy sketches.

Another possibility is the soap opera. Tom Millot, a manager, thinks "working on soaps is the greatest training ground we have in the business today."

You should know that breaking into show business in New York is a world apart from making it in Hollywood. In New York you can pound the pavement, making the rounds to directors; you don't have to have an agent. In Hollywood, however, an agent is a must. There directors make up a list of the parts they need filled and send it out to the agents. The agents then go through their clients to choose those who might be right and send that list back. In order even to get into a studio you have to have an agent's introduction.

An agent in Hollywood comments, "It's a *Catch-22* situation if an actor wants an agent to represent him and doesn't have any film to show. I don't see very many brand-new actors anymore, but of the ones who manage to get into my office, the first thing I ask is if they have some film on them that I can see. That is what you are selling, after all."

This same agent advises, "If an actor gets an agent, he sometimes makes the mistake of thinking that because he is with an agency of this size, he is home free. But it really depends on who the agent is. The smaller agencies depend upon getting their actors work and so their efforts are going to be relentless. This agency makes most of its living off the stars, the writers, and the directors."

Arnold Lipsman, of Steinberg-Lipsman and Associates, points out, "Let's assume you have the talent. Then it's really a combination of three things: perseverance, hard work, and luck."

Once you have managed to get a good agent, be careful not to wreck it for yourself by not following through. One actor warns, "Agents get very upset if you miss a call they send you on. The casting director will have your name on a list and who sent it, and it won't look good if you don't show up."

It may help your ability to cope with the hassles of breaking in if you've heard the director's point of view. "On my last film, I saw actors for four months at fifteen-minute intervals, all day. And you gradually go blind. I've tried saying, 'No, you're not right for this. I have something else in mind.' I've tried saying, 'Thank you very much, that's very good. We'll be in touch.' And what I finally found myself doing is the last one. With any other response you'll find that actors will yell back at you."

Another director explains, "Actors who find themselves sitting in waiting rooms and walking in and saying a few sentences to the guy on the other side of the desk and being told, 'Thank you very much,' always feel that they have been put through this terrible procedure. But, in point of fact, what is usually going on is that there are five or ten roles that you want to cast. You have a notion what you're after.

"And here's some good commonsense advice: Get a picture that looks like you! It is not just a question of age and physical attractiveness. Get a photograph that, without being ornate and fancy, at least has some freshness and originality and simplicity to it. I can't tell you how many times I've gone through photographs and I'm stopped by one. And I think, 'Well, if this actor has had the imagination and taste to come up with this picture, I'll see him.' "

So . . . happy hunting. And good luck!

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REEL LIFE STORIES

Sometimes what we remember about a national monument comes from the Hollywood version rather than a schoolbook.

George M. Cohan (by James Cagney)

Before I did *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, I had seen Cohan twice—once in *I'd Rather Be Right* and once in *Ah, Wilderness!*—but when I finally played him I decided not to ape him 100 percent. Cohan didn't walk, he strode, and his striding was accompanied by a bobbing of the head. He had other such outstandingly strong mannerisms, not only on stage but in his daily behavior, that if I had tried to play him both off and on stage the way he really was, the result would have been top-heavy with gimmicks, and my feeling is that gimmicks should never interfere with a performance. So I decided to play Cohan with all of his mannerisms when he was on, and straight, with just a suggestion of the Cohan gestures, when he was off.

Naturally I was interested in what the people who knew Cohan would think of this job. The answer came from someone who knew him best of all; at least that is the story I got, and I hope it's based on fact. We staged a special, private screening of *Yankee Doodle Dandy* for Cohan and his wife. Cohan was so ill that during the show they had to pick him up if he wanted to leave the room, then bring him back again. His wife wasn't well either, but after the screening she got up, walked over to Cohan, put her arm around him, and said, "Georgie, you were fine."

Cohan himself sent me a wire saying: "Dear Jim, How's My Double? Thanks for a Wonderful Job." That wire alone made up for all the back-breaking work. (1956)

Charles A. Lindbergh
May 20, 1927, 7:52 a.m.,
Roosevelt Field, Long Island.

I buckle my safety belt, pull goggles over my eyes, turn to the men at the wheel blocks, and nod. A yank on the ropes—the wheels are free. Pace quickens—turf becomes a blur—the tail skid lifts off. I pull the stick back firmly, and—the wheels leave the ground. The wheels touch again. I ease the stick forward—almost flying speed, and nearly 2,000 feet of field ahead. The *Spirit of St. Louis* takes herself off the next time full flying speed; the controls taut, alive, straining. Five feet off the ground—twenty—forty—wires flash by underneath—twenty feet to spare. A curtain of mist moves along with me. What lies beyond the curtain? (1953)

George S. Patton

I can say this—that throughout the campaign in Europe I know of no error I made except that of failing to send a combat command to take Hammelburg. Otherwise, my operations were, to me, strictly satisfactory. In every case, practically throughout the campaign, I was under wraps from the high-

(Below) Lindbergh (Jimmy Stewart), often in a state of "eye-open sleep" during his 33-hour flight, was directed by a peculiar sixth sense.

(Left) After the war, York returned to Tennessee mountains, leaving movie version of his life to Gary Cooper.

(Right) Though disgraced when Truman relieved him of command, MacArthur (Gregory Peck) returned home to discover widespread public support.

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er command. This may have been a good thing, as, perhaps, I am too impetuous. However, I do not believe I was, and feel that had I been permitted to go all out, the war would have ended sooner and more lives would have been saved. (1947)

Alvin C. York

Alvin C. York comes from Pall Mall, Fentress County, Tennessee, and is second elder in the Church of Christ and Christian Union. The sect is opposed to any form of fighting; they are conscientious objectors. But York refused to ask exemption, went to war, and, as Corporal York of Company G, 328th Infantry, killed 20 Germans on October 8, captured 132 prisoners, including a major and three lieutenants, and put 35 machine guns out of business.

"I used to drink and gamble some. When I got to drinking I was kind of liable to fight, and it was like to get me into a real smart of trouble. A feller does a heap of things he's ashamed of later, don't he?"

"What do you suppose Pastor Pile will say when he hears of your exploit?"

"What can he say? What can any of them say? 'Blessed is the peacemaker,' isn't he? Well, there was sure some stir up in this country!" (1919)

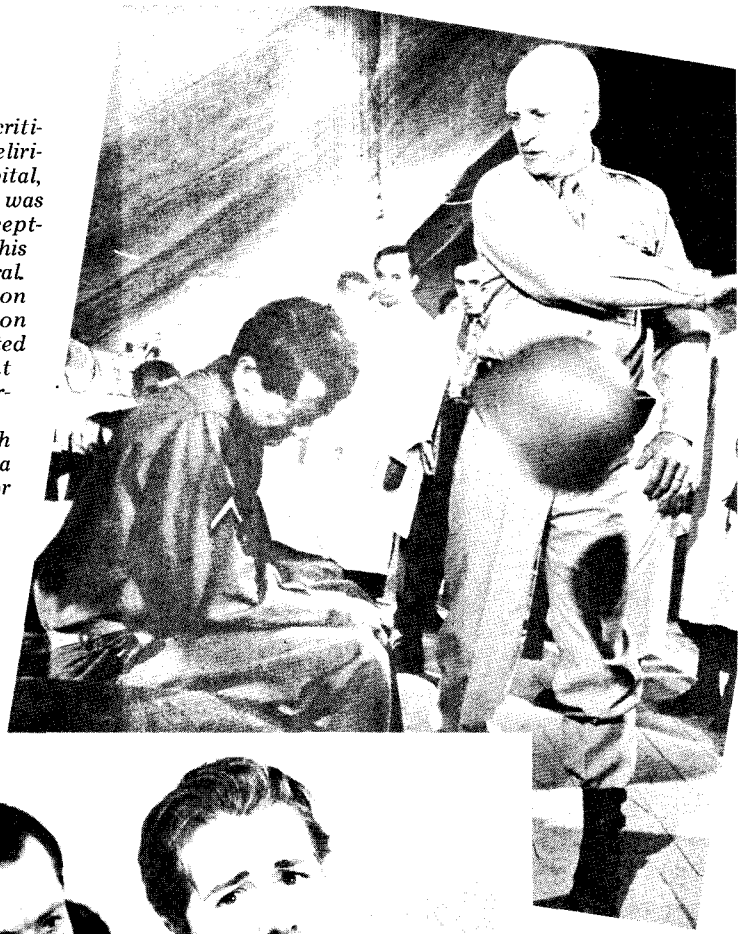
Douglas MacArthur

General Douglas MacArthur had a knack for making important and difficult decisions seem easy during the war in the Southwest Pacific. His associates and members of his staff, for instance, spent many sleepless nights in 1942 and 1943 wrestling with plans for driving the Japanese out of the powerful bases they had seized in their initial offensive sweep southeastward across the Pacific Ocean.

On one occasion—described to me by a member of the General's staff—this strategical problem was in everyone's mind during a discussion among MacArthur and other top brass. MacArthur had been sitting back in his chair, listening and smoking a cigarette, but saying nothing. Now he leaned forward as one of the conferees remarked, "I don't see how we can take these points with our forces."

"Well," the General said in a slow, deliberate voice, "let's just say that we won't take them." He tapped his cigarette nonchalantly against the edge of an ashtray. "In fact, gentlemen, I don't want them!"

That was the beginning of the most remarkable strategic development of the war. I don't mean it was something that occurred to MacArthur during that conference. The General always planned far ahead. But it was MacArthur who boldly put into operation the technique of "island hopping," or "leapfrogging" war against the Japanese, and who was thus able to cover more miles with the loss of fewer men than perhaps any other military leader in modern history. (1951)



(Right) Patton was criticized for striking a delirious soldier in a hospital, while George C. Scott was criticized for not accepting the Oscar won for his portrayal of the general. (Below, left) Bell (Don Ameche) and Watson (Henry Fonda) invented the phone by accident while working to perfect a telegraph. (Below, right) Though most mimics use a chronic hoarseness for Cagney, his voice was rarely hoarse—it was part of his characterization of Cohan.

Alexander Graham Bell

In June, 1875, nearly a month after his initial breakthrough, Bell wrote to his parents, "At last a means has been found which will render possible the transmission of the human voice." By the next afternoon, he told them, he would have ready "an instrument modeled after the human ear, by means of which I hope tomorrow (but I confess with fear and partial distrust) to transmit a vocal sound. I am like a man in a fog who is sure of his latitude and longitude. I know that I am close to the land for which I am bound and when the fog lifts I shall see it right before me." ☒

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CAN YOU NAME THIS STAR?

Most children just grow up, but these grew famous.

In the 1950s, the Post *ran photographs of stars as children, asking readers to identify the subjects. The stars (sometimes reluctantly) gave up their baby albums, and the feature became a great favorite.*

Can You Name This Star?

This smiling seven-year-old with the carefully trimmed bangs was born not far from Hollywood, but might never have achieved movie fame except for another star's interest in her. Norma Shearer saw her photo in an album at a ski lodge in the Sierras run by her parents, and soon got her a role opposite Van Johnson. Since then, she has made twenty-four movies, including Connie, The Naked Spur, and Rogue Cop, and has been married twice. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Janet Leigh

Can You Name This Star?

THIS five-year-old redhead, born in Ireland of Scottish parentage, grew up in France, made her first stage and screen hits in England, and became famous in the United States for a role in the classic film, Good-by, Mr. Chips, in 1939. She wed a Texas oilman, and her hobby is raising French poodles and Scottish shorthorn cattle. Among her screen hits in recent years are Her Twelve Men, Julius Caesar, and The Miniver Story. Can you name her?

—RAYMOND R. STUART.

Answer: Greer Garson

Can You Name This Star?

This grinning, husky twelve-year-old in his first long-pants suit, perched happily on the family car in Milwaukee, served in the Navy in World War I—in a training whaleboat at Norfolk—became an actor in 1922; married a year later; nearly went broke until his first movie role in 1930. During the past twenty years he has starred in such Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer hits as Captains Courageous, Boys' Town, Tortilla Flat, Sea of Grass and Cass Timberlane. Can you name him?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Spencer Tracy.

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Can You Name This Star?

This chubby-cheeked young man of three was christened Reginald Truscott-Jones, but soon went on to better things in nomenclature. He grew up to be an amateur boxing champ, expert marksman, and horseman in the Household Cavalry, which guards British royalty. He made films in Great Britain, tried Hollywood, and didn't succeed. On a second trip there, Paramount gave him his first real opportunity. Now, at forty-eight, he is a great success with such hits in recent years as Bugles in the Afternoon, Something to Live For, and The Thief. Can you name him?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Ray Milland

Can You Name This Star?

THIS little boy in Dutch costume, complete with pipe, actually hails from Kankakee, Illinois, and never got closer to Holland than Hollywood. His father was a concert violinist and he made a windy musical start as a saxophonist in the orchestra pit of Warner's Hollywood Theater. Now forty-five, he has starred in nearly a hundred films. In Roberta, he met actress Lillian Lamont. Their real-life marriage, with two children, lasted for seventeen years, until her death last June. He stands six feet three, and is said to have the broadest shoulders in Hollywood. Can you name him?

—RAYMOND R. STUART.

Answer: Fred MacMurray

Can You Name This Star?

This four-year-old in a Raggedy Ann party costume made by her mother was born in Cincinnati and made her "debut" as a twenty-five-dollar-a-week night-club singer there. The owner had her change her name—Kappelhoff—to a shorter one. She sang her way to success. Thrice married (two dance-band musicians, one theatrical agent), she likes French poodles, camellias, hockey and football. Her movies include Tea for Two, The West Point Story and Young Man With a Horn. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Doris Day

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DON'T KNOCK ON WOODY...

...or he might just take the money and run to his shrink, and never make us laugh and cry again.

by Patricia Baum

"I just wouldn't have been able to take it," explains Woody Allen with a firm shake of his head. "Sitting for three hours in that auditorium of anxious people! Dealing with all the congratulations and commotion if I'd actually won! The whole thing would have totally unnerved me."

That's why this year's biggest Oscar winner did not make it out to Hollywood. As the black-tied film luminaries of past and present filed into the Los Angeles Music Center for the prestigious 50th annual event, Woody was 3,000 miles away in New York doing his usual Monday night thing—playing the clarinet with a Dixieland band at the chic Manhattan bistro Michael's Pub. Then, just as the time drew near for the main Oscars, Woody packed up his clarinet, pulled his combat jacket over his plaid flannel shirt, and ducked past the crowd of eager photographers and reporters into a waiting Rolls-Royce. Once home, he unplugged his phone and, with his current reading, *Conversations with Carl Jung*, lulled himself into oblivious slumber. It wasn't until he saw next morning's New York *Times* that he learned of his triumphs: His film *Annie Hall* had received four major awards—Best Picture, Best Director (Woody), Best Screenplay (Woody and Marshall Brickman), and Best Actress (Diane Keaton). And overnight Woody had become a national hero.

His absence naturally disappointed millions of admirers watching the affair on television and hoping to share his moments of glory. But if they were to meet Woody, they would readily forgive him and understand that he really cannot handle such charged and tense situations. Like the awkward characters he portrays on screen, Woody in person seems to be barely coping. In fact, as he chats in the living room of his New York apartment, he wears a dolorous expression and conspicuously lacks the zaniness that has turned his films into box office smashes. He sounds genuinely apologetic as he admits, "I'm not funny in

In the wildest book-to-movie transformation ever, Woody turned a fairly dull manual into his outrageously satirical Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex. *Here he is Sperm No. 2, trepidatious in the face of his appointed task.*

Comics? Woody has lived and worked with the best of them. He calls Louise Lasser, his second ex-wife (above), "one of the brightest, wittiest women I've ever known," and the late Zero Mostel (right, with Woody for The Front*) was likewise no mean talent.*

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Exasperating to his younger self (above, left) and the neurotic Annie Hall (Diane Keaton, above), he longs to become the anonymous man (left?).

private. I'm just not."

Woody's insecurity seems rather astounding, considering his unique accomplishments. After all, he has made it as a comedian, writer, and director. He can boast of two hit Broadway shows, two best-selling books of humorous essays, and eight successful films, all of which led one critic to acclaim him as "one of America's precious natural resources" to be preserved at all costs.

But success and fame have not diminished his timidity. What they have done is to increase his suffering quotient. For the more Woody is in the spotlight, the harder he must struggle to hide. Nor have some 20 years of psychoanalysis made a notable difference. Although he has managed to reduce the number of

Continued on page 139

Woody's casting in Annie Hall *is offbeat and brilliant. Clockwise, from top left: Janet Margolin, Paul Simon, Colleen Dewhurst, Carol Kane, Tony Roberts, and Shelley Duvall.*

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A '20s MEMORY

"If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man..."

by Woody Allen

Illustrated by Jared Lee

I first came to Chicago in the '20s, and that was to see a fight. Ernest Hemingway was with me and we both stayed at Jack Dempsey's training camp. Hemingway had just finished two short stories about prizefighting, and while Gertrude Stein and I both thought they were decent, we agreed they still needed much work. I kidded Hemingway about his forthcoming novel and we laughed a lot and had fun and then we put on some boxing gloves and he broke my nose.

That winter, Alice Toklas, Picasso, and myself took a villa in the south of France. I was then working on what I felt was a major American novel but the print was too small and I couldn't get through it.

In the afternoons, Gertrude Stein and I used to go antique hunting in the local shops, and I remember once asking her if she thought I should become a writer. In the typically cryptic way we were all so enchanted with, she said, "No." I took that to mean yes and sailed for Italy the next day. Italy reminded me a great deal of Chicago, particularly Venice, because both cities have canals and the streets abound with statues and cathedrals by the greatest sculptors of the Renaissance.

That month we went to Picasso's studio in Arles, which was then called Rouen or Zurich, until the French renamed it in 1589 under Louis the Vague. (Louis was a 16th-century bastard king who was just mean to everybody.) Picasso was then beginning on what was later to be known as his "blue period," but Gertrude Stein and I had coffee with him, and so he began it ten minutes later. It lasted four years, so the ten minutes did not really mean much.

Picasso was a short man who had a funny way of walking by putting one foot in front of the other until he would take what he called "steps." We laughed at his delightful notions, but toward the late 1930s, with Fascism on the rise, there was very little to laugh about. Both Gertrude Stein and I examined Picasso's newest works very carefully, and Gertrude Stein was of the opinion that "art, all art, is merely an expression of something." Picasso disagreed and said, "Leave me alone. I was eating." My own feelings were that Picasso was right. He had been eating.

Picasso's studio was so unlike Ma-

"All through their sittings, Zelda told me, Scott kept dropping the pitchfork." Later, Zelda and Scott kept dropping each other.

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tisse's, in that, while Picasso's was sloppy, Matisse kept everything in perfect order. Oddly enough, just the reverse was true. In September of that year, Matisse was commissioned to paint an allegory, but with his wife's illness, it remained unpainted and was finally wallpapered instead. I recall these events so perfectly because it was just before the winter that we all lived in that cheap flat in the north of Switzerland where it will occasionally rain and then just as suddenly stop. Juan Gris, the Spanish cubist, had convinced Alice Toklas to pose for a still life and, with his typical abstract conception of objects, began to break her face and body down to its basic geometrical forms until the police came and pulled him off. Gris was provincially Spanish, and Gertrude Stein used to say that only a true Spaniard could behave as he did; that is, he would speak Spanish and sometimes return to his family in Spain. It was really quite marvelous to see.

I remember one afternoon we were sitting at a gay bar in the south of France with our feet comfortably up on stools in the north of France, when Gertrude Stein said, "I'm nauseous." Picasso thought this to be very funny and Matisse and I took it as a cue to leave for Africa. Seven weeks later, in Kenya, we came upon Hemingway. Bronzed and bearded now, he was already beginning to develop that familiar flat prose style about the eyes and mouth. Here, in the unexplored dark continent, Hemingway had braved chapped lips a thousand times.

"What's doing, Ernest?" I asked him. He waxed eloquent on death and adventure as only he could, and when I awoke he had pitched camp and sat around a great fire fixing us all fine derma appetizers. I kidded him about his new beard and we laughed and sipped cognac and then we put on some boxing gloves and he broke my nose.

That year I went to Paris a second time to talk with a thin, nervous European composer with aquiline profile and remarkably quick eyes who would someday be Igor Stravinsky and then, later, his best friend. I stayed at the home of Man and Sting Ray and Salvador Dali joined us for dinner several times and Dali decided to have a one-man show which he did and it was a huge success, as one man showed up and it was a gay and fine French winter.

I remember one night Scott Fitzgerald and his wife returned home from their New Year's Eve party. It was April. They had consumed nothing but champagne for the past three months, and one previous week, in full evening dress, had driven their limousine off a 90-foot cliff into the ocean on a dare. There was something real about the Fitzgeralds; their values were basic. They were such modest people, and when Grant Wood later convinced them to pose for his *American Gothic* I remember how flattered they were. All through their sittings, Zelda told me, Scott kept dropping the pitchfork.

I became increasingly friendly with Scott in the next few years, and most of our friends believed that he based the protagonist of his latest novel on me and that I had based my life on his previous novel and I finally wound up getting sued by a fictional character.

Scott was having a big discipline problem and, while we all adored Zelda, we agreed that she had an adverse effect on his work, reducing his output from one novel a year to an occasional seafood recipe and a series of commas.

Finally, in 1929, we all went to Spain together, where Hemingway introduced me to Manolete who was sensitive almost to the point of being effeminate. He wore tight toreador pants or sometimes pedal pushers. Manolete was a great, great artist. Had he not become a bullfighter, his grace was such he could have been a famous accountant.

We had great fun in Spain that year and we traveled and wrote and Hemingway took me tuna fishing and I caught four cans and we laughed and Alice Toklas asked me if I was in love with Gertrude Stein because I had dedicated a book of poems to her even though they were T. S. Eliot's and I said, yes, I loved her, but it could never work because she was far too intelligent for me and Alice Toklas agreed and then we put on some boxing gloves and Gertrude Stein broke my nose.

Anyone pugnacious enough to write The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas *(that is, anyone other than Alice B. Toklas) could easily break a few noses.*

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PETE MARTIN CALLS ON...

You weren't a full-fledged star until he "called" on you in the pages of the Post. *Here are seven of his most famous visits.*

From the moment when Pete Martin, age 6, diverted a nickel destined for the Sunday school collection plate into a ticket for the movies, he believed in filmdom's stars, saw them as real people. He perfected the Hollywood interview, telling stories which, according to Nunnally Johnson, the movies' number one writer, were "some of the truest and fairest about Hollywood ever published."

Bing Crosby

A third nickel in my memory juke box might spring loose a disk of me reciting the story of making the movie *Going My Way* in 1944. Leo McCarey, a top director and also an old golf-course, football-game, and Del Mar-Race-Track friend of mine, was always threatening to use me in one of his pictures. "I'll get an idea for you, and when I do, I'll let you know," he said. It became a running gag. Every time I saw him, even if he was three or four fairways away, I'd holler, "Now?"

He'd give a slow, negative shake of his head and yell, "No!"

That went on for years. Then one day I saw him at a football game, and when I asked "Now?" he said, "Now!"

I said, "Come over to the house."

When he came over, he told me, "After you hear the idea I have for you, maybe you'll think it isn't 'now.' I want you to play a priest."

"Now what kind of a priest could I play?" I asked. "I'd be unbelievable, and besides, the Church won't like that kind of casting."

"I think it would," he said. "I've talked to some pretty wise priests in this diocese and they think you can handle the character I described."

I said, "Let's hear it."

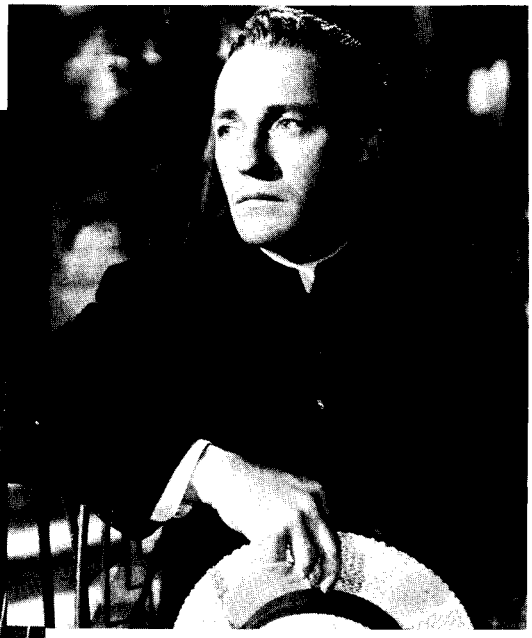
So he gave me the story—or, at any rate, such story fragments as he had then for *Going My Way*. It wasn't the story he eventually used, but when he was through, there wasn't a dry eye in the house—his or mine. In his preliminary takeout of his idea, I played a priest all right, but from there on it wasn't much like *Going My Way*. Looking back, I don't think he had a story at all. He just made one up as he went along. Nevertheless, he had me transfixed.

When he finished, I was sold. I said, "I'll be ready in the morning."

But first he had to see those good, gray elder statesmen, Paramount's top brass. Probably he told them an entirely different story, but at least it had a priest in it, for the higher-ups back East who controlled the studio's purse strings blew a gasket when they heard that I was to wear a long, black buttoned-down robe. One or two of them suggested that it might be a good idea to have Leo committed for observation.

However, Paramount's production head, Buddy De Sylva, believed in Leo. He was willing to go along with him on his Crosby-as-a-priest notion. Eventually, Buddy sold it to the people in the East. (1953)

(Right) In Going My Way *Bing platonically wooed nun Ingrid Bergman.*



(Left) Golfer, orange juice millionaire, crooner Crosby (with Jolson, Oscar Levant, left) sang, and lived, on perfect pitch, gentled his way into the heart of America with nonpareil best seller "White Christmas" by Irving Berlin.

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Marilyn

And then there was the calendar. "I was working on the Fox Western Avenue lot when this worried man from Fox came tearing in wringing his hands," Marilyn told me recently. "He took me into my dressing room to talk about the horrible thing I'd done in posing for such a photograph. I could think of nothing else to say, so I said apologetically, 'I thought the lighting the photographer used would disguise me.' I thought that worried man would have a stroke when I told him that.

"What had happened was I was behind in my rent at the Hollywood Studio Club, where girls stay who hope to crash the movies. A lot of photographers had asked me to pose in the nude, but I'd always said, 'No.' I was getting five dollars an hour for plain modeling, but the price for nude modeling was fifty an hour. So I called Tom Kelley, a photographer I knew, and said, 'They're kicking me out of here. How soon can we do it?' He said, 'We can do it tomorrow.'

"I didn't even have to get dressed, so it didn't take long. I mean it takes longer to get dressed than it does to get undressed. I'd asked Tom, 'Please don't have anyone else there except your wife, Natalie.' He said, 'OK.' He only made two poses. There was a shot of me sitting up and a shot of me lying down. I think the one of me lying down is the best.

"I'm saving a copy of that calendar for my grandchildren," Marilyn said.

Billy Wilder, the director, told me, "Marilyn's name was already pretty big when the calendar story broke. If it hadn't been, nobody would have cared one way or the other. But when it became known that she had posed for it, I think that, if anything, it helped her popularity.

I asked Marilyn herself if she thought that then-husband Joe DiMaggio had disapproved of her skirts blowing around her shoulders in *The Seven Year Itch*. I said I had heard his reaction described in two ways: that he had been furious and that he had taken it calmly.

"One of those two is correct," Marilyn said. "Maybe you can figure it out for yourself if you'll give it a little thought."

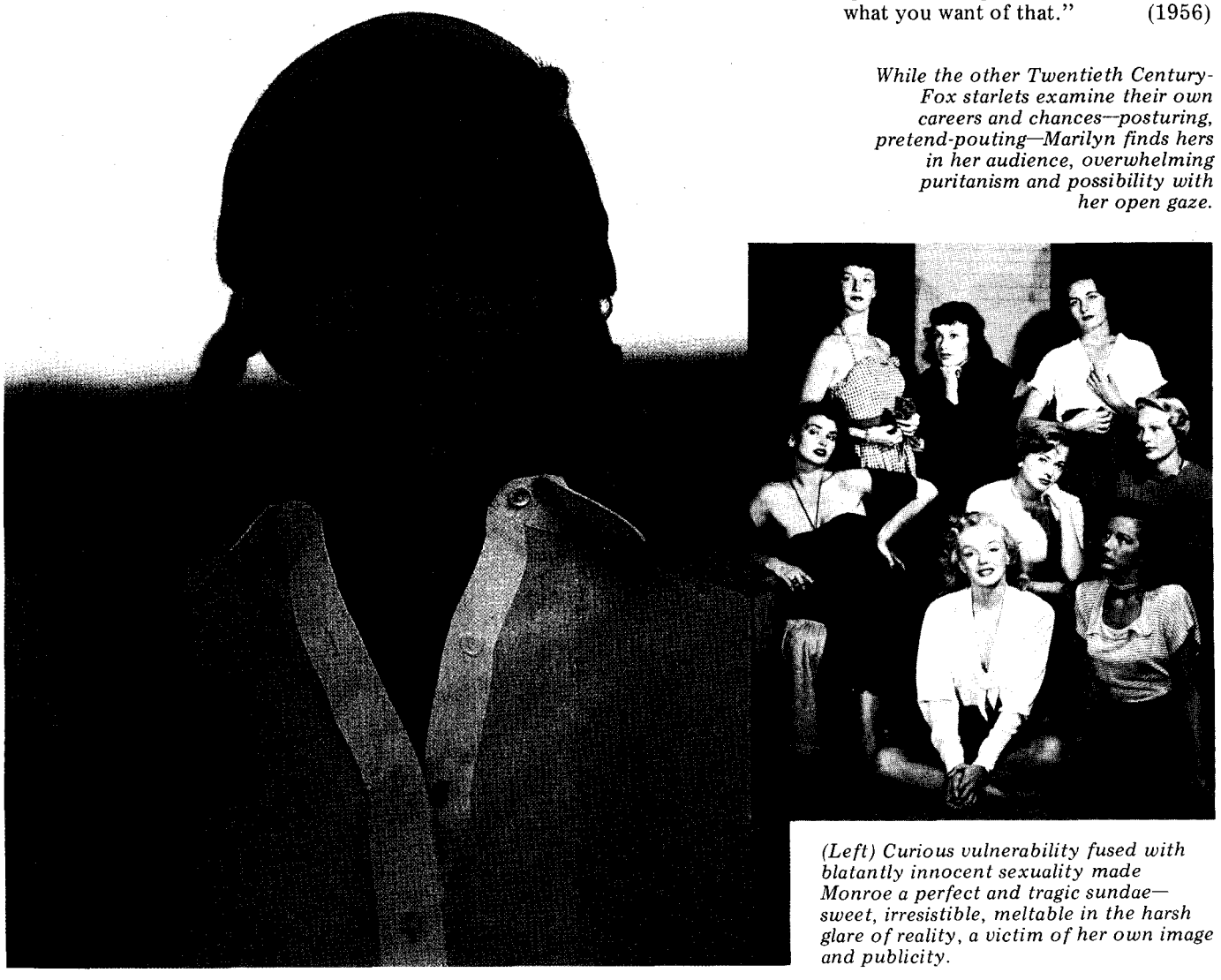
Something told me that, in her opinion, Joe had been very annoyed indeed. And while we were on the subject of Joe, it seemed a good time to find out how things had been between them when they had been married, and the unbelievable scene which accompanied the breaking up of that marriage.

When I brought the subject up, Marilyn said, "For a man and wife to live intimately together is not an easy thing at best. If it's not just exactly right in every way it's practically impossible, but I'm still optimistic." She sat there being optimistic. Then she said with feeling, "However, I think TV sets should be taken out of the bedroom."

"Did you and Joe have one in your bedroom?" I asked.

"No comment," she said emphatically. "But everything I say to you I speak from experience. You can make what you want of that." (1956)

While the other Twentieth Century-Fox starlets examine their own careers and chances—posturing, pretend-pouting—Marilyn finds hers in her audience, overwhelming puritanism and possibility with her open gaze.



(Left) Curious vulnerability fused with blatantly innocent sexuality made Monroe a perfect and tragic sundae—sweet, irresistible, meltable in the harsh glare of reality, a victim of her own image and publicity.

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Cary Grant

An old Hollywood saying goes: "They'd buy the telephone book as a story for Bing Crosby or Ingrid Bergman if they thought either of them would play in it."

RKO didn't buy a story based on the telephone book for Cary Grant. But it did something else for him almost as incredible.

Charlie Koerner, then RKO's general manager, was aprowl for a story to use as bait in luring Grant into making a picture for him. He was stirring up his story department with a big stick. He was wooing those agents who had authors' wares for sale. Busily he was reappraising the story properties RKO had bought, but had never used.

Grant happened to speak favorably to someone of a book called *None But the Lonely Heart*. Such things get bruited around the film capital with the mysterious rapidity of native tom-tom. Koerner heard of it, rushed out, and bought the story. Selecting a phone from among the nest of those clustered on his desk, he called producer David Hempstead.

"I want you to get set to make a picture, Dave," he said.

"What is this picture I'm to make?" Hempstead asked.

Koerner replied enthusiastically, "*None But the Lonely Heart*. Grant likes it. I've just paid $60,000 for it."

Hempstead, a normally cautious man, inquired with mild irony, "I don't want to seem the prying type, but just what is the story all about?"

Koerner confessed that he didn't know, that he hadn't read it. He suggested that they get together, call Grant, and ask him to give them a quick takeout on the plot.

Once they had Grant on the phone, Koerner said, "Well, Cary, we've bought that story for you, but I'm a little vague about the story line and I want you to give Dave here a brief resume of it."

"What story?" Grant asked.

"*None But the Lonely Heart*," Koerner replied.

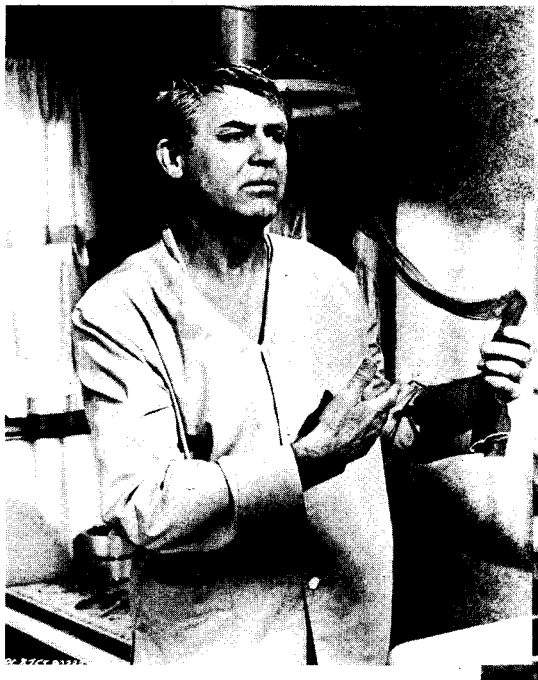
"I haven't read it," Grant told him. "A friend of mine told me he thought it good. That's all I know about it."

So, as if to prove that Hollywood is—in fact as well as in fiction—a blend of Aladdin's wonderful lamp and Stephen Leacock's Nonsense Novels come true, Grant played in this story, bought for him without anyone at RKO having read it. To compound the miracle further, it scored a critical success.

An analogy between Hollywood and a streetcar fascinates Grant. As he sees it, Hollywood is that streetcar. "The car just goes around in circles, not going anywhere," he says. "There is room on it for just so many, and every once in a while, if you look back, you'll see that someone has fallen off to let a new passenger on.

Grant takes Grauman's Chinese, shows a little flesh above the sock. Barbara Hutton and Doris Duke succumbed, but he made a fortune on his own.

When Ty Power got on, it meant we left someone sprawled out on the street; and somebody had to fall off to make room for Greg Peck. Some fellows who get pushed off run around and climb back on as character actors. Adolphe Menjou is one. Ronald Colman sits up with the motorman. And Gary Cooper is smart. He never gets up to give anybody his seat. After much confusion and waiting, I finally got a seat. But I lost it temporarily when I got up to make room for a young lady named Joan Fontaine, who co-starred with me in *Suspicion* and won an Oscar in that movie. So there I am, just standing up, hanging onto a strap, and being jostled around." (1949)



Eternal put-upon mate Grant is as familiar in comedy households as Felis domesticus.

Rosalind Russell and Grant exchange pleasantries in His Girl Friday *(right). Somehow, it was never Cary's fault, but all his leading ladies wanted to hit him—at first.*

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Ingrid Bergman

To some people, unable to see beyond the end of Ingrid Bergman's pert nose or behind the satin curve of her unplucked, unrazored eyebrows, she seems a well-scrubbed, queen-sized woman with a personality that resembles a breeze whipping over a Scandinavian peak. She reminds still others of a lady Channel swimmer minus the usual Channel swimmer's coating of axle grease; or a husky fugitive from a Bryn Mawr basketball squad.

When I met Bergman for our first interview, I mentioned the fact that she had been called normal, wholesome, earthy, sincere, simple, "no sultry siren," "unbeautiful in the Hollywood sense of the word."

She laughed at such plaster-saint labeling. Her laugh is a hearty one that comes from her stomach rather than her lips. She told me that one magazine writer, after visiting her favorite eating places and asking waiters, "Do you know anything bad about Bergman?" and also going to her friends and her co-workers and asking them the same thing, had come to her in desperation to inquire, "Haven't you ever done anything bad? Are you perfect?"

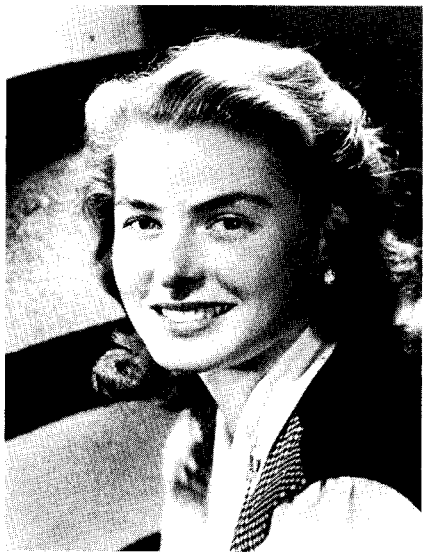
"Of course I've done bad things, but I'm not going to tell you about them," she told him. "That is for you to find out."

Someone prepared a script based upon the life of Sarah Bernhardt for her. But Bernhardt was a tense, artificial redhead with swarms of lovers panting after her and she could do nothing simply. She was thin and little, and Bergman objected, "I'm not the type."

"How many people will know what she was like?" Selznick asked.

"There'll be one who'll know," Bergman said. "Me!"

Perhaps her most remarkable trait of all is her honesty. Hollywood knew that she had turned down a chance to play the Swedish-girl lead in *The Farmer's Daughter*, one of the hits of 1947. But no one had been brash enough to ask her if she had regretted her decision.



The big Swede's sun-washed wholesomeness failed to shield her from a love scandal when she bore Roberto Rossellini's children.

When I brought it into our conversation, she answered candidly. She admitted that she might have made a mistake. "I could just see myself as a cartoon of a Swede giving a Swedish massage, and I was afraid it would offend the Swedes," she said. "It would not have got me an Academy Award, as it did for Loretta Young. For Loretta, it was new and charming. I would have been just a big Swede playing a big Swede." (1948)

Ingrid watches Grant dance a jig ("My charley-horse gavotte," he said) in Indiscreet, *a film which gave her a chance to show she could handle drawing-room comedy and banter without losing her sense of the monumental.*

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John Wayne

"Having John Wayne put his arm on your shoulder is like having somebody dump a telephone pole on you."

He stands six feet four in his socks. His 250 pounds is all lean meat and gristle.

Even the story of how Wayne got into the movies in the first place requires a reference to his size. The fact that he was a big, hulking kid, rugged enough to play football under Howard Jones at the University of Southern California, brought him to the attention of movie director John Ford.

"At that point everybody in picture business had USC fever," Ford said. "Wayne fell to my lot. I made him a fourth-assistant property man."

The prop man showed signs of becoming something more than that one squally day when Ford was making a submarine picture in the channel that lies between Catalina Island and the California mainland. The script called for stunt men to simulate an escape from the torpedo tubes of a sub helpless on the bottom. They were supposed to dive from the lower deck of the mine sweeper that bore the camera crew, rise to the surface in a bubble of air pumped out beneath the surface, be picked up by rescue boats. It was growing late, the seas were high; the human-porpoise routine was becoming more and more dangerous. Eyeing the waves smashing against the sweeper's hull, the stunt men balked.

Wayne was busy at his chores on the second deck of the vessel when Ford decided to shame those whose business was selling heroic feats to the movies. He yelled at Wayne, "How about showing these chicken-livered slobs up?"

Without stopping to let go of the pliers and hammer he was holding when Ford hailed him, the fourth-assistant prop man hit the waves. His fearlessness so inspired an elderly character actor, who was playing the sub's warrant officer, that he, too, leaped overboard. They repeated it until they were hauled out, blue with cold.

Although Wayne's size got him into pictures, it doesn't keep him out of the private-life altercations that are among the occupational hazards of playing hard-bitten roles. "I'm not a combative-type guy," Wayne said. "I'm a smiling-type guy. But some joker I've never laid eyes on before is always choosing me up for a fight." He detailed a partial list of the pugnacious pests with whom he has to cope:

"Frequently I have to let my hair grow long for a picture. This leads to strangers I meet suggesting that I have characteristics usually associated with long hair, that are foreign to my nature. I resent these insinuations.

"There is the fellow who comes up to me and asks me to have a cocktail with him. I say that I'm glad to meet him, but that I have to go. His reply is, 'So you're too good to drink with me!', then cocks his fist.

"Then there is the fellow who wants me to come to his table and 'meet my friends.' I've never seen him before, but when I tell him I'll be over as soon as I finish the conversation he's busted in on, he takes it as a personal snub. The result, fireworks."

Wayne does his best to avoid such embroilments. To those who begin their conversations with him by saying, "So you think you're pretty tough, hey?" he replies that he's not nearly so tough as he seems on the screen. "I let them show off before their girls as long as it doesn't make me look too yellow-bellied." (1950)

Wayne rode horse in all his movies, including non-Westerns—a style of acting half drill-sergeant, half football coach, wholly inoffensive.

(Left) Missions impossible are grist for Wayne's mills, which grind slowly, but convincingly.

Wayne and Claire Trevor in Stagecoach. *At first Wayne made it on looks. Then he became a habit with the movie public, a Mt. Rushmore of palatable clichés and believability.*

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Clark Gable

It has taken me three years to write this story. It's not the way it was supposed to be originally, but it's still a story no one has ever told—and it has been told to me by the one who knows it best, Clark Gable.

"I don't see how you could have avoided playing Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind*," I said. "The whole country cast you in it long before the cameras began to roll."

"My thinking about it was this; that novel was one of the all-time best-sellers. People didn't just read it, they lived it. They visualized its characters, and they formed passionate convictions about them. You say a lot of people thought I ought to play Rhett Butler, but I didn't know how many had formed that opinion."

"Enough," I said.

"There are never enough," he told me. "But one thing was certain: they had a preconceived idea of the kind of Rhett Butler they were going to see, and suppose I came up empty?"

"But you did produce," I said.

"Maybe so," he said noncommittally.

"When did you finally get it through your head you'd done all right?"

He said, "The night we opened in Atlanta, I said, 'I guess this movie is in.' "

"I can't figure whether it was Darryl Zanuck or Irving Thalberg who took a look at your ears and thumbed you down as an actor."

"Darryl and Irving both did that at different times," Gable said. "I couldn't seem to cut the mustard in pictures, so I went to New York and found work on the stage. While I was there, Lionel became a director at M-G-M. Later I came back to Hollywood in *The Last Mile*, and Lionel came to the old Majestic Theater to see me in it. He came backstage afterward and said, 'Come on out to the studio. I want you to make a screen test.'

" 'No use,' I said. 'I've tried working in pictures. They don't want me.'

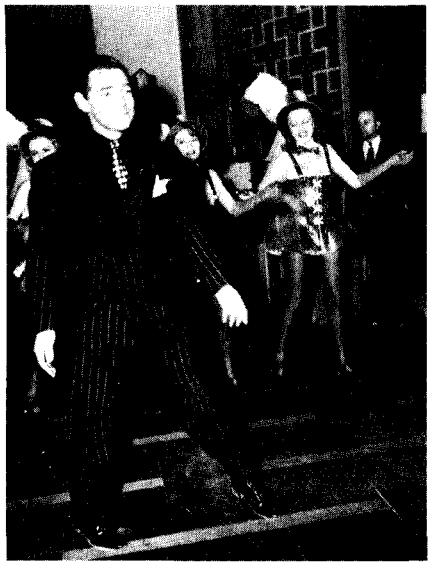
" 'Wait a minute,' he said; 'there's a thing called sound in pictures now, and these actors out here can't talk. You can.' I went out to M-G-M and Lionel said, 'Go over to makeup.' I went over and they curled my hair."

He bent his head and I could see the natural wave in his hair. "You see how much I need a curl," he said, "but they curled it anyhow. Then I went over to wardrobe, where they stripped me and gave me a G-string. The sound stage where they were making the test was a long way off. I'm no exhibitionist and I was embarrassed making that trek all the way to the sound stage.

"When I showed up on that M-G-M sound stage," Gable said, "I asked Lionel, 'What is this? Why am I curly-haired and half naked?'

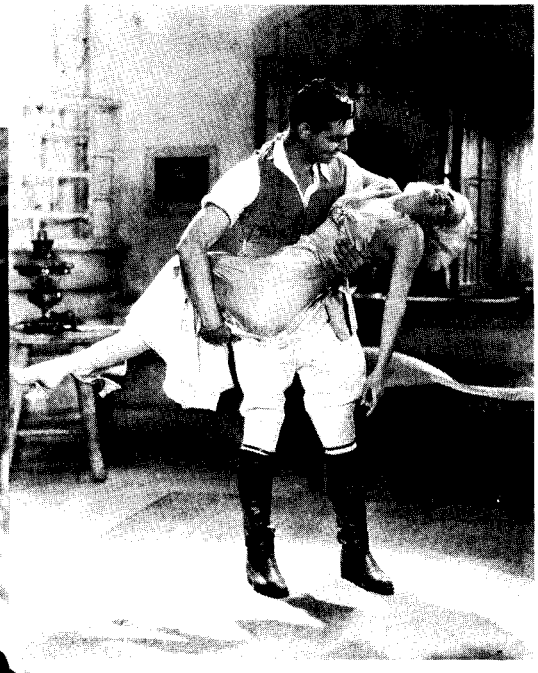
" 'I'm directing *The Bird of Paradise*,' he told me. 'I want you to play the native boy in it.' A prop man stuck a hibiscus behind one of my ears, shoved a knife in my G-string, and there I was, creeping through the bushes, looking for a girl. Lionel had made a big thing out of 'these actors out here can't talk,' but he'd given me nothing to say throughout the test. Then my test was sent in for Irving Thalberg to look at. He called Lionel in and said, 'You can't put this man in a picture. Look at him!'

"Lionel said loyally, 'He's a good stage actor. He'll be all right.' Irving Thalberg said, 'Not for me. Look at his big, batlike ears.' " (1957)



Gable danced in Idiot's Delight*; was terrible but women failed to notice; survived the passion Hollywood had for song and dance in the '30s.*

(Right) Gable made Jean Harlow forget her dead husband (real) in Red Dust *(movie).*



He immortalized lines, role, type, and race in Gone With the Wind *(left) with Vivien Leigh, left such a fresh impression of romance that the affair between the two is still going on in the audience's mind though both are dead.*

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Gary Cooper

Word battles between Cooper's defenders and those who delight in giving him a verbal hosing usually begin with a query such as the following: "Can he act?" So I decided to drop in on a bubble-shaped man named Jack Moss, who at one time had been Cooper's business manager, and put the "Can he act?" question to him.

"That," he told me, "is an enigma that has baffled some of the best brains in picture business. It even temporarily stopped a top-notch director we'll call Jones."

As Moss told it, when Jones directed Gary in one of his most successful pictures, he began to shoot the film on a Monday. The following Thursday, Jones called Moss on the phone to ask, "Can you come right over?" From the tone of his voice, Moss could tell that Jones was unhappy. When he got there, the director led him to one side, where they could be alone. "What's wrong with this Cooper, anyhow?" Jones asked. "He's not only dead on his feet, his face is dead too. Doesn't he sleep nights?"

"He sleeps fine, nights," Moss said.

"Then why does nothing happen when he's up there in front of the camera? All I get out of him is a blank look. He's ruining me!"

"Coop doesn't give like other actors," Moss reminded Jones soothingly. "He doesn't shoot off emotions like a Roman candle." Then he inquired, "Have you looked at the footage you've already shot?"

"What's that got to do with it?" Jones asked. "I never look at my rushes the first week."

"You'd better look at these," Moss told him. "I can only tell you that when the light reflected from Coop's face hits the raw emulsion of film something happens. I don't know what it is."

Jones broke his rule and looked at his first week's rushes. His anxiety evaporated. On the projection room screen he saw the astute underplaying that later helped him cop an award for a good job of directing.

When Cooper donned a full-dress uniform for *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, the makeup department took a horrified look at his shanks and wrapped yards of bandages around them, hoarsely muttering, "More muscle, more muscle." His knees are said to be the sharpest in Hollywood. After perching on his lap throughout most of a long day's shooting, Claudette Colbert rubbed her dented derriere and remarked, "Mother should have told me there'd be days like this."

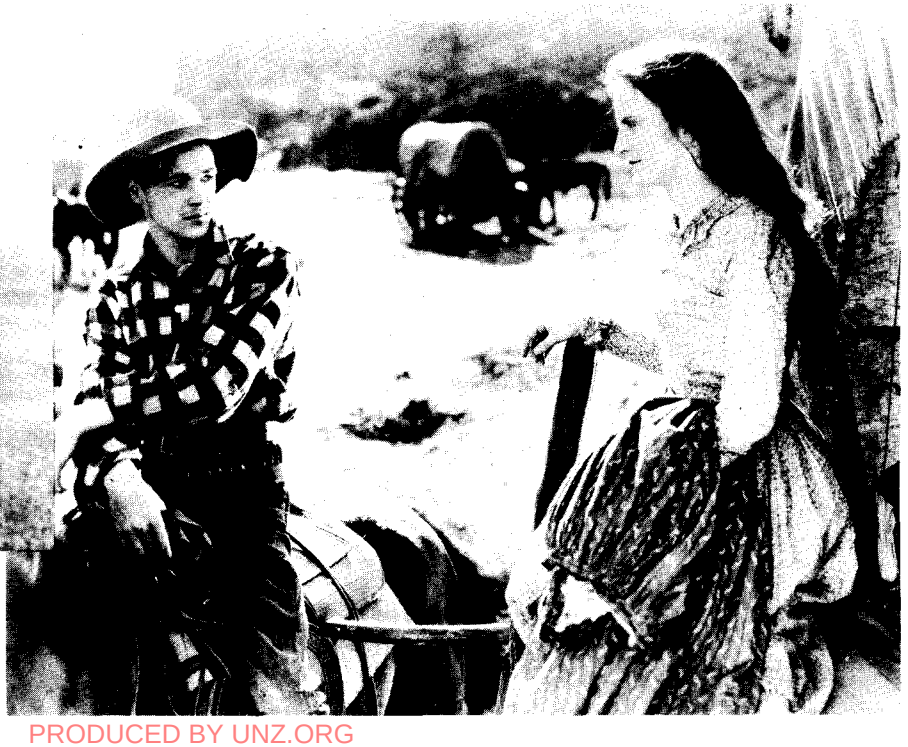
But not all of Cooper's contacts with women have made them so rueful, for the sedately married Cooper of 1950 was once party to some pretty torrid romances. His helplessness as a screen lover seemed to strengthen a number of ladies in their determination to tutor him in the tender arts.

Grace Kelly and Cooper in High Noon, *classic Cooper, classic Western. Film's silences were as potent as the dialogue. A man can't come to terms with his ideals because they're bigger than he is.*

The same fanatical loyalty that kept Gary's premarital amours from curdling his fans' affection for him governs their reaction to his films. He has been in bad pictures, but to his followers he hasn't been bad in them. They blame everybody else—the director, the producer, the cameraman—never Gary.

Nor is this loyalty restricted to Gary's fans. Jerry Wald, a Hollywood producer, said, "Most actors think they're doing you a favor to work with you. But after the preview of *Task Force* Cooper came up to me, shook my hand, and said, 'Thanks very much.' 'For what?' I wanted to know. 'For a good picture,' he said. I'd never had an actor do that before." (1950)

(Left) He was heroic without being pompous, tall without being threatening.



Cooper's mere "Yup" could flay a battalion but he was gentle in Jessamyn West's story about Quakers, Friendly Persuasion *(above), and almost childlike in* Thundering Herd *(right), his first movie.*

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Marlon Brando

When I rang Marlon Brando up, he answered in the slurred, south-of-the-border tones he'd used in the opening sequence of *Viva Zapata!*, not the coarse rumble he'd used in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

"I can't see you this week," he told me. "My best girl is sick, I must nurse her." The way he said it, it almost sounded "seek" as he would have made it sound in *Viva Zapata!* I got the feeling that I was talking to a Latin who was learning to speak a careful, deliberate English.

"How about next Tuesday?" he suggested.

"When and where?" I asked.

"I will meet you at the studio. We'll go to the beach."

I should have known that he didn't mean what the usual dweller in Hollywood means when he says "to the beach." Preparatory to creeping up on him, I had studied him from afar. My research had indicated that he is a nonconformist and endowed with a genius for the unexpected. He'd brought startled neighbors out of their beds at midnight, their hair spiky, because he'd chosen that hour to pound his African drums. Meeting a movie producer he had made up his mind in advance not to like, he'd held a fresh-laid egg in his hand while the producer shook it vigorously.

Paradoxically—and this makes him even more difficult to pigeonhole—when it comes to sad scenes on the screen, he is a four-handkerchief sentimentalist. Throughout a showing of *The Yearling*, he oozed tears. During a screening of *The Wizard of Oz*, he wept copiously at the touching spots. Not having a handkerchief with him, he'd wiped his tears away on the face of the girl he was dating.

I was to find that he was a great one for taking off on conversational tangents. One moment he'd be talking about one thing; the next, he shifted to another subject. For no reason, he complained that people seldom remembered his name. "They call me Brando Marlo or Marlo Brandon or Mr. Marlon. They seldom get it right.

"I make a mistake in talking to anybody," Brando said. "What I have to say is either misinterpreted or misunderstood, and I always feel betrayed afterward. But I'm building up armor against this sort of thing," he went on defiantly, "so they can't hurt me anymore." By "they" it was obvious that he meant people like me. He didn't say it with conviction. (1953)

Brando's mumble, as impersonatable as Cagney's clatter, is difficult to understand. But when he bellowed "Stella!" female America answered.

Movies are built around Brando (below in The Godfather*) the way buildings are constructed around concrete and steel frames. His "method" acting inspired a generation of newcomers.*

Tough guy, anti-hero Brando covered the waterfront in the movie of approximately the same name, starring Lee J. Cobb and Eva Marie Saint.

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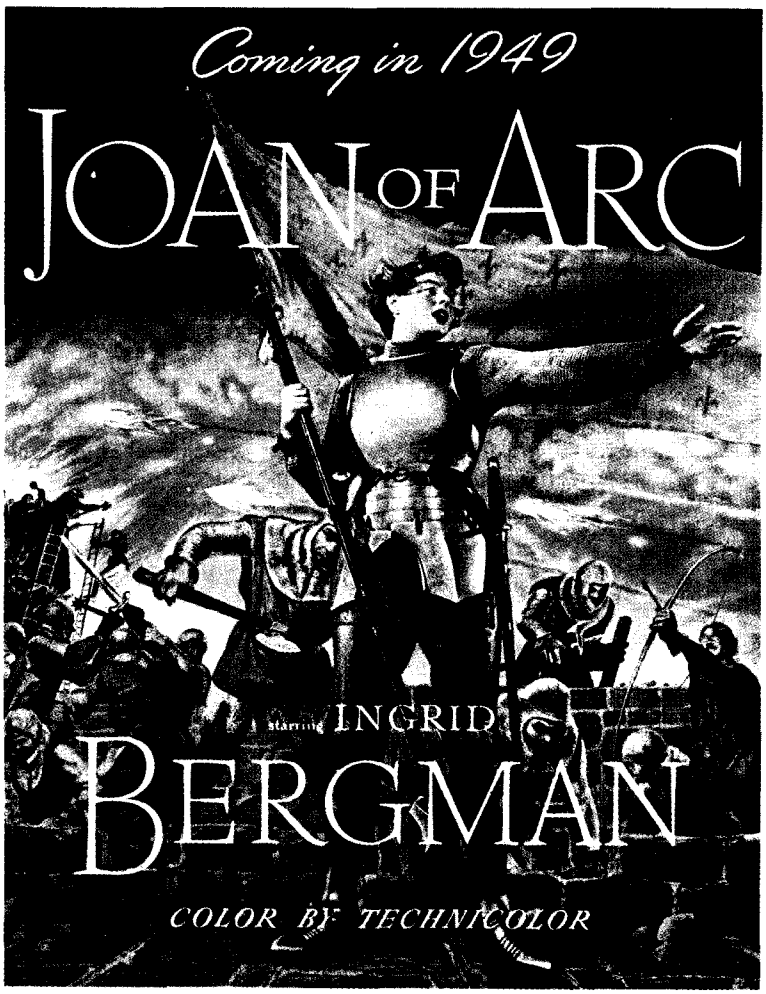
TOP BILLING

Behind the stars were the star-makers, the image-builders, the ad men who convinced you to walk right in and lay your money down.

The movies have come into their own—many times—but they have always kept an easy relationship with the media that gave them birth: the stage, the written word, the musical idiom. Movie ads have relied on the art of numerous masters, among them Norman Rockwell who created posters for the Bing Crosby movie, *Stagecoach*.

Fine illustrators have captured the drama and motion of the moving medium with words and still pictures, distilled the flash of color, the rush of thousands of actors, the panorama of on-location settings to make audiences sense the excitement of the film enough to reach for the wallet.



Ingrid Bergman, in 22 months of preparation for Joan of Arc *(above), read almost 200 books about the saint. Alfred Hitchcock, who directed* Notorious *(top right), said of his star: "One doesn't direct Cary Grant; one just puts him in front of a camera."*

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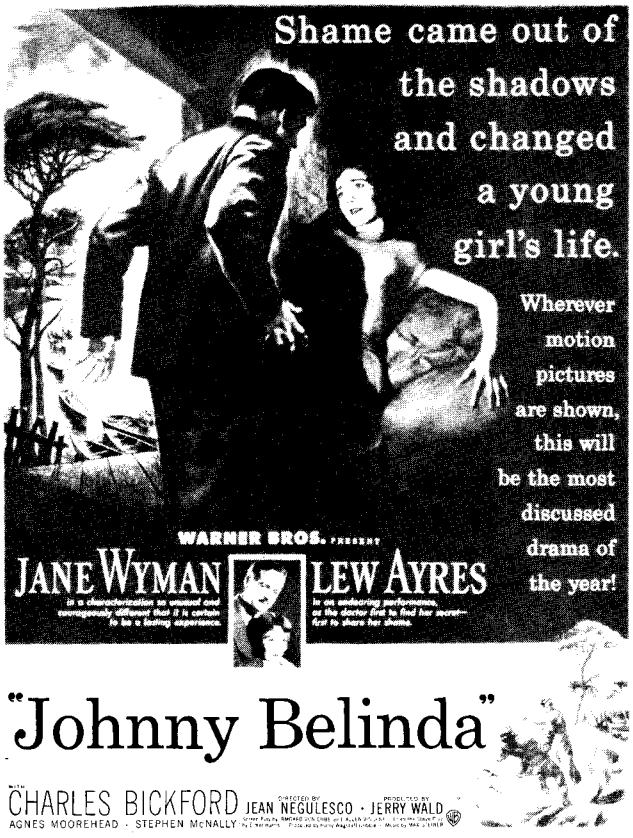
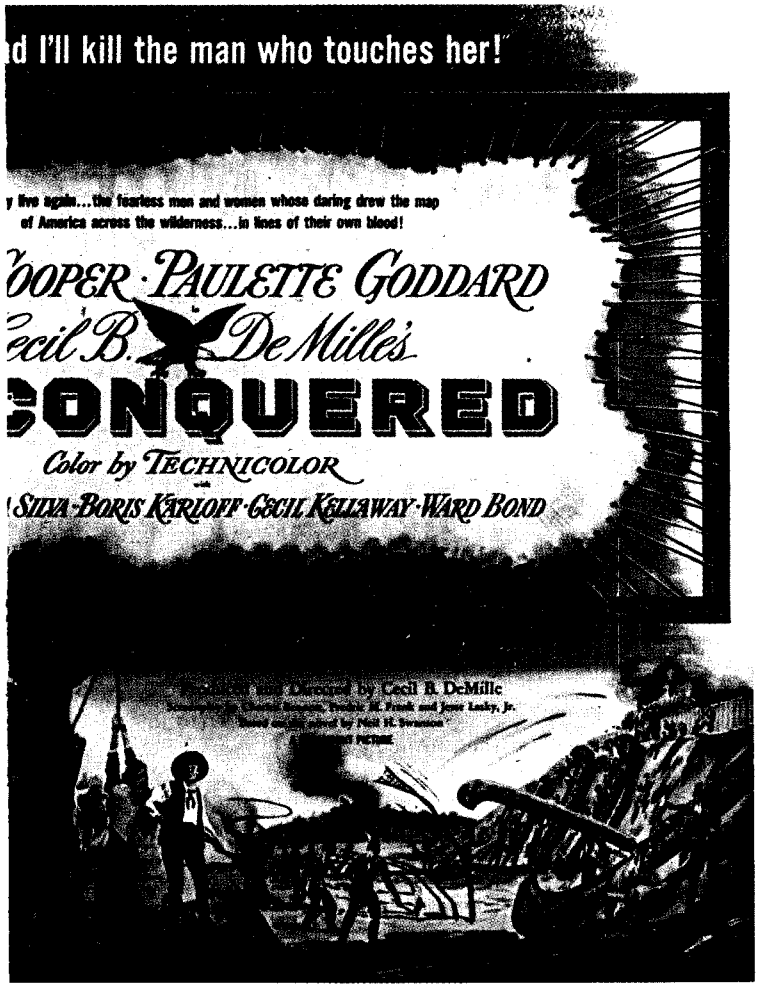

Shame came out of the shadows and changed a young girl's life.
Wherever motion pictures are shown, this will be the most discussed drama of the year!
WARNER BROS. PRESENT
JANE WYMAN
LEW AYRES
"Johnny Belinda"
CHARLES BICKFORD
JEAN NEGULESCO · JERRY WALD

Lew Ayres—famous as Dr. Kildare, infamous (in those superpatriotic times) as a W. W. II conscientious objector—and Jane Wyman both snagged Academy nominations for their roles in "the most discussed drama of the year." She won, he didn't.


d I'll kill the man who touches her!
live again...the fearless men and women whose daring drew the map of America across the wilderness...in lines of their own blood!
OOPER · PAULETTE GODDARD
ecil B. DeMille's
ONQUERED
Color by TECHNICOLOR
SILVA · BORIS KARLOFF · CECIL KELLAWAY · WARD BOND
Produced and Directed by Cecil B. DeMille

"Don't you know we all love you?" Van Johnson asked Mrs. David O. Selznick (alias Jennifer Jones, above), after she had tried suicide. "But nobody told me," she cried. Unconquered *(left) was pure De Mille: extravagant, enormous, and overdone.*

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HOMETOWN HOLLYWOOD

A painter gets a reputation for working in backyards, but sometimes he goes to town.

by Norman Rockwell

The affair of me and the eight movie stars seemed a beautiful, really first-rate idea when I roughed it out for the first time on a piece of scratch paper—a cock among hens, a rose among dandelions. I patted myself on the back. A murder mystery for a *Post* cover. It was, I thought, punning badly, a killer. I'd show a murdered man surrounded by his friends and relatives, one of whom had done him in. The clues to the solution would be present in the picture and the readers of the *Post* would be asked to solve the crime. For a prize maybe.

I laid aside my other work (Let it be late, I said, I can't stop now; I've got a comet by the tail!) and called the FBI in Washington to find out about poisons. Poison—deadly quick—seemed to me to offer the most obscure and baffling way to kill my corpse. "I want," I told the chief of the FBI's poison division, "an esoteric poison, one which most people wouldn't know about." There was a stunned silence on the line. "Oh," I said, "I want it for a picture. Name's Norman Rockwell. I do covers for *The Saturday Evening Post*." And I explained my idea. The poisons expert, rather relieved, I thought, by my explanation, advised me to get in touch with Professor Brainerd Mears of Williams College in Williamstown, Massachusetts, just 40 miles south of Arlington. He was the foremost authority on poisons in the country.

The next day I went to Williamstown to see Professor Mears. After treating me to a most fascinating discourse on poisons, he recommended the juice of an African plant. "Boiled," he said. "A single drop is deadly, will kill in a matter of seconds." "Where could I get a plant of it?" I asked, thinking, Perfect—I'll put a broken teacup by the corpse and the plant on the table; the old lady in the picture has stewed a leaf of the plant in the tea and served it to her nephew . . . the corpse. "Let's see," said Professor Mears. "The movies use it. I know Twentieth Century-Fox has a plant." I thanked him and left.

A few weeks later I arrived in Los Angeles and went straight to Twentieth Century-Fox. Yes, said the prop department, we have such a plant, and they took me out to the prop garden. There, in a fenced-off, barred, and bolted hothouse, was the studio's collection of poisonous plants. "For heaven's sake," they said, giving me the plant I wanted in a pot, "don't leave this around. Somebody might want to do away with somebody else and we'd be blamed."

Back in my rented studio, gazing rapturously at my African plant, I was seized by another idea. Why not see if Twentieth Century-Fox would get me movie stars as models for the picture? Aboil with my new idea, I rushed over to the public relations department. When I'd explained what I wanted, "We'll get you the greatest cast ever assembled!" they said. And so the greatest cast of the century was assembled.

Then Twentieth Century-Fox turned over to me a set of an oak-paneled baronial room with a huge marble mantelpiece. Electricians, carpenters, prop men, and a cameraman were assigned to help me. The stars were pulled off pictures they were making to pose for me. Ethel Barrymore swept in, recognizing me from the days when I had taken her and her friend sketching. (And then she said, "Tell me, Mr. Rockwell, *whom* have I *murr*dered?" "Van Johnson," I said. "*Superb*," she said, "I have *always* wanted to *murr*der that boy.") And Loretta Young, Richard Widmark, Boris Karloff, Van Johnson, Linda Darnell, Clifton Webb, and Lassie posed. For four days I worked hard, directing them; they worked hard, posing; the carpenters, electricians, prop men, cameraman—everybody toiled away so that everything would be just right.

And then I did the charcoal drawing of the cover (it was a job, too, six and a half figures—the corpse being the half—and a dog), and sent it into the *Post* for final approval. Wellll, they wrote back, if you *really* WANT to paint it, go ahead. But we don't think it's up to scratch. The movie stars kill it. The readers will be so busy recognizing the stars that the idea will be lost. They'll say, There's Ethel Barrymore, Linda Darnell, Loretta Young, Richard Widmark, Clifton Webb, Van Johnson, and Lassie, and miss the whole point that I was trying to make with the cover.

The editors were right. It wasn't up to scratch. The stars distracted, confused.

I rolled the charcoal up and put it away in a drawer. It's still in a drawer. For, you see, in the excitement of getting the poison plant and the movie stars and arranging everything, I hadn't stopped to evaluate the picture. When I did, finally, consider it calmly, I discovered that it didn't make a *Post* cover. Which, after all the trouble I'd caused, made me feel about as big as a dried lima bean. . . .

Nowadays I avoid Hollywood. After all, suppose I met one of the public relations men on the street? Or Loretta Young? "Oh, Mr. Rockwell, whatever happened to that cover?" "Uh, uh, uh," I'd be forced to reply, all the time feeling like a stewed prune, which certainly isn't comfortable.

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TWO'S COMPANY

Clark without Carole? Stan without Ollie? Roy without Trigger? Sometimes they had to go it alone, but in movie after movie Hollywood's great duos proved themselves inseparable.

The scene is Hollywood's White Mayfair Ball. The year is 1935. The hostess of this opulent annual event is *Carole Lombard*. And the brashest guest—whom she now despises and whom she ultimately will love unto death—is *Clark Gable*.

The garden is brilliant with white Japanese lanterns and huge kerosene torches blazing blue-white. An extravagant buffet table a half-block long, presided over by white-capped chefs. A great swimming pool with floating islands of white flowers and votive candles and imperious white swans.

You look to your left, to a balcony, and they're there, dancing. The darkly brooding, handsome, awkward Gable. The beautiful, blonde, sexy Lombard. Cut.

The scene is Lombard's dressing room, a white and gold extravaganza roughly the size of Madison Square Garden. Gable telephones to apologize for a fight they had. Lombard charges screaming into the room to grab a long-corded phone and race hysterically around. She is like a madwoman, shrieking, snarling. A violent, vulgar Lombard, out of control.

"You stay out of my way or I'll cram your head so far down your throat that you'll be whistling Dixie through your navel!" (1975)

Fred Astaire isn't exactly what you'd call handsome. And he isn't big. Or sexy. But dance? Nobody—and that includes Rudolf Nureyev, Gene Kelly, Ray Bolger, and Anna Pavlova—ever turned a foot like him. And when they found this girl, *Ginger Rogers*, who looked like soda pop, well it was midnight, January 1, all the time.

They were together in 10 movies. They could take a line of Gershwin and put it into braille so you feel it in your soles. Ginger and Fred are still going strong. She's in summer stock. He's acting more. But he's still got that lithe body, still got that style that walks into a room before he does. (1978)

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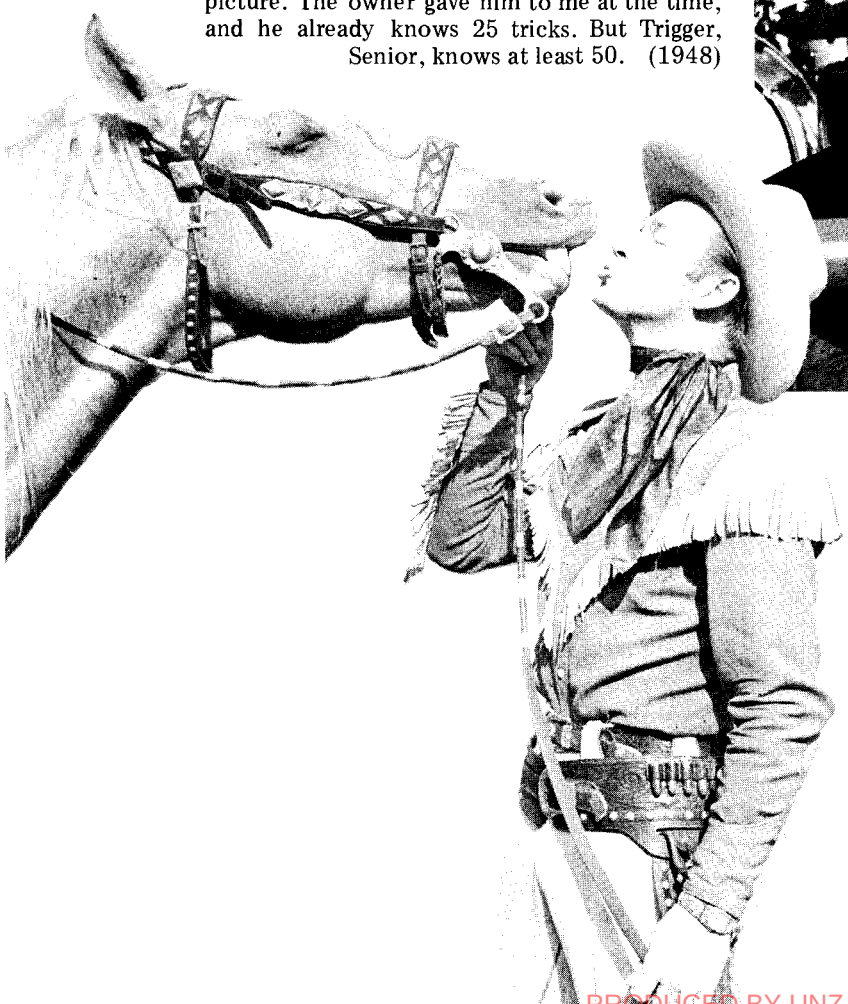
Basil Rathbone was not playing a part. He is Sherlock Holmes, thousands of fans swear at one a.m. when the marvelous mysteries roll through the wasteland of after-midnight television and Rathbone's magnificent profile cleaves the sinister fog of London. *Nigel Bruce* is not acting either. He is Dr. Watson, the perfect straight man, a resounding innocence on which Rathbone bounces his almost evil intelligence. The combination of incisive characterization with superthriller is one of the master mixes of literature, and Rathbone, with his elegant voice, the finest voice since the silents, deserves to be known as the sex symbol of the brain.(1978)

Perhaps *Roy Rogers* shouldn't admit that his favorite part in pictures was practically a supporting role to a horse. The film was *My Pal Trigger*, and technically I was starred. But it was really *Trigger*'s picture, and I was happy to support him. He is always billed as "the smartest horse in the movies," which is an understatement; a lot of people could do worse than play a supporting part to Trigger. . . .

I've had Trigger for 12 years. Now, thanks to this picture, I have Trigger, Junior, the 30-day-old colt of the picture. The owner gave him to me at the time, and he already knows 25 tricks. But Trigger, Senior, knows at least 50. (1948)



In 1931 I went back into vaudeville once more, dovetailing it with picture-house work. Then, in 1932, I met God's gift to the Crosbys. I first saw Bing near the Friars Club on 48th Street, just before I opened at the Capitol. Bing was on the Cremo radio program. Two months later we were both booked into the Capitol.

The big electric sign hanging before the Capitol spelled *"Bing Crosby and Bob Hope,"* just as it's been spelled out many times since on the marquee of the Paramount and other theaters. I was the emcee, and after Bing sang his songs, we had fun clowning. We did our impression of two orchestra leaders meeting in the street. Each of us pulled out a baton and led the other while he talked, as if leading an orchestra. Next, we did our impression of two farmers meeting. One of us asked, "How are things down on the farm?" The other said, "It's pretty cold in the reading room." Then we milked each other's thumbs. It was the beginning of a long, pleasant, and profitable association. . . . (1954)

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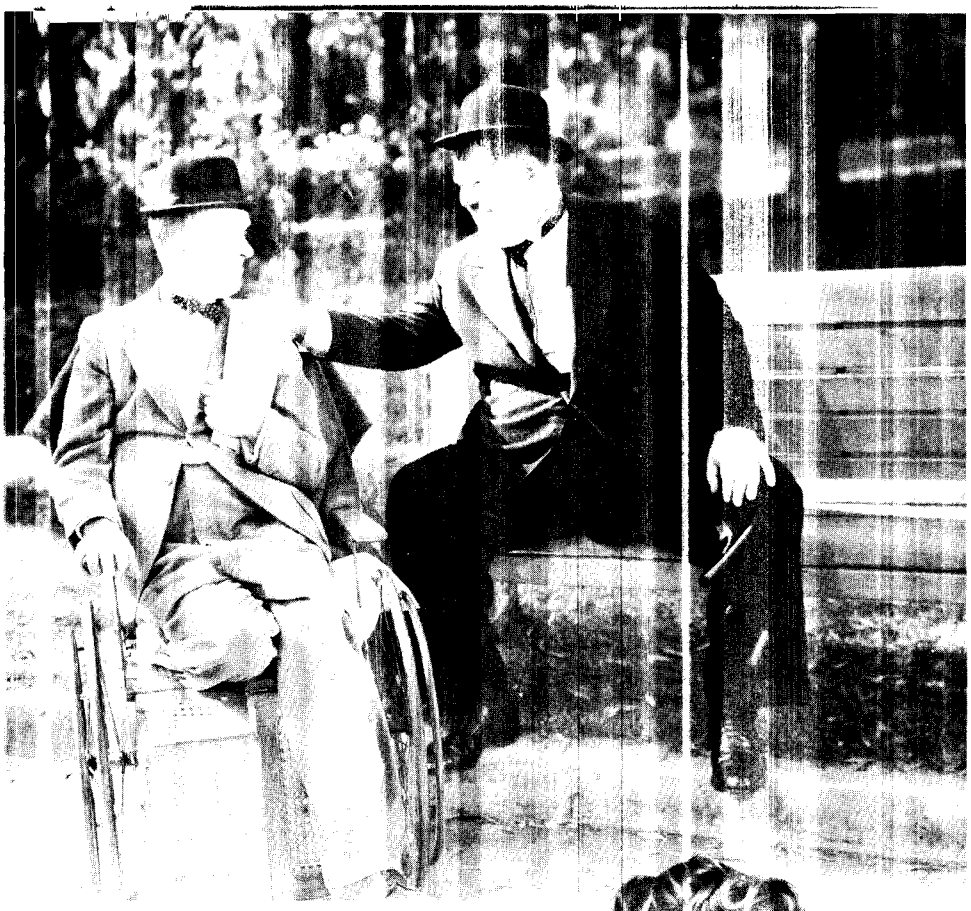

No one who has watched any scene they made during their 18 years as a team could doubt that *Laurel and Hardy* operated as two minds without a single thought.

Who else but Stan Laurel could saunter up to a soda fountain and innocently ask for "mustachio" ice cream?

Who else but fat, pompous Oliver Hardy could break the icy silence with a lady on a stagecoach by observing, amid blushes and tie-twiddles, "Awful lot of weather we're having . . . "?

In appearance and mannerisms, they are an elegant mismatch, and together they bounce and blunder off each other to set new standards for mindlessness. Like the time Stan takes Ollie's temperature. Shoving a huge "thermometer" in the (typically) open mouth, Stan pulls it out and shakes it.

Confusion and silence. "Well?" says Ollie. After a long double take, Stan shrugs and blurts, "Wet and windy."

"Yoouu IDIOT!" Ollie booms. "That's a barometer!" (1971)

Hawks began filming *To Have and Have Not* in the late fall of 1943, having introduced *Lauren Bacall* to *Humphrey Bogart* about a month before shooting began, at which time Bogart is reported to have remarked, "I think we're going to have a lot of fun making this picture together, kid." In fact, Bogart and Bacall fell almost immediately in love, a liaison complicated by the fact that Bogart happened to be married, though for some years his marriage hadn't been an especially happy one. Around Hollywood his wife, Mayo, was known as "Sluggy," mainly because when she and Bogart appeared in public the evening inevitably ended with Mayo slugging Bogart, and with Bogart, of course, slugging her right back.

Being seen frequently around Hollywood niteries with Bogart, Miss Bacall got considerably more publicity than the average starlet, particularly after *To Have and Have Not* was shown at a sneak preview in Huntington Beach in spring 1944, and the audience went wild over Lauren Bacall.

Fortunately for Miss Bacall, she managed to live up to Warner Brothers' extravagant advance publicity, for she was an enormous hit all over the country in *To Have and Have Not*. Playing the role of a slightly tarnished American girl who turns up in a third-rate Martinique hotel, she had three lines in her first scene with Bogart—"If you want anything, all you have to do is whistle. You know how to whistle, don't you? You just put your lips together and blow." (1966)

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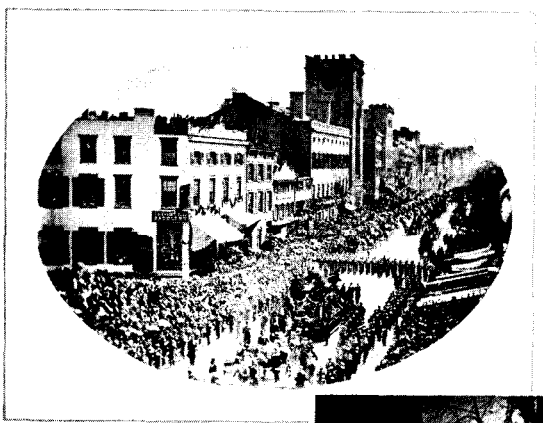
TIME MARCHES ON...

and is caught in the act by the magic of film. Sometimes reinterpreted, always enlarged, history meets its match in the flickering shadows.

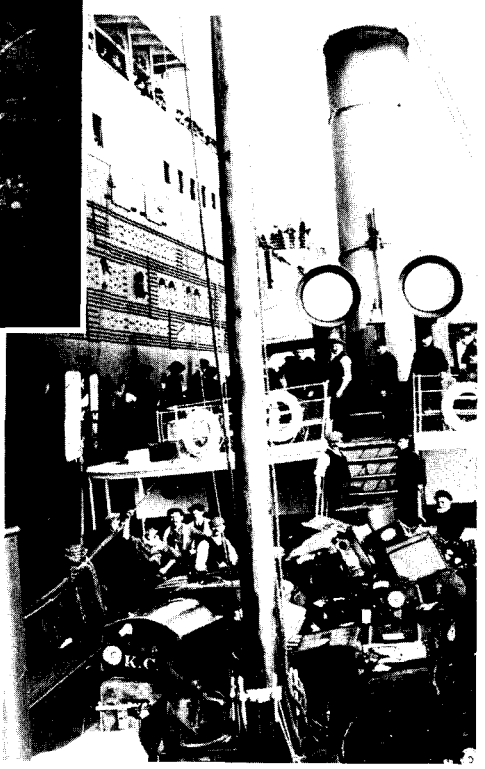
History has many ways of speaking and sometimes the world listens to what it can see. Movies work their images into the conscience with a surer hand than textbooks. Technical advisors, historians, and serious writers shape the image, and actors and actresses work to understand the shape of Cleopatra's nose and to interpret it for audiences bent on entertainment, not instruction.



(Above) The Civil War was a rich mine for moviemakers who repeated scenes like Lincoln's funeral pausing on Broadway before people-laden buildings and trees.

(Right) Tsar Nicholas II with his mother, sister of England's Queen Alexandra, and his four daughters—Anastasia far right—on royal yacht Standart *in 1911.*

(Right) The improvement of still photography in the 1860s inspired early movie cameramen. Here Bluecoats in Virginia pose perfectly except for boy's shaking head.



D.W. Griffith's Birth of a Nation *infuriated Northerners because he sympathized with fallen South. Dramatic close-ups allowed an eager public to "be" (left) at the assassination of the President, understanding his as well as Booth's motivation.*

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(Left) Helen Hayes takes Ingrid Bergman to heart in the movie Anastasia *about the Tsar's surviving daughter. Miss Hayes has been in sufficient films to make her a movie queen, but she remains tied to Broadway.*

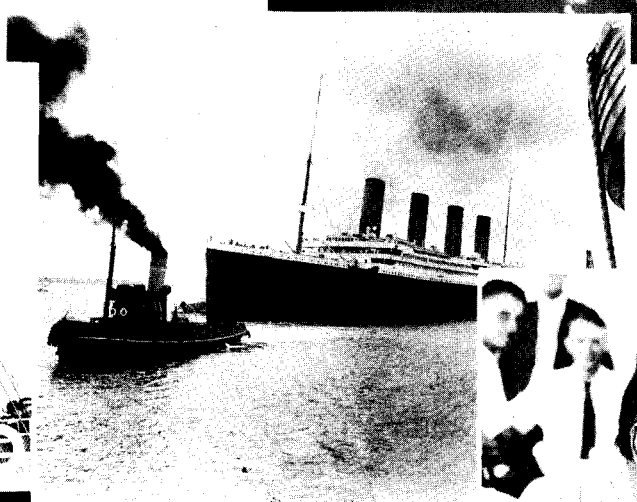
(Left) "Was it bad out there, Paul?" ZaSu Pitts asks Lew Ayers in Erich Maria Remarque's moving drama of World War I and the pain of a lost generation.

(Above) Anastasia, on Tsar's left, was youngest child but for the Tsarevitch, supposedly escaped execution by Bolsheviks.

(Above) Boredom of trench warfare was as terrible as the bloodshed as France dug in against Germany in the "war to end all wars."

(Right) In A Night to Remember *the movie ship* Titanic *turns in a tub on a small sound stage before model lifeboats filled with model survivors.*

(Right) Spencer Tracy and Fredric March try to work up a sweat in movie of Scopes trial, Inherit the Wind.



(Left) Expensive luggage goes to the hold or waits to be borne to staterooms for use on maiden voyage of doomed ship. (Above) The majestic liner steams out of port, leaving England for the first and last time. More than 1,500 people would die, many of them celebrities, statesmen, nobility—some lived up to their names.

(Left) Darrow and Bryan fought about evolution and God in a steamy Tennessee courtroom in 1925.

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(Right) Americans who lived through the Depression with its bitter poverty and senseless loss of dignity live on the other side of a chasm later generations can never bridge.

(Below) Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell face tearing up roots in Steinbeck's brilliant movie, The Grapes of Wrath.

(Below) Bonnie and Clyde (Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty) explore the chic charm of senseless violence. Hollywood has a way of making audiences like gangsters and unsavory characters.

(Right) The St. Valentine's Day Massacre showed the nation that Chicago's gangsters meant business and human life meant nothing to them where money and will were concerned.

(Below) Ill-fated Montgomery Clift blows a line in James Jones' From Here to Eternity, *the movie based on the Japanese sneak attack of Pearl Harbor. Film shone with Burt Lancaster, Deborah Kerr, Frank Sinatra.*

(Right) Looking more like a Bill Mauldin cartoon than a real soldier, a battle-weary infantryman savors his first hot meal in 15 days near Hurtgen, Germany.

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(Left) Sal Mineo confronts the agony of the Jews in their new homeland in the movie Exodus, *which also starred Paul Newman.*

(Above) In Alain Resnais' stunning film, Hiroshima, Mon Amour, *juxtapositions of human love and human destructiveness made the human condition an almost painful disease. Emmanuelle Riva and Elji Okada were the tender lovers.*

(Left) A young Jewish boy is forced to cut his father's beard while Nazi troopers jeeringly approve.

(Left) The horror of the atomic bomb was a fitting climax to the bloodiest war in history. Twenty-seven million people died. Maimed survivors of Nagasaki and Hiroshima still remind us of the dangers of power. Truman's decision to use bomb may have shortened war, but smaller nations have become pawns in the nuclear game, posing a constant threat to world peace. And the possibility of carelessness is globally terrifying.

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BABYLON REVISITED

When the stock market crashed, men fell too.
It was not always easy climbing back.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

"And where's Mr. Campbell?" Charlie asked.

"Gone to Switzerland. Mr. Campbell's a pretty sick man, Mr. Wales."

"I'm sorry to hear that. And George Hardt?" Charlie inquired.

"Back in America, gone to work."

"And where is the snowbird?"

"He was in here last week. Anyway, his friend, Mr. Schaeffer, is in Paris."

Two familiar names from the long list of a year and a half ago. Charlie scribbled an address in his notebook and tore out the page.

"If you see Mr. Schaeffer, give him this," he said. "It's my brother-in-law's address. I haven't settled on a hotel yet."

He was not really disappointed to find Paris so empty. But the stillness in the bar was strange, almost portentous.

It was not an American bar anymore—he felt polite in it, and not as if he owned it. It had gone back to France. He had felt the stillness from the moment he got out of the taxi and saw the doorman, usually in a frenzy of activity at this hour, gossiping with a chasseur by the servant's entrance.

Passing through the corridor, he heard only a single, bored voice in the once-clamorous women's room. When he turned into the bar he traveled the 20 feet of green carpet with his eyes fixed straight ahead by old habit; and then, with his foot firmly on the rail, he turned and surveyed the room, encountering only a single pair of eyes that fluttered up from a newspaper in the corner. Charlie asked for the head barman, Paul, who in the latter days of the bull market had come to work in his own custom-built car—disembarking, however, with due nicety at the nearest corner. But Paul was at his country house today and Alix was giving him his information.

"No, no more. I'm going slow these days."

Alix congratulated him: "Hope you stick to it, Mr. Wales. You were going pretty strong a couple of years ago."

"I'll stick to it all right," Charlie assured him. "I've stuck to it for over a year and a half now."

"How do you find conditions in America?"

"I haven't been to America for months. I'm in business in Prague, representing a couple of concerns there. They don't know about me down there." He smiled faintly. "Remember the night of George Hardt's bachelor dinner here? . . . By the way, what's become of Claude Fessenden?"

Alix lowered his voice confidentially: "He's in Paris, but he doesn't come here anymore. Paul doesn't allow it. He ran up a bill of 30,000 francs, charging all his drinks and his lunches, and usually his dinner, for more than a year. And when Paul finally told him he had to pay, he gave him a bad check."

Alix pressed his lips together and shook his head.

"I don't understand it, such a dandy fellow. Now he's all bloated up—" He made a plump apple of his hands.

A thin world, resting on a common weakness, shredded away now like tissue paper. Turning, Charlie saw a group of effeminate young men installing themselves in a corner.

"Nothing affects them," he thought. "Stocks rise and fall, people loaf or work, but they go on forever." The place oppressed him. He called for the dice and shook with Alix for the drink.

"Here for long, Mr. Wales?"

"I'm here for four or five days to see my little girl."

"Oh-h! You have a little girl?"

Outside, the fire-red, gas-blue, ghost-green signs shone smokily through the tranquil rain. It was late afternoon and the streets were in movement; the bistros gleamed. At the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines he took a taxi. The Place de la Concorde moved by in pink majesty; they crossed the logical Seine, and Charlie felt the sudden provincial quality of the left bank.

"I spoiled this city for myself," he thought. "I didn't realize it, but the days came along one after another, and then two years were gone, and everything was gone, and I was gone."

He was 35, a handsome man, with the Irish mobility of his face sobered by a deep wrinkle between his eyes. As he rang his brother-in-law's bell in the Rue Palatine, the wrinkle deepened till it pulled down his brows; he felt a cramping sensation in his belly. From behind the maid who opened the door darted a lovely little girl of nine who shrieked "Daddy!" and flew up, struggling like a fish, into his arms. She pulled his head around by one ear and set her cheek against his.

"My old pie," he said.

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, Dads, Dads, Dads!"

She drew him into the salon, where the family waited, a boy and a girl his daughter's age, his sister-in-law, and her husband. He greeted Marion with his voice pitched carefully to avoid either feigned enthusiasm or dislike, but her response was more frankly tepid, and she minimized her expression of unshakable distrust by directing her regard toward his child. The two men clasped hands in a friendly way and Lincoln Peters rested his for a moment on Charlie's shoulder.

The room was warm and comfortably American. The three children moved intimately about, playing through the yellow oblongs that led to other rooms; the cheer of six o'clock spoke in the eager smacks of the fire and the sounds of French activity in the kitchen. But Charlie did not relax; his heart sat up rigidly in his body and he drew confidence from his daughter, who from time to time came close to him, holding in her arms the doll he had brought.

"Really extremely well," he declared in answer to Lincoln's question. "There's a lot of business there that isn't moving at all, but we're doing even better than ever. In fact, damn well. I'm bringing my sister over from America next month to keep house for me. In fact, my income is bigger than it was when I had money. You see, the Czechs—"

His boasting was for a specific purpose; but after a moment, seeing a faint restiveness in Lincoln's eye, he changed the subject:

"Those are fine children of yours, well brought up, good manners."

"We think Honoria's a great little girl too."

Marion Peters came back into the little salon. She was a tall woman with worried eyes, who had once possessed a fresh American loveliness. Charlie had never been sensitive to it and was

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always surprised when people spoke of how pretty she had been. From the first there had been an instinctive antipathy between them.

"Well, how do you find Honoria?" she asked.

"Wonderful. I was astonished how much she's grown in 10 months. All the children are looking well."

"We haven't had a doctor for a year. How do you like being back in Paris?"

"It seems very funny to see so few Americans around."

"I'm delighted," Marion said vehemently. "Now at least you can go into a store without their assuming you're a millionaire. We've suffered like everybody, but on the whole it's a good deal pleasanter."

"But it was nice while it lasted," Charlie said. "We were a sort of royalty, almost infallible, with a sort of magic around us. In the bar this afternoon"—he stumbled, seeing his mistake—"there wasn't a man I knew."

She looked at him keenly. "I should think you'd have had enough of bars."

"I only stayed a minute. I take one drink every afternoon, and no more."

"Don't you want a cocktail before dinner?" Lincoln asked.

"I take only one drink every afternoon, and I've had that."

"I hope you keep to it," responded Marion.

Her dislike was evident in the coldness with which she spoke, but Charlie only smiled; he had larger plans. Her very aggressiveness gave him an advantage, and he knew enough to wait. He wanted them to initiate the discussion of what they knew had brought him to Paris.

Honoria was to spend the following afternoon with him. At dinner he couldn't decide whether she was most like him or her mother. Fortunate if she didn't combine the traits of both that had brought them to disaster. A great wave of protectiveness went over him. He thought he knew what to do for her. He believed in character; he wanted to jump back a whole generation and trust in character again as the eternally valuable element. Everything wore out now. Parents expected genius, or at least brilliance, and both the forcing of children and the fear of forcing them, the fear of warping natural abilities, were poor substitutes for that long, careful watchfulness, that checking and balancing and reckoning of accounts, the end of which was that there should be no slipping below a certain level of duty and integrity.

That was what the elders had been unable to teach plausibly since the break between the generations 10 or 12 years ago.

He left soon after dinner, but not to go home. He was curious to see Paris by night with clearer and more judicious eyes. He bought a *strapontin* for the casino and watched Josephine Baker go through her chocolate arabesques.

After an hour he left and strolled toward Montmartre, up the Rue Pigalle into the Place Blanche. The rain had stopped and there were a few people in evening clothes disembarking from taxis in front of cabarets, and cocottes prowling singly or in pairs, and many Negroes. He passed a lighted door from which issued music, and stopped with the sense of familiarity; it was Bricktop's, where he had parted with so many hours and so much money. A few doors farther on he found another ancient rendezvous and incautiously put his head inside. Immediately an eager orchestra burst into sound, a pair of professional dancers leaped to their feet and a maître d'hôtel swooped toward him, crying, "Crowd just arriving, sir!" But he withdrew quickly.

"You have to be damn drunk," he thought.

Zeilli's was closed, the bleak and sinister cheap hotels surrounding it were dark; up in the Rue Blanche there was more light and a local, colloquial French crowd. The Poet's Cave had disappeared, but the two great mouths of the Café of Heaven and the Café of Hell still yawned—even devoured, as he watched, the meager contents of a tourist bus—a German, a Japanese, and an American couple who glanced at him with frightened eyes.

"Babylon Revisited" became The Last Time I Saw Paris *(Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor), and something was lost in translation.*

Continued on page 96

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PLEASURES AND PALACES

Once upon a time dreams soared with golden arches in movie cathedrals, and sometimes men imitated these buildings.

by Stephen Iona

Humility and homeliness were the last things on the minds of the movie theater builders. They wanted to transplant you to a Persian garden, a Moorish temple, a cotton-candy splendor of arches and columns and balconies, bits and pieces from Rome (of the Caesars and the Popes), the Orient, El Dorado, Utopia, and myopia, that soared goldenly into the sky of imagination where you could leave your worries on the doorstep for a nickel.

S. L. Rothafel, known to rows and rows of stargazers as "Roxy," built theaters and ultimately created a world that bore his name.

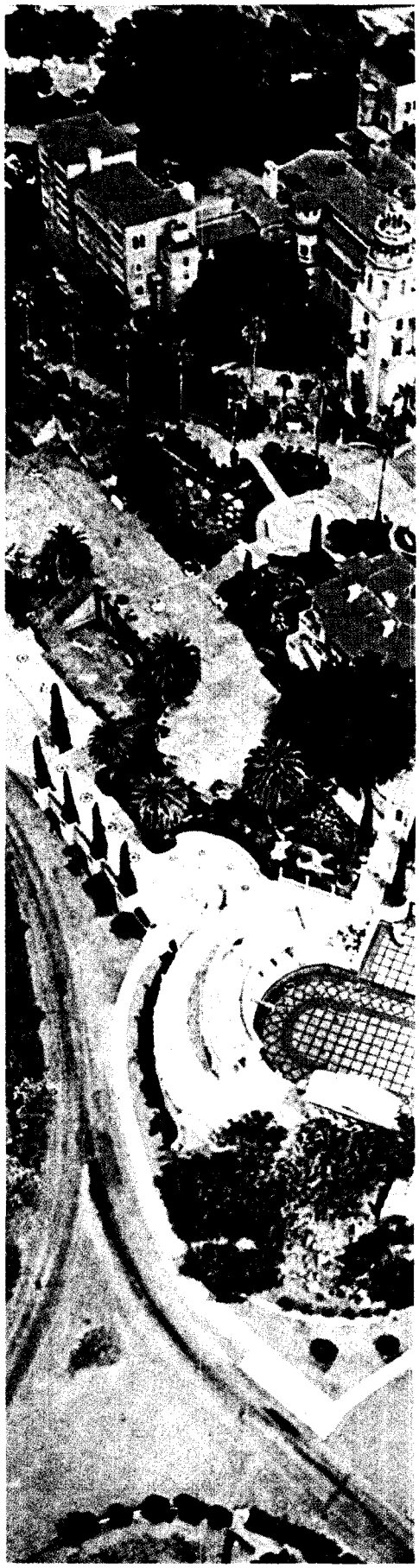
The French writer Paul Morand says in his book *New York*, "As for the Roxy (in New York), that surpasses the impossible. Find a way through those dense crowds queued up there all day long; pass the tall gold-laced ushers, at once doorkeepers and custodians of order; enter this Temple of Solomon. The overheated air is unbreathable; the din of the mechanical orchestra, which one failure in the electricity could bring to a standstill, is merciless—amid palm trees and gigantic ferns one moves forward into the Mexican palace of some Spanish governor whom the tropics have turned stark mad. The walls are of a reddish roughcast, treated with a liquid to give a semblance of age, and the brazen doors of the Ark of the Covenant open into a hall with golden cupolas, in old style, and a ceiling with storied panels. Satan has hung this disused sanctuary with scarlet velvet; a nightmare light falls from bowls of imitation alabaster, from yellow glass lanterns, from branching ritual candlesticks; the organ pipes, lit from beneath by greenish lights, make one think of a cathedral under the waves, and in the walls are niches awaiting sinful bishops. I find a seat in a deep, soft fauteuil, from which for two hours I witness giant kisses on mouths like the crevasses of the Grand Canyon, embraces of titans, a whole propaganda of the flesh which maddens, without satisfying, these violent American temperaments. It is more than a Black Mass; it is a profanation of everything—of music, of art, of love, of colors. I vow I had there a complete vision of the end of the world. I saw Broadway suddenly as one vast Roxy, one of those unsubstantial treasures, one of those joy-baited traps, one of those fleeting and illusory gifts won by the spells of wicked magicians." (From the people who gave you Versailles, the Eiffel Tower, the Folies-Bergère, and the French Revolution.)

These glorious palaces were short-lived. The pipe organs have been broken up as souvenirs. The ushers are gone. The box office takes your ticket. You hear the next feature through the tin walls of utility-building theaters. Audiences are housed rather than ensconced.

William Randolph Hearst, the subject of one of the great movies of all time, *Citizen Kane*, actually became one of these storybook creations. First, he found a film-star lover, Marion Davies, half creating her as she half created him. Then he built, even as "Roxy" had, an enchanted hill in California (the perfect place, literally, with its weather, imagination, and happy people who had come from everywhere to this end of the earth). He built the castle from real Rome where "Roxy" had used plaster and papier-mâché. Whole Grecian temples and medieval monasteries were shipped to a specially constructed dock below the hill and the fantastic dream of everyman rose to gleam in the perfect California sunshine.

His friends were movie stars; and night after night, houseguests, sometimes as many as a hundred, sat in baronial splendor watching movies shipped in from Hollywood.

The man was too big for the movies and Orson Welles' Kane barely contains him. And the Roxy was too big for the films it was made for. The "fabulous, foolish Fox" of San Francisco, almost a parody on the Roxy, was bankrupt in five years. It contained 5,000 people and cost $5 million.



Newspaper magnate William Randolph Hearst (immoralized as Citizen Kane by Orson Welles) built enchanted castle, California's #2 attraction, out-Hollywooded Hollywood. #1? Disneyland.

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Admission was five cents, at first. All that should mean something. It probably doesn't unless by some wild extension of reason (a process perfectly at home in Hollywood and the products of that euphoric town) we conclude that man's pleasures don't stand a chance against his more serious business. Five million dollars? It wouldn't buy a spark plug in a superbomber. A detonator in an H-bomb. A square yard of shopping center.

Which is where the movies wound up. Dreams left downtown for suburbia where they became realities. Downtown, there were window-fronted stores for dream shopping. Shopping centers had no need of teasers. People came to buy. Movie billboards have disappeared too. No need. People come to go, not to walk by and to wish. Movies are about real people today. And millionaire publishers aren't like Hearst. In fact nobody is. But he wasn't unique in his day. It seems his day was bigger. And the movies' day too. The epic proportion of pleasure which harmed no one has passed. And progress didn't even make a perfunctory nod in the direction of a gilded rococo ornamented television set.

The "fabulous, foolish Fox" in San Francisco was bankrupt five years after it was built, symbolized the dreams of a nation going through its first great period of national prosperity and abandon, the 1920s, when people deemed entertainment part of the Bill of Rights and forgetfulness worth the price of admission. Failure was inevitable though Depression made escape a necessity.

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MONKEY BUSINESS

Canine, feline, equine, or otherwise, movie animals are not your typical barnyard beasts.

When Marilyn Monroe was offered the lead in the picture, *River of No Return*, a friend warned her about her co-star, Robert Mitchum. "Watch him, Marilyn," she said. "Bob knows this business better than you do. He's all right if he likes you, but he's a scene-stealer if he doesn't."

"Oh, I'm not scared of Bob stealing scenes," Marilyn replied. "It's those darned hammy horses that worry me."

Every actor hates to work with kids, dogs, or horses. Even when they're not trying, they're scene-stealers—and most of them are in there trying.

With his role as the Sorcerer's Apprentice in Fantasia *(1940), Mickey regained first-place popularity from his rival Donald Duck.*

Though Rin Tin Tin would attack cast members without warning, 12,000 fan letters a week said the public loved him.

Francis Goes to West Point *was the third of Universal's films about the talking mule. For the second,* Francis Goes to the Races, *his trainer had to help Francis lose 250 pounds in two weeks—using a low-cal diet, plenty of exercise, and a steam cabinet.*

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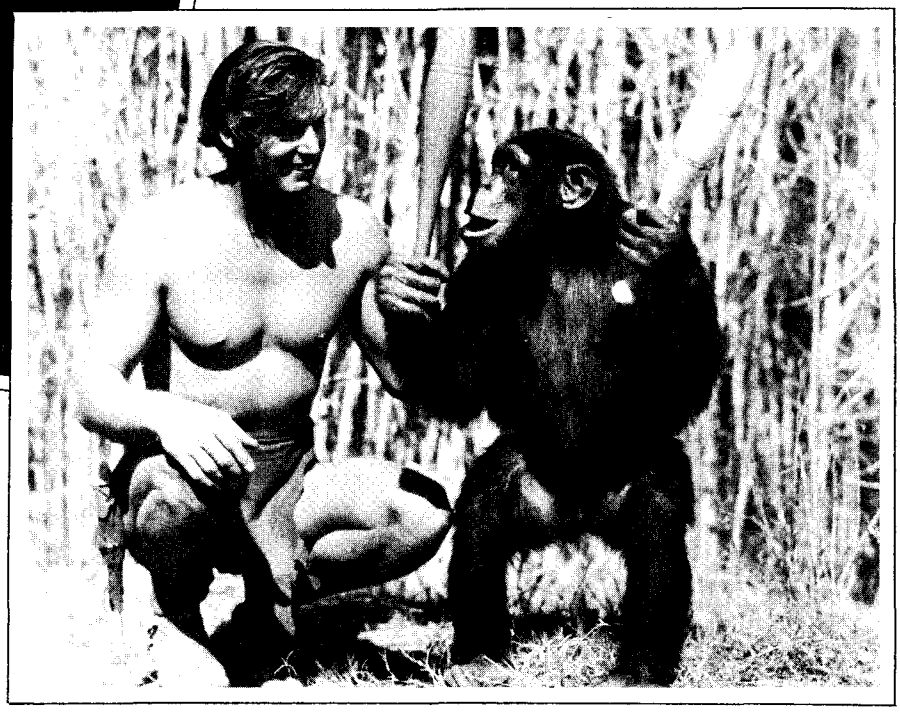
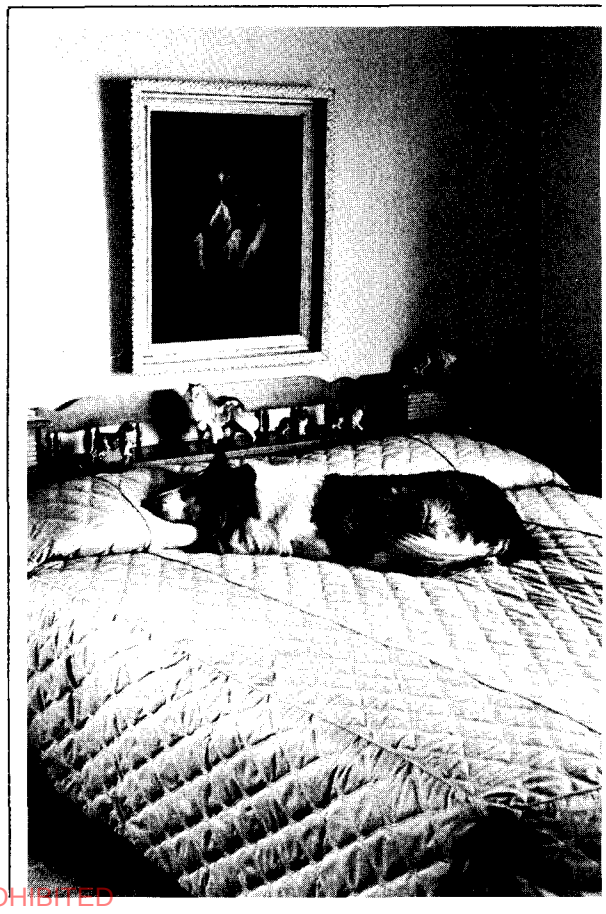
In his 1976 remake of the 1933 classic King Kong, *De Laurentiis used 107 different full-sized and miniature sets for his three ape images: a huge mechanical arm, a 40-foot mechanical monster, and a man in an ape suit with various faces.*



The first Cheetah's career ended when she dislocated a disc. After her came two other chimps and a midget dressed in a monkey suit.

Like Thomasina, who died and was reborn in Walt Disney's 1963 production of The Three Lives of Thomasina, *human Karen Dotice came back to star in* Mary Poppins.



In addition to his own boudoir, with king-size bed and chest of drawers, Lassie had a hi-fi set and his own pet dog, named Silky.

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RED-HEADED WOMAN

Ladies' clubs throughout the land were outraged because the bad girl of all good husbands' dreams ended up rich, happy, and respected.

by Katharine Brush

Editor's Note: *Irving Thalberg, the tragic boy-genius at M-G-M, snatched up the film rights to* Red-Headed Woman *when he saw what a naughty splash the novel had made as a seven-part* Post *serial. But then came the problems. Thalberg set his top writers to work on scripts, one after another, but even Scott Fitzgerald was unable to please him. Finally Thalberg brought in Anita Loos and explained to her his conviction that for the story to succeed its vulgar heroine would have to be attractively, convincingly in love with herself. Loos' version, completed in four months, satisfied Thalberg, who then cast a bewigged and relatively unknown Jean Harlow in the title role. The movie was an enormous success, made Harlow a star, and instigated tougher censorship in the movie industry. Ladies' clubs were outraged, it seemed, not because of any explicitly sexual scenes, but rather because the bad, bad girl was allowed to live happily ever after.*

The second Mrs. William H. Legendre was red-haired and rather beautiful. Her husband said she was more beautiful, twice as beautiful—good Lord, ten times as beautiful!—as Irene, his first wife, ever could be. He said, "Why, of course you are, honey!" He said, "Why, sure, I think so!" He said it often. He was often asked.

The second Mrs. Legendre was 21 years old. Her name was Lillian. She had been Lillian Andrews, daughter of old Tim Andrews, the watchman at the railroad crossing out by Renwood Falls. Her parents had called her Lily and other people had called her Lil, but now that she was Mrs. Legendre she was Lillian. Nowadays, when anyone on the street said, "Hello, Lil," she did not look around. It wasn't anyone. It was just somebody or other she used to know.

She liked her new name. Lillian Legendre—you couldn't beat that. You couldn't think up a better name if you tried. It had it all over Irene Legendre. She liked the monogram too. With one of the L's linked under the other, she had it embroidered on nightgowns and on chemises and on pockets and on the corners of big, fluttering, pastel-chiffon handkerchiefs. She had had a die made of it for her scented Nile-green notepaper; and a little marcasite pin to pin on hats. Almost the very first thing she had asked Bill to do for her was to put "L. L." in thin, sharp black, on the doors of his cream-colored roadster.

"I want to show them," she had said. "I want to show them all."

She meant the town. She lived in town now—right in the heart of Renwood. It had been one of her ambitions always. A house on Harding Avenue had been a corollary. She had a house on Harding Avenue. Though it took time, the former Lillian Andrews got what she wanted—almost always. Irene Legendre's husband had been another case in point.

Harding Avenue, Renwood, is a little piece of the Lincoln Highway. From the itinerant tourist's standpoint, it is a stretch of new brick paving, beginning at a ball park on the outskirts of a town, leading onto a bridge at the other end. Houses line it all the way—small ones at first, set near together; then larger ones with lawns and sun porches and rear garages. It is a nice street, obviously. Prosperous and pleasant. It might well be the nicest residential street in the town. As a matter of fact, it is not quite that. Hilldale Avenue, near the country club, comes first of all. It was strange that Lillian had not aspired to Hilldale Avenue, or even considered it; but this was strange in only one way. Hilldale Avenue was fashionable—but it was country. It had trees and birds and grass galore. It lay two miles from Market Square, and you could hear the crickets chirping. It was too much like Renwood Falls for Lillian Legendre.

Her house on Harding Avenue was at the corner of State Street—that is to say, it was just three blocks from the Square. It was also, less happily, only a very few blocks from the Garden Apartments, where Irene Legendre, the divorcée, lived alone. On the subject of this proximity Lillian was rabid.

"Wouldn't you know," she demanded furiously and often of Bill—"wouldn't you know she'd wait till we

Chester Morris of Boston Blackie fame forks over to Jean Harlow (in a red wig), who was catapulted into stardom with her portrayal of the vamp who gets what she wants without repercussions in the movie Red Headed Woman.

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bought a house, and then move just as near us as she could?"

Bill might have answered. He might have pointed out that the Garden Apartments was the only decent apartment house in Renwood, that it only happened to be near, and that Irene's father's house, the one alternative for her, was but two blocks farther away. Bill thought these things, but did not say them. He had been married to Lillian for half a year, and he had acquired wisdom. Anything that might be interpreted as a defense of Irene was better unsaid.

"Maybe she thinks she's going to get you back again," Lillian sneered, "if she sticks around. Maybe that's the big idea!"

"Don't be silly," Bill said merely, wearily.

The Harding Avenue house had belonged to a Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Blynn, whose wealthy New York son had built it for them. It was a fairly new house, only eight years old. Mr. and Mrs. Blynn were moving to California, where, they explained, it was always sunny. Mr. and Mrs. Blynn were 72 and 68 years old, respectively.

Mrs. Blynn at first had been more than a little hesitant about selling the Renwood house to a divorced young man and his red-headed former stenographer, of whom he had only recently, tardily, made an honest woman. Mrs. Blynn had feared that Mrs. Horace Coulter, who lived next door, and the Misses Ella and Julia Sayre, who lived in back on State Street, might object.

Mr. Blynn, however, had had no neighborly compunctions. He had been firm. He had said, "Let them." He had pointed out that buyers for $40,000 houses did not grow on every bush and tree in Renwood. He had gone so far as to add that the Misses Sayre and Mrs. Coulter could yelp their blooming heads off. Mr. Blynn chuckled. He would not, he said, be there.

The house was large and low—a spreading, squat, two-story oblong of dark-red brick, with a brown roof. It had a porch at the side, glass-enclosed, and another at the back; and there were nine large rooms, two baths, two upstairs sleeping porches. The interior was Lillian's pride. It was her handiwork. Bill had thought they might have a decorator down from Cleveland, but she had spurned the suggestion. She had even rather resented it. She did not need a decorator, she informed him coldly. She might not know all about art, but she knew what she liked and what she disliked.

She bought it. She bought a great deal of it. The rooms were crowded to the doors with what Lillian liked. Brocaded satin chairs. Brocaded satin divans. Wrought-iron Spanish benches with red cushions and gold fringe. Fern stands, shoulder high, with English ivy trailing from them. Standing lamps with rosy, fringed silk shades.

Lillian liked scenic wall papers, or floral ones, and she liked bric-a-brac and statuettes and portieres. She liked framed reproductions of Maxfield Parrish pictures. She liked taffeta sofa cushions adorned with satin flowers. Her taste in wooden furniture inclined to carved mahogany, but she was also fond of lacquered pieces, red or black, with Chinese scenes and figures embossed on them in dull gold. Her piano, a desk, a smoking stand, and two or three small tables were lacquered.

The piano, to heighten the effect, was draped with two Mandarin skirts—Lillian had felt that one looked skimpy on such a big piano—and the skirts were held in place by an enormous pottery lamp, green and blue, with scarlet dragons on it. Under the lamp there was a bowl of shell flowers and an incense burner and a Buddha. There were also photographs of Lillian, and a photograph of Bill, in leather frames with bits of jade embedded in the leather. The whole arrangement, as Lillian said, was really awfully Chinese. It was indeed.

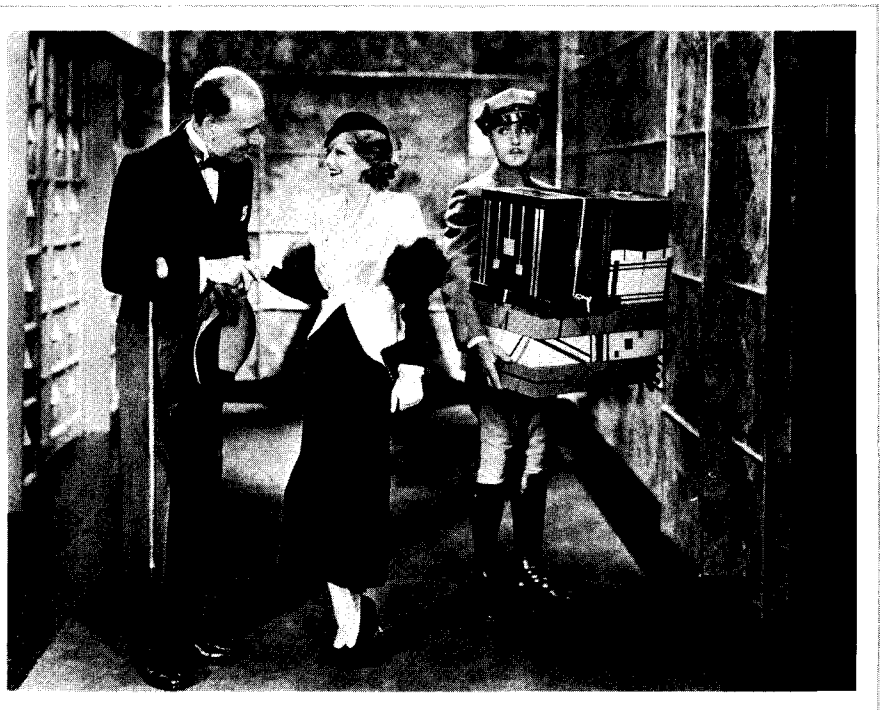
She had enjoyed buying things for the house. She enjoyed buying any sort of thing. She had bought so little in her life and coveted so much. During the second month of her marriage she furnished her house with the whirlwind, spendthrift speed with which, during the preceding month, she had purchased her trousseau. Five or six dresses and three or four hats a day had been easy for Lillian. Everything for a bedroom, down to the powder puff container and the telephone doll and the tasseled cords to hang the pictures from—this was the work of an afternoon, with time for a chocolate milkshake at Deems' and a manicure at Sally's Shoppe left over.

When the house was done, when nothing more could be crammed into it—"without spoiling it," Bill added hastily, for the remark was his—Lillian forgot about it. Complete, it interested her no longer. It was a place to sleep and eat and dress. Sometimes it was a place through which to show exclaiming people, but this was not often. Almost nobody came to see the second Mrs. Legendre. Nobody she particularly wanted to be friends with—none of Bill's old crowd—came at all.

Her days were idle. She had a helper—Mrs. Hoxie—who did everything. Mrs. Hoxie insisted upon being addressed as Mrs. Hoxie, and she insisted upon being referred to as a helper. Had Lillian ever called her her "maid" in Mrs. Hoxie's hearing, as she did elsewhere, there is no telling what Mrs. Hoxie would have called Lillian. She had little or no use for this employer anyway.

"I don't take any orders from her," she told the town, "believe me! Him I do, but her I don't. Some are my betters, and some ain't."

Fortunately, Lillian gave no orders to Mrs. Hoxie. She ventured sug-



Jean spends the money (and a little more) and piles up Charles Boyer, her chauffeur. He couldn't speak English yet, but when he took his red-headed boss in his arms, the suburban housewives read him loud and clear.

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gestions now and then, and if they were vetoed—and they invariably were—she nodded swift assent. "Yes, I guess you're right. Never mind, then." She was almost sure that Mrs. Hoxie was always right. Mrs. Hoxie had helped in the very best families. She was middle-aged, and her eyes were cold and her lips thin. Lillian was afraid of her. She was afraid of making mistakes before Mrs. Hoxie. She was afraid Mrs. Hoxie would tell somebody who would tell Irene.

In the mornings Bill had his breakfast alone and left before nine for the office. Lillian usually appeared about ten o'clock. She breakfasted in the dining room in mules and a negligee, with her red hair mussed from the pillow and her face still greasy pale. On Sunday mornings she performed ablutions before breakfast, nearly always. But on other days there was no use. Bill wasn't there.

She would have liked breakfast in bed, on a tray, like a lady in a movie. She had even bought the proper tray—a glass-topped wicker one with feet and with wicker pockets for the morning paper and for letters. Mrs. Hoxie kept the tray on the top shelf of an upstairs closet. She had said, when she beheld it first, that if someone was sick it would come in handy; and doubtless if someone was sick it would.

All morning Lillian did not dress. She gloried in the luxury of not dressing in the morning. She thought of the girls in offices. They had been dressed since seven in their business clothes. And here, at noon, was Lillian Andrews Legendre in a lace-and-satin nightgown and a metal-cloth negligee.

She had converted one of the sleeping porches into an upstairs sitting room; it had windows, and was warm enough in winter. There was a chaise longue there where she reclined, propped up with cushions, reading the latest movie and fashion and fiction magazines. She liked stories about New York, about young millionaires named Perry or Barry, and demimondaines with sleeves of diamond bracelets up their arms. She liked the smallish magazines with the grayish pages and the damsels in chemises donning their stockings on the covers. Often these magazines contained little quarter-page poems that pleased her, and she tore them out—poems on the live-for-the-moment, I-only-regret-what-I-did-not-do theme. Mrs. Hoxie found them all over the porch.

Sometimes Lillian read novels also. Her favorites were those that were published anonymously, for reasons plain from Page One on. She often thought that she ought to sit down and write her own life story and publish it anonymously. She thought with pride, "It would make some of these look tame." She smoked while she read, and unless it was almost lunchtime, she ate candy. She was particularly fond of certain little chocolate cubes that came wrapped individually in silver paper. She would unwrap these automatically, not interrupting her reading, and, while she munched one, make a pellet of the silver paper with her fingers. Poems and pellets the indignant Mrs. Hoxie found all over the porch. She was going to leave if this kept up.

II

Bill was 25. He was a large young man, high and broad and long-legged, with crisp light hair taped tight through the center by a part, and an unremarkable, nice young American face with blue eyes in it. He had a straight nose, a perpetual sunburn, and very white teeth. Irene had thought him gorgeous. Perhaps she still did.

Lillian thought him fairly good-looking. "So-so," she would have said. When it came to looks, she preferred dark, vivid men with little mustaches, like Ronald Colman in the movies, or like that salesman for the Broadway Custom Shirts she used to know.

Bill was indigenous. He had been born in Renwood, where his parents had been born; he had attended the Central Grammar School and the Renwood High School and, like his father, he had gone then to the State University, where he had learned a fraternity ritual and a number of football signals, and other things of vast, if transient, value. Graduating with difficulty, but graduating, he had come home—to take his ordained place in the Legendre Coal Company; to marry his girl; to buy a plot with trees on Hilldale Avenue, and to build a little red-roofed stucco house, and to dwell in that house.

This was Bill's biography until a year ago. You would have said that if he lived to be 90 there would not be much more.

The little red-roofed stucco house was still there. It stood empty now, and Bill Legendre, when he passed it in his car on the way to the club to play golf, or on the way home again, never looked at it. But Lillian did. She always looked at the house and thought that it wasn't much of a house. She thought of it in the past tense always.

"It wasn't anywhere near as nice as mine is," she thought. And she hoped Irene Legendre, passing her house, realized that.

Lillian could remember when Irene and Bill were married. She remembered reading about it in the Renwood *Herald*. It was on the front page. "Popular young couple wed at Episcopal Church. William H. Legendre, son of Byron Legendre, marries Irene Brickley." It had been a big wedding for Renwood. The description of it, with a picture of Irene set in, had run all the way down the column and over onto Page Six, the society page, where there were paragraphs more:

"Immediately after the reception the bride and groom departed by motor for Atlantic City, N.J., New York City, and the White Moun-

For the first 10 minutes at the initial preview, no one knew whether to laugh, so producer Irving Thalberg added a prologue to tip off the audience that Red Headed Woman *was a comedy.*

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tains. . . . Upon their return, on or about July 15, the young couple will reside temporarily with the groom's father, Mr. Byron Legendre, pending the completion of their beautiful new home on Hilldale Avenue, which will be ready sometime in September."

Lillian had read every word. She did not then know Bill Legendre and Irene Brickley, except by sight. She didn't know any people like that—society people, rich people. Of course Irene's father, Brickley the druggist, probably wasn't terribly rich. But young Legendre's father was. He was said to be worth a million. The daughter of old Tim Andrews of the railroad crossing gazed long and hard at the printed photograph of the bride of the heir.

"Pretty soft for you," she thought. "Pretty soft."

That had been almost four years ago. Lillian was 17 then; and the Renwood Business College, which is two flights up, over Schrifftgisser's Hardware Store and the Painless Dental Parlors, was trying to make a stenographer of her. This was difficult. Though she left Renwood Falls on the 8:30 car every weekday morning, she only appeared at school once in a while. She explained to the principal and faculty, a Mr. Degen, that she was obliged to stay at home and help her sick and feeble mother. Mr. Degen was sympathetic. He had never seen Mrs. Tim Andrews, who weighed 177 pounds, most of it muscle, and who had the constitution of a plowhorse.

When Lillian came to class, she learned quickly—impatiently fast. She was what Mr. Degen called a very smart, bright, clever girl; and despite the fact that her absences outnumbered her attendances by approximately four to one, she nevertheless was able to finish the six months' course in only a little over a year. Mr. Degen, who advertised that he placed all his stenographers, placed Lillian with the M. C. Plummer Co-operage Company, in the private office of Mr. M. C. Plummer. She remained a week, and was discharged at the behest of Mrs. M. C. Plummer, who was going to the mountains for two months and did not wish to have to worry.

Her jobs in the ensuing year or year and a half were several, and they are unimportant to her story. Her diversions and her associations matter more. She had one close feminine friend, Sally—born Sarah—Holtz, who had lately opened Sally's Beauty Shoppe on Market Street. Sally was red-headed also, but Lillian could forgive her that, for Sally's hair was a hennaed imitation, obviously and admittedly. She wore it with a bang, and with points curving up toward her

Continued on page 109

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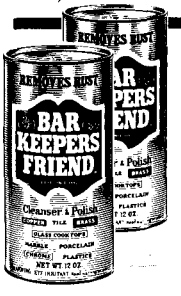

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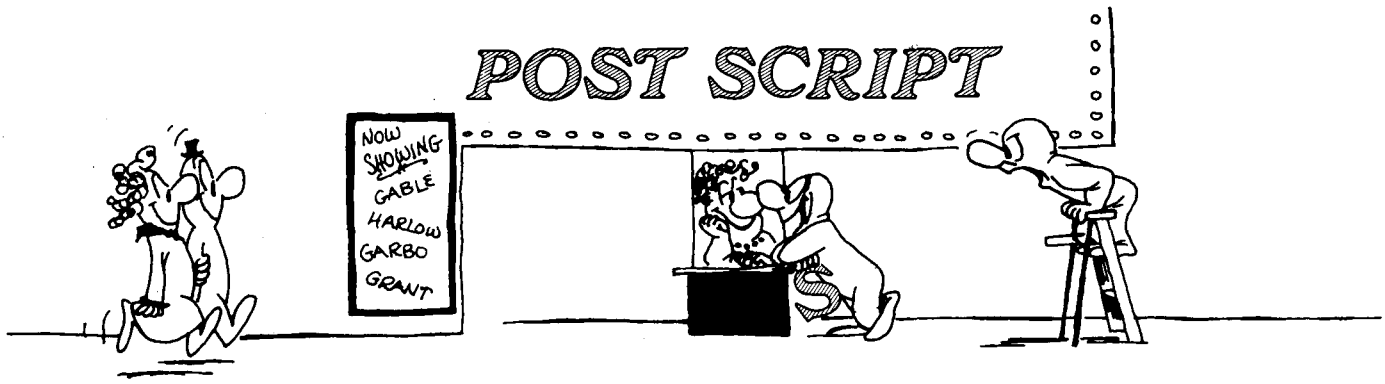
POST SCRIPT



Einstein's Theory

None of the stars of Hollywood would think of refusing an invitation from Mickey Mouse. Even Professor Albert Einstein, who made several visits to the movie colony, was honored to attend a party. On the patio, he was talking to a blue-eyed platinum blonde.

The platinum baby tried to impress Einstein with her knowledge and said dreamily, "Isn't Mars beautiful!"

"That isn't Mars; that's Venus," said Einstein.

"Oh, professor, it's marvelous how you can tell their sex from this distance!"

Monkey Business

Soon after the Marx brothers moved into their office on the Metro lot, a secretary phoned, telling them to be in Irving Thalberg's bungalow-office for a story conference at three o'clock. Promptly at the appointed time the three of them trooped into Thalberg's reception room only to be told by the secretary that the producer wouldn't be able to see them until he had finished reading a script.

When a half hour had gone by and Thalberg still hadn't asked for them, Groucho and his brothers were fuming.

"How do you like that guy?" said Groucho. "Who does he think he is—Irving Thalberg?"

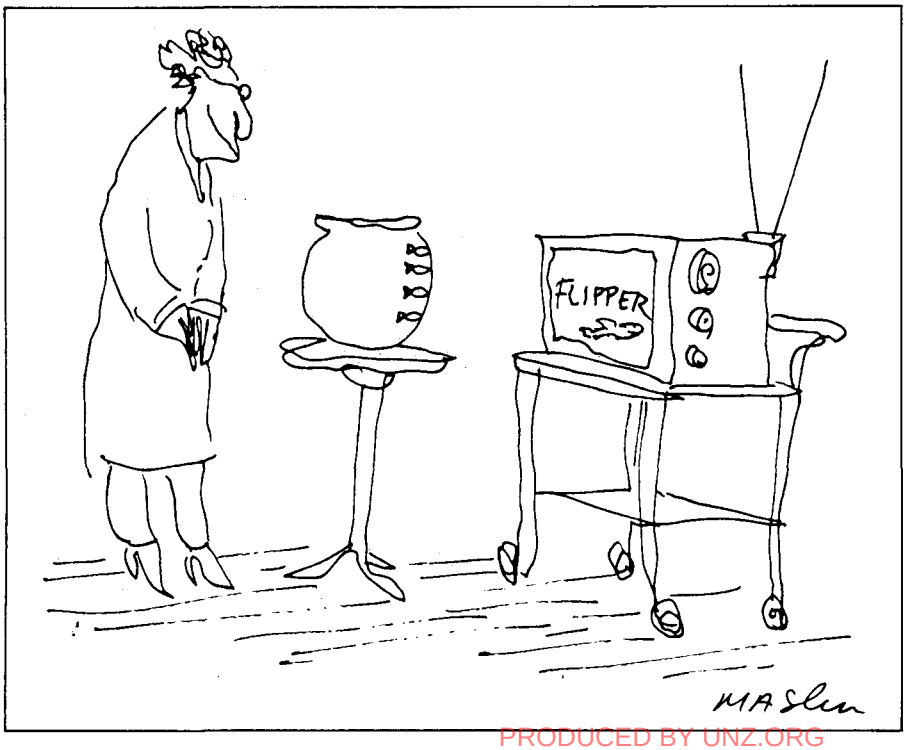
"I could have had a bridge game this afternoon," said Chico wistfully.

"We've got to do something," said Harpo.

After a hurried conference, Groucho and his brothers lit cigars and blew clouds of smoke under Thalberg's door. Pretty soon Thalberg noticed the smoke, and imagining that his reception room was on fire, he rushed to the door to investigate. As he peered out, Groucho and his brothers stuck their feet in the doorway.

Another time they had an appointment with Thalberg for three o'clock, and were still waiting at five-thirty, when the secretary left for home. Her parting instructions were, "Just be patient; he'll see you any hour now."

But their patience was exhausted. As soon as the secretary was out of sight, they shoved her desk in front of Thalberg's door, collected all the heavy steel filing cabinets in the room, and piled them on top of the desk. Then they went home. It took Thalberg an hour to escape, and after that he took care to keep appointments with the Marx brothers on time.



"Play it again, Sam."

"Whoever you are—I have always depended on the kindness of strangers."—Vivien Leigh, *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1951)

"I coulda been a contender. I coulda been somebody. No, it was you, Charlie. It was you."—Marlon Brando, *On the Waterfront* (1954)

"Play it once, Sam. Play it for old times' sake. Play 'As Time Goes By.' "—Ingrid Bergman, *Casablanca* (1943)

"Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."—Clark Gable, *Gone With the Wind* (1939)

"What a dump."—Bette Davis, *Beyond the Forest* (1949)

"I want to be alone."—Greta Garbo, *Grand Hotel* (1931/32)

"I hope they don't hang you, precious, by that sweet neck. Yes, angel, I'm sending you over."—Humphrey Bogart, *The Maltese Falcon* (1941)

"Flower Belle! What a euphonious appellation! Easy on the ears and a banquet for the eyes!"—W.C. Fields, *My Little Chickadee* (1940)

"I ain't so tough!"—James Cagney, *Public Enemy* (1930)

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"No, it wasn't the airplanes. It was beauty killed the beast."—Robert Armstrong, *King Kong* (1933)

"Rich fellers come up. They die. Their kids ain't no good. And they die out, but we keep a-comin'. We're the people that live. Can't lick us. We'll go on forever. 'Cause we're the people."—Jane Darwell, *The Grapes of Wrath* (1940)

"Behold the walls of Jerico—maybe not as thick as the ones Joshua blew down with his trumpet, but a lot safer. You see, I have no trumpet."—Clark Gable, *It Happened One Night* (1934)

"I'd love to kiss ya, but I've just washed ma hair."—Bette Davis, *Cabin in the Cotton* (1932)

"Fasten your seat belts, it's going to be a bumpy night."—Bette Davis, *All About Eve* (1950)

"Beulah, peel me a grape." Mae West, *I'm No Angel* (1933)

"Why don't you come up sometime, see me? Come up. I'll tell your fortune."—Mae West, *She Done Him Wrong* (1933)

"I'm big . . . it's the pictures that have got small."

"We didn't need dialogue, we had faces then."

"There's nothing else, just us and the camera and those wonderful people out there in the dark."—Gloria Swanson, *Sunset Boulevard* (1950)

"Why don't you slip out of those wet clothes and into a dry martini?"—Robert Benchley to Ginger Rogers, *The Major and the Minor* (1942)

"Excuse me while I slip into something more comfortable."—Jean Harlow, *Hell's Angels* (1930)

"You're going out a youngster, but you've got to come back a star!"—Warner Baxter to Ruby Keeler, *42nd Street* (1933)

A Volume of Forgotten Lorre

Peter Lorre reminisced: "Usually there is no future in murder. But in Hollywood, where the unusual is encountered constantly, cinematic violence can be made to pay a pretty penny. My favorite set of movie misdeeds came in connection with the role of Raskolnikov in the picture *Crime and Punishment*.

"My first job in connection with this role was to persuade the studio to produce *Crime and Punishment*. I realized the book was too long for the studio head to read, but I also knew that no intelligent person would attempt to make a short synopsis of this great novel. So I hit on the idea of getting a not-so-intelligent secretary to jump in where intellectual angels might fear to tread, and she turned out a fine two-page synopsis.

"The studio head read it and thought the story was wonderful. In fact, he is reported to have said, 'A book like that ought to get published!' "

Mr. Malaprop

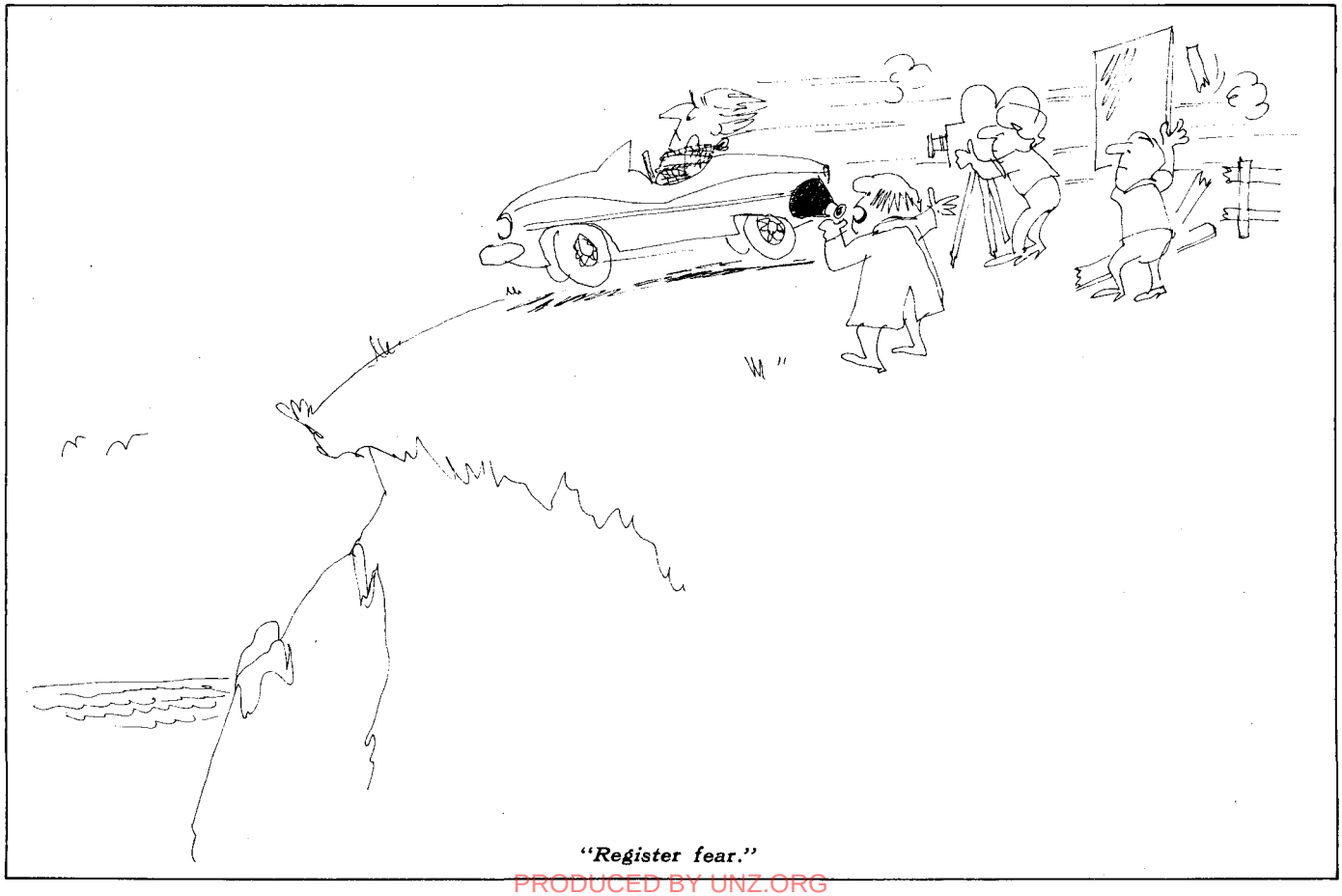
Some of the true Goldwyn lines are a credit to him. He can often put things more forcefully in his own medium of expression than they could possibly be said in the king's English. Here are a few Goldwyn lines that are vouched for by good authorities:

"I want to make a picture about the Russian Secret Police—the G. O. P."

He embarrassed a lady writer once by saying "cohabit" when he meant "cooperate."

"It's too caustic," said a director, when asked his opinion of a script.

"To hell with the cost," replied Sam. "If it's a good picture, we'll make it."



"Register fear."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BOOK SHELF

Montgomery Clift: A Biography

by Patricia Bosworth
438 pages, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.95

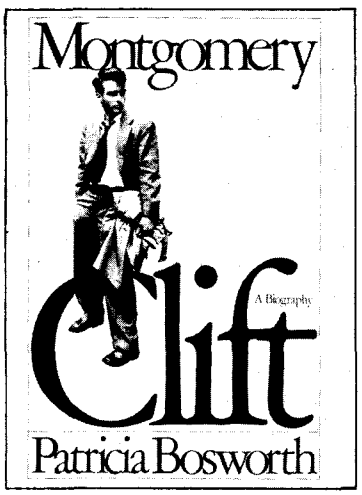
by Jean White

Not your run-of-the-mill show biz biog, this is the carefully-researched and well-organized account of a disordered and incredibly unlucky life. It is the tragic tale of a handsome and gifted actor who at 17 starred on Broadway with Lunt and Fontanne, who went on to play superlatively well the meatiest roles that Hollywood in its palmy days had to offer, and who died a physical and psychological wreck at 45.

A stickler for authenticity, Clift learned to play a bugle for *From Here to Eternity*; he learned to box and played his own fight scenes in that picture and in *The Young Lions*; he lived with death row convicts to prepare for the last scenes in *A Place in the Sun*; he rode six hours a day in the desert sun and helped stage small-town rodeos before playing the punch-drunk cowboy in *The Misfits*.

Movie buffs who see these films on the TV late show wonder why Montgomery Clift never won an Oscar. According to fellow actor Karl Malden, Clift's performances were often undervalued just because they were so good. "If you watch him in *From Here to Eternity*, he completely immerses himself in the character and situation of Prewitt, so much so that he actually sinks into the flesh of the story." Burt Lancaster and Frank Sinatra "bulged out of the picture"—they were more noticeable, and they won Oscars.

Clift went on acting after an auto accident left his face lopsided and partially paralyzed; after a thyroid condition that he kept secret caused premature cataracts, memory lapses, and occasional loss of balance. He drank heavily. He overmedicated, popping a variety of pills friendly physicians prescribed for pain, insomnia, and his other ills. Still, his physical problems were minor compared to the psychic scars he bore, the marks of a bizarre and tragic childhood. For years, an erratic mother who claimed descent from a famous and wealthy family dragged Monty, his twin sister, and his brother around Europe, preparing them for a mysterious day when they would be accepted as "aristocrats." They learned ice-skating and fluent German, but never attended school or played with children their own age, and they barely knew the apparently normal and loving father who was left behind in Chicago. Then came the stock market crash, and they all lived, penniless, in two furnished rooms while Mother did janitor work to buy food. It is a strange and absorbing tale, well told and well worth reading even if you don't usually like show biz biographies and Hollywood gossip.



Film/Cinema/Movie

by Gerald Mast
299 pages, Harper & Row, $17.50

by David Brudnoy

Today's young people spend as many hours before the TV set as in class; their parents spent every Saturday afternoon at the double feature; their grandparents survived the Depression with weekly trips to the movie palaces, there escaping reality in the glow of the silver screen. As far back as our living generations go, images on a screen have provided relaxation, entertainment, thrills and chills, and sometimes even education, however gingerly, casually presented.

Everybody "knows what he likes" on the screen. Few know or think they can tell *why* they know what they like, but such is the pervasiveness and the power of the moving images that everyone who watches a movie is his own movie critic, as everyone who sits glued to the television set is his own TV critic. And such it will always be with the "people's" media, and such it *should* be, because these are experiences to be enjoyed without the sometimes killing impediments of scholarly, dreary evaluations piled on top of the magic, captivating thing right there before our eyes. We often resent criticism and analysis of that which is nearest to us precisely because it tends to separate us from our loved objects of entertainment: we want it clean, clear, untampered with. Our instinct in this regard is right.

But there is criticism and there is criticism, analysis that stupefies and analysis that illuminates, dissection that kills and dissection that opens up awareness. Gerald Mast is a critic, analyst, scholar, dissecter of the movies who writes without ever condescending and yet who offers to his readers a crystal-clear understanding of the medium that he loves so much and that we as a nation love so much. As with his widely acclaimed *Short History of the Movies* and *The Comic Mind*, two of the most useful and accessible books on the movies that have ever been published, this latest from Professor Mast's pen is an absolute delight. It is learned but boyishly enthusiastic; it is profound but utterly without stuffiness; it is revealing on every page but not in the least exhausting to read. It avoids the most common sin of such books—deadening that which it should enliven—and throbs with the vitality of a master interpreter who wants others, lay readers as well as students of the cinema, to enjoy better what they already enjoy at some levels. In short, *Film/Cinema/Movie* takes our understanding of the art and adds many layers of depth to that understanding, enriching what we now appreciate by making possible, virtually painlessly, much greater appreciation.

Although movies existed before 1900, the cinema is essentially a 20th-century art form. "The cinema," Dr. Mast writes, "is the most hybrid artistic process in human experience, a truly American art in that it is the melting pot, the mongrel, of virtually all the other arts. . . . How do we understand a moment in a movie? Probably, the music gives us one clue; the dialogue actually tells us something more; the personalities and attitudes of the characters we have been fol-

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lowing give us further information; the lighting imparts its tone and mood; the compositional balance guides our eye and interest to where they belong; the faces of the actors tell us something more; the sounds and tones of their voices add to that; the camera's positioning and activity give us literally its slant on the action; the function of the scene in the movie's plot conveys its importance and relevance; the colors (if the film uses color) saturate the action with their resonances; and probably then some." Because the film uses so many other arts, Mr. Mast considers it an "impure" art, but by "impure" he does not mean unworthy. By accepting Mast's dicta, which I unhesitatingly do, having reviewed films in print and on television now for 20 years, we leap merrily beyond the academic stagnating criticism and come joyfully to a far more satisfying comprehension of the movies. In this book Mast builds on those initial sentences, with hundreds of specific movie examples and thousands upon thousands of crisp, straightforward sentences, laying out a general theory of the experience of movies that cannot help but delight any movie lover, as it will add immeasurably to the learning of any specialist. This, therefore, is the perfect marriage of a delightful "textbook" for the professional and a magnificently perceptive "quick read" for the amateur.

"If you love life, you love the cinema" is a recent slogan of the French movie industry. Mast is willing to play with (and against) that catch phrase, but he refuses to accept it unhesitatingly, and in his commendable unwillingness to substitute jargon for thought, cliché for comprehension, he infuses his wonderful book with the intelligence that so few others are willing (or able) to lend to film. Here he undertakes an examination of the full range of cinema experience, every type of movie, the films of every nation, the films of whatever mood. This is no pop culture catalog of the hundred best-loved films on the late-late show, or anything so absurd (albeit such works come rolling off the presses every other week); but it provides a ready reference work, casually interspersed in a majestically eye-opening, extended essay, such that no movie of any real significance is slighted. Maybe you have read or heard enough already of Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane*? I thought I had too; then I read *Film/Cinema/Movie* and I wanted to leap back to the nearest film library and see that perhaps greatest of all movies yet again. Mast's is that sort of book: it says more than one thought could be said about very familiar material, and new things one never thought before but which, explained by the author, one knows instinctively to be true.

The masterpieces of the past are given their due, of course, but very recent films, those we've just seen within the last year in a theater and those we can see every night on the tube, are subjected to the same scrutiny and beneficial analysis. Mast's analysis, let me make clear as best I can, is the sort that opens rather than closes discussion, that inspires in a reader the desire to go see for himself, not say "yup, that's right," and so to bed.

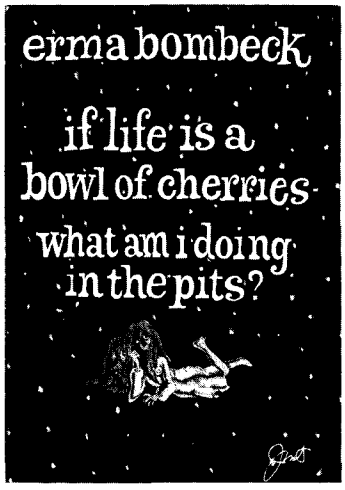
We learn of the difference between a screen "actor" and a screen "star," and why the latter term is usually more to the point, despite the fact that pomposity requires one to demean the "star" and search for the "actor" in the movies. We come better to understand the crucial element of sound and how that differs from voice, and how essential both are in determining the worth of a film we enjoy. We are given a handy overview of all the elements that make up a film—visual, literary, aural, oral, technical, technological—and I cannot imagine a serious filmgoer who won't get his money's worth, and much more, out of those sections alone, not to mention the satisfaction to be gained from the earlier parts of the book, where the theory is put forward and the best examples are brought out in support of it.

"The fact is that cinema can do any number of things that no other art or system of communication can do so effectively or in precisely the same way," Mast writes on the penultimate page. Read this book and know why.

—The Post Recommends—

If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?
Erma Bombeck
McGraw-Hill
$7.95

In this latest of Ms. Bombeck's humorous looks at marriage and parenthood (others include *At Wit's End* and *The Grass Is Always Greener Over the Septic Tank*), she shares her worries—about introducing people and going blank when reaching her mother, about getting into the *Guinness Book of World Records* under "Pregnancy: Oldest Recorded Birth." She talks about the joys of having her son teach her tennis (an experience only slightly less satisfying than having a semitruck run over a foot); wonders whether, if anything were to happen to her, anyone in the family would know how to replace a toilet tissue spindle; and ponders the question, "Who Killed Apple Pie?" Yet she believes the American family will survive, whatever its problems. After all, "Twinkies come twelve to a box, kitchen chairs, four to a set, gum, five sticks to the package."



McKinley's Bulldog: The Battleship Oregon
Sanford Sternlicht
Nelson-Hall
$11.95 (hardback)
$5.95 (paperback)

In October 1893, when the *Oregon* was christened and launched, crowds cheered enthusiastically, an original poem was read, and Miss Eugenia Shelby presented the ship with an oil painting of Mount Hood, Oregon. The *Oregon* broke all speed records to play a decisive role in the Spanish-American War battle of Santiago de Cuba, went on to serve two years under Dewey at Manila, helped reopen Peking to trade during the Boxer Rebellion, served with the Pacific fleet during World War I, escorted American troops to Siberia to help the White Russian counterrevolution. In 1925 she was berthed in Portland, Oregon, as a memorial, was recalled during World War II for duty as an ammunition barge, and was finally sold to a Japanese scrap metal firm. A fascinating picture of a great ship and an important period in U.S. history.

The Liberated Traveller
Phyllis and Alan Kingery
Franklin Publishers
$8.95 (hardback)
$4.95 (paperback)

The Kingerys, unlike most authors, want to show prospective travelers not so much *what* to see as *how* to travel (in western Europe specifically), to liberate them from the insecurities produced by being in strange countries, hearing foreign languages, dealing with alien currencies. Frankly stating that they are "opinionated" in favor of self-guided travel, the authors hope to convince their readers that such travel is less expensive, more educational, and never dull. This book is sure to appeal to independent people who are adventurous and who want to meet the people of the countries they visit.

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The Moving-Picture Show

The nickelodeon has achieved an amazing popularity, derived largely from the indigent. You seldom see an automobile at the door or a person in evening dress among the audience. Being essentially an amusement of the poor, it naturally attracts the agitated attention of those who believe, on general principles, that the morals and taste of the lowly always need looking after. They would uplift and purify the picture show until it possesses those educational, ethical, and esthetic values which are so conspicuous in the dramatic entertainments that are patronized by those who are well-to-do and cultured.

To the question, rife in several cities, what to do with the nickel theaters, the proper answer is very simple—to wit, give them better ventilation. In the main the shows are perfectly moral now. Almost always the villain dies in an exemplary and painful manner. Generally, also, they are in good taste. The standard may not be the highest, but it is as healthy as that of the boy who desired that only the "fightingest parts" of the Bible be read to him.

There's seldom anything the matter with anybody's taste until somebody else begins to tinker with it. Bad taste is almost always a laboriously acquired and carefully cultivated possession. The critics mean, simply, that the pictures are not what *they* would choose—the chances being, about as the ratio of the numbers, that what the critics chose would be no better in any essential value. (1909)

Stupid Censorship

Congress appears to be seriously considering the bill to set up a censorship of moving pictures. Censorship and stupidity are practically synonymous and interchangeable terms. It is only the dull, dim mind that itches to impose its personal tastes by force of law upon its neighbors.

We read somewhere not long ago that a sapient board of censors had forbidden the exhibition of a film dealing with Mexico because Villa appeared in it and Villa is a murderer. We presume it is true, because that would be exactly typical of censorship.

There is as much reason for establishing a censorship of the spoken drama as of moving pictures; as much reason for censoring newspapers, magazines, books, music, painting, sculpture—and conversation.

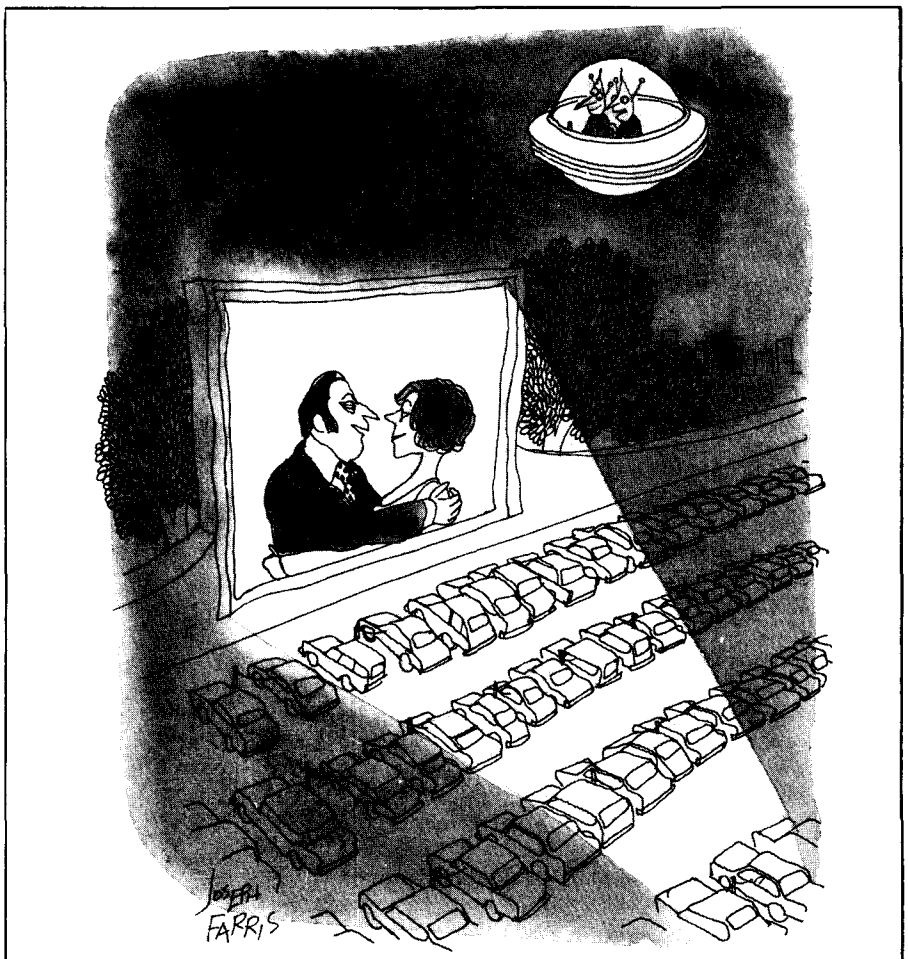
By any of those means evil may be communicated quite as readily as on the screen. Concerning any of them there will be wide differences of opinion as to what is and what is not evil. Under a censorship the stupidest opinion would prevail. That is inevitable.

Free speech, under the established penalties of the criminal law, is of the inner spirit of this government. It seems odd to lay an official hand upon a mode of speech—by pictures—because it happens to have been newly invented. If we are going to start on that road there is no good reason why we should not go the whole way back to the Spanish Inquisition. (1916)

Hollywood's Golden Era

On television recently, as we watched a program called "Hollywood: The Great Stars," the golden era of motion pictures flashed before our eyes. From glimpses of such glittering greats as Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Joan Crawford, and Bette Davis, we understood a little better why much of the excitement has gone out of the movies.

Each of these old-time stars was a vibrant personality with his own distinctive style. He snarled, fumed, raged, stormed, fought, loved, bled, and died with a gusto that today's pallid actors cannot match. Gable was Gable in every role, and Bogart was Bogie from Casablanca to the Sierra Madre. But Gable and Bogart and all the rest were exciting personalities, larger than life in everything they did. Every gesture and every mannerism set them apart from ordinary men, creating about them the aura of a star. Compared with these flamboyant personalities, today's actors are a dreary lot. Debbie Reynolds, Bobby Darin, Pat Boone—most of them are about as exciting as a glass of milk. No wonder the old, old movies on the late, late shows are so popular. (1963)



"I see they're behind us. They still have silent movies."

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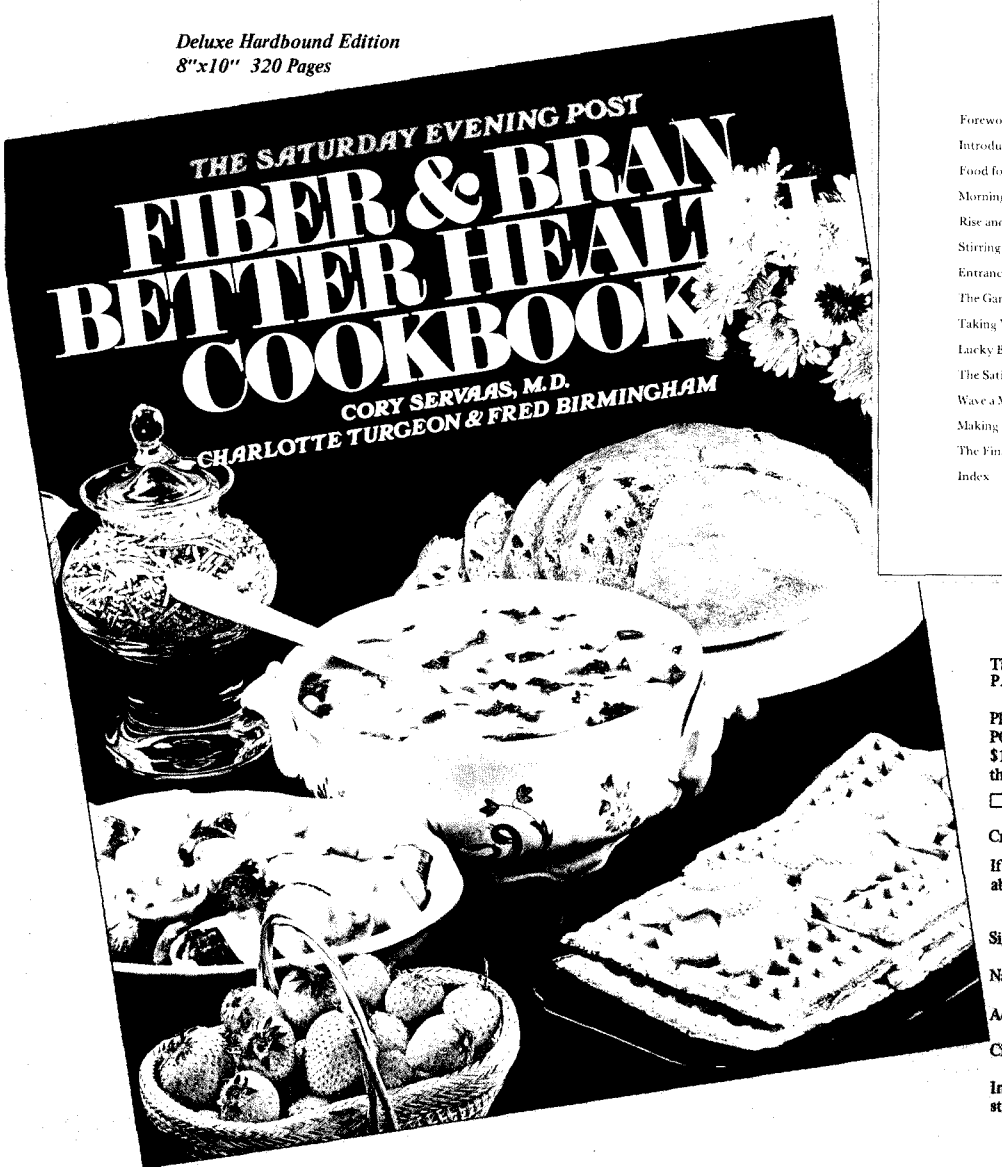

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Babylon

continued from page 81

So much for the effort and ingenuity of Montmartre. All the catering to vice and waste was on an utterly childish scale, and he suddenly realized the meaning of the word "dissipate"—to dissipate into thin air; to make nothing out of something. In the little hours of the night every move from place to place was an enormous human jump, an increase of paying for the privilege of slower and slower motion.

He remembered 1000-franc notes given to an orchestra for playing a single number, 100-franc notes tossed to a doorman for calling a cab.

But it hadn't been given for nothing.

It had been given, even the most wildly squandered sum, as an offering to destiny that he might not remember the things most worth remembering, the things that now he would always remember—his child taken from his control, his wife escaped to a grave in Vermont.

In the glare of a *brasserie* a woman spoke to him. He bought her some eggs and coffee, and then, eluding her encouraging stare, gave her a 20-franc note and took a taxi to his hotel.

II

He woke upon a fine fall day—football weather.

The depression of yesterday was gone and he liked the people on the streets. At noon he sat opposite Honoria at the Grand Vatel, the only restaurant he could think of not reminiscent of champagne dinners and long luncheons that began at two and ended in a blurred and vague twilight.

"Now, how about vegetables? Oughtn't you to have some vegetables?"

"Well, yes."

"Here's *épinards* and *chou-fleur* and carrots and haricots."

"I'd like *choux-fleurs.*"

"Wouldn't you like to have two vegetables?"

"I usually only have one at lunch."

The waiter was pretending to be inordinately fond of children. "*Qu'elle est mignonne la petite? Elle parle exactement comme une française.*"

"How about dessert? Shall we wait and see?"

The waiter disappeared. Honoria looked at him expectantly.

"What are we going to do?"

"First we're going to that toy store in the Rue St. Honore and buy you anything you like. And then we're going to the vaudeville at the Empire."

She hesitated. "I like it about the vaudeville, but not the toy store."

"Why not?"

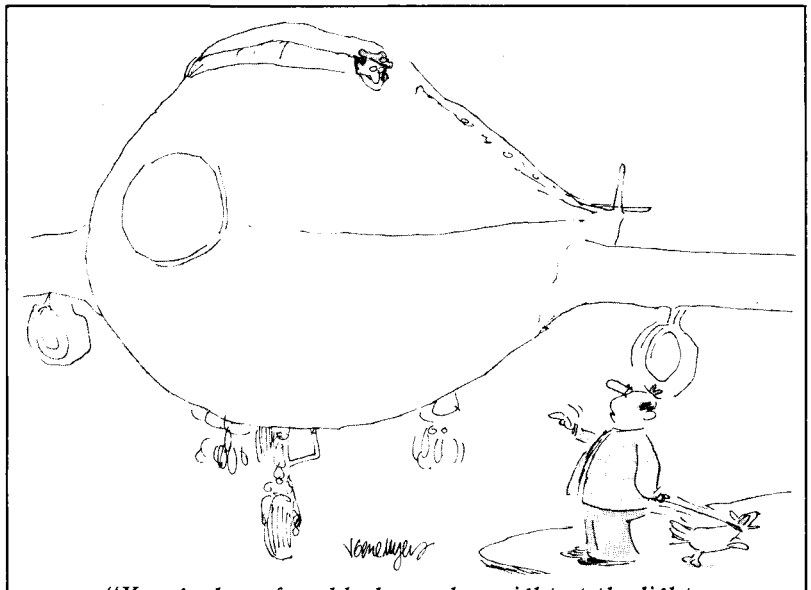
"Well, you brought me this doll." She had it with her. "And I've got lots of things. And we're not rich anymore, are we?"

"We never were. But today you are to have anything you want."

"All right," she agreed resignedly.

He had always been fond of her, but when there had been her mother and a French nurse he had been inclined to be strict; now he extended himself, reached out for a new tolerance; he must be both parents to her and not shut any of her out of communication.

"I want to get to know you," he said gravely. "First let me introduce myself. My name is Charles J. Wales, of Prague, Czechoslovakia."



"You go down four blocks, make a right at the light, go three more blocks, make a left and stay on that for a mile and a half . . . you can't miss it."

"Oh, Daddy!" her voice cracked with laughter.

"And who are you, please?" he persisted, and she accepted a role immediately: "Honoria Wales, Rue Palatine, Paris."

"Married or single?"

"No, not married. Single."

He indicated the doll. "But I see you have a child, madame."

Unwilling to disinherit it, she took it to her heart and thought quickly: "Yes, I've been married, but I'm not married now. My husband is dead."

He went on quickly, "And the child's name?"

"Simone. That's after my best friend at school."

"I'm very pleased that you're doing as well at school as you are."

"I'm third this month," she boasted. "Elsie"—that was her cousin—"is only about 18th, and Richard is about at the bottom."

"You like Richard and Elsie, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. I like Richard quite well and I like her all right."

Cautiously and casually he asked: "And Aunt Marion and Uncle Lincoln—which do you like best?"

"Oh, Uncle Lincoln, I guess."

He was increasingly aware of her presence. As they came in, a murmur of "What an adorable child" followed them, and now the people at the next table bent all their silences upon her, staring as if she were something no more conscious than a flower.

"Why don't I live with you?" she asked suddenly. "Because Mamma's dead?"

"You must stay here and learn more French. It would have been hard for Daddy to take care of you so well."

"I don't really need much taking care of anymore. I do everything for myself."

Going out of the restaurant, a man and a woman unexpectedly hailed him!

"Well, the old Wales!"

"Hello there, Lorraine. . . . Dunc."

Sudden ghosts out of the past: Duncan Schaeffer, a friend from college. Lorraine Quarrles, a lovely, pale blonde of 30; one of a crowd who had helped them make months into days in the lavish times of two years ago.

"My husband couldn't come this year," she said, in answer to his question. "We're poor as hell. So he gave me 200 a month and told me I could do my worst on that. . . . This your little girl?"

"What about sitting down?" Duncan asked.

"Can't do it." He was glad for an excuse. As always, he felt Lorraine's passionate, provocative attraction, but his own rhythm was different now.

"Well, how about dinner?" she asked him.

"I'm not free. Give me your address and let me call you."

"Charlie, I believe you're sober," she said judicially. "I honestly believe he's sober, Dunc. Pinch him and see if he's sober."

Charlie indicated Honoria with his head. They both laughed.

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"What's your address?" said Duncan skeptically.

He hesitated, unwilling to give the name of his hotel.

"I'm not settled yet. I'd better call you. We're going to see the vaudeville at the Empire."

"There! That's what I want to do," Lorraine said. "I want to see some clowns and acrobats and jugglers. That's just what we'll do, Dunc."

"We've got to do an errand first," said Charlie. "Perhaps we'll see you there."

"All right, you snob. . . . Good-bye, beautiful little girl."

"Good-bye." Honoria bobbed politely.

Somehow, an unpleasant encounter, Charlie thought. They liked him because he was functioning, because he was serious; they wanted to see him, because he was stronger than they were now, because they wanted to draw a certain sustenance from his strength.

At the Empire, Honoria proudly refused to sit upon her father's folded coat. She was already an individual with a code of her own, and Charlie was more and more absorbed by the desire of putting a little of himself into her before she crystallized utterly. It was hopeless to try to know her in so short a time.

Between acts they came upon Duncan and Lorraine in the lobby where the band was playing.

"Have a drink?"

"All right, but not up at the bar. We'll take a table."

"The perfect father."

Listening abstractedly to Lorraine, Charlie watched Honoria's eyes leave them all, and he followed them wistfully about the room, wondering what they saw. He met them and she smiled.

"I liked that lemonade," she said.

What had she said? What had he expected? Going home in a taxi afterward, he pulled her over until her head rested against his chest.

"Darling, do you ever think about your mother?"

"Yes, sometimes," she answered vaguely.

"I don't want you to forget her. Have you got a picture of her?"

"Yes, I think so. Anyhow, Aunt Marion has. Why don't you want me to forget her?"

"She loved you very much."

"I loved her too."

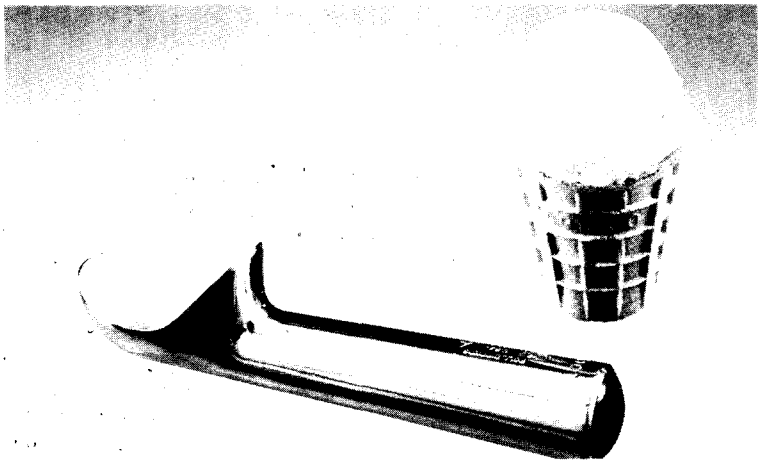
They were silent for a moment.

"Daddy, I want to come and live with you," she said suddenly.

His heart leaped; he had wanted it to come like this.

"Aren't you perfectly happy?"

"Yes, but I love you better than anybody. And you love me better than anybody, don't you, now that Mum-



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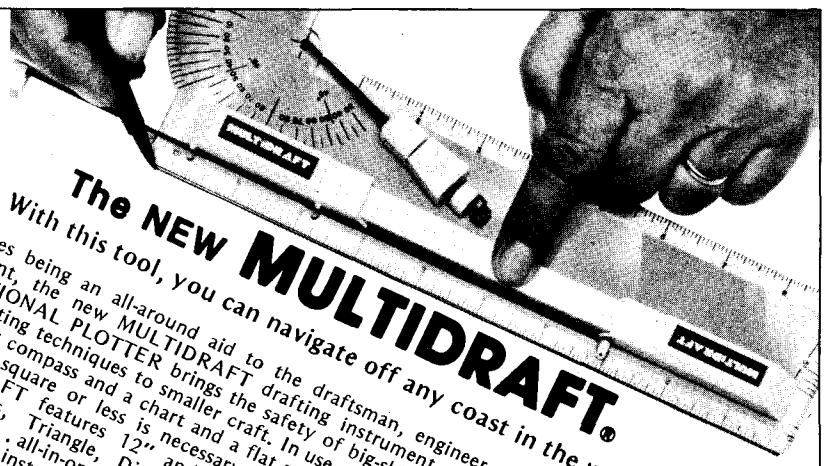

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my's dead?" she queried.

"Of course I do. But you won't always like me best, honey. You'll grow up and meet somebody your own age and go marry him and forget you ever had a daddy."

"Yes, that's true," she agreed tranquilly.

He didn't go in. He was coming back at 9:00 and he wanted to keep himself fresh and new for the thing he must say then.

"When you're safe inside, just show yourself in that window."

"All right. Good-bye, Dads, Dads, Dads, Dads."

He waited in the dark street until she appeared, all warm and glowing, in the window above and kissed her fingers out into the night.

III

They were waiting. Marion sat behind empty coffee cups in a dignified black dinner dress that just faintly suggested mourning. Lincoln was walking up and down with the animation of one who had already been talking. They were as anxious as he was to get into the question. He opened it almost immediately:

"I suppose you know what I want to see you about—why I really came to Paris."

Marion fiddled with the glass grapes on her necklace and frowned.

"I'm awfully anxious to have a home," he continued. "And I'm awfully anxious to have Honoria in it. I appreciate your taking in Honoria for her mother's sake, but things have changed now"—he hesitated and then continued strongly—"changed radically with me, and I want to ask you to reconsider the matter. It would be silly for me to deny that about two years ago I was acting badly——"

Marion looked up at him with hard eyes.

"——but all that's over. As I told you, I haven't had more than a drink a day for over a year, and I take that drink deliberately, so that the idea of alcohol won't get too big in my imagination. You see the idea?"

"No," said Marion succinctly.

"It's a sort of stunt I set myself. It keeps the matter in proportion."

"I get you," said Lincoln. "You don't want to admit it's got any attraction for you."

"Something like that. Sometimes I forget and don't take it. But I try to take it. Anyhow, I couldn't afford to drink in my position. The people I represent are more than satisfied with what I've done, and I'm bringing my sister over from Burlington to keep house for me, and I want awfully to have Honoria too. You know that even when her mother and I weren't getting along well I never let anything that happened touch Honoria. I know she's fond of me and I know I'm able to take care of her and—well, there you are. How do you feel about it?"

He knew that now he would have to take a beating. It would last an hour or two hours, and it would be difficult, but if he modulated his inevitable resentment to the chastened attitude of the reformed sinner, he might win his point in the end. "Keep your temper," he told himself. "You don't want to be justified. You want Honoria."

Lincoln spoke first: "We've been talking it over ever since we got your letter last month. We're happy to have Honoria here. She's a dear little thing, and we're glad to be able to help her, but of course that isn't the question——"

"She says she ordered a cake with nuts in it."

Marion interrupted suddenly. "How long are you going to stay sober, Charlie?" she asked.

"Permanently, I hope."

"How can anybody count on that?"

"You know I never did drink heavily until I gave up business and came over here with nothing to do. Then Helen and I began to run around with——"

"Please leave Helen out of it. I can't bear to hear you talk about her like that."

He stared at her grimly; he had never been certain how fond of each other the sisters were in life.

"My drinking only lasted about a year and a half—from the time we came over until I—collapsed."

"It was time enough."

"It was time enough," he agreed.

"My duty is entirely to Helen," she said. "I try to think what she would have wanted me to do. Frankly, from the night you did that terrible thing you haven't really existed for me. I can't help that. She was my sister."

"Yes."

"When she was dying she asked me to look out for Honoria. If you hadn't been in a sanitarium then, it might have helped matters."

He had no answer.

"I'll never in my life be able to forget the morning when Helen knocked at my door, soaked to the skin and shivering, and said you'd locked her out."

Charlie gripped the sides of the chair. This was more difficult than he expected; he wanted to launch out into a long expostulation and explanation, but he only said: "The night I locked her out——" and she interrupted, "I don't feel up to going over that again."

After a moment's silence Lincoln said: "We're getting off the subject. You want Marion to set aside her legal guardianship and give you Honoria. I think the main point for her is whether she has confidence in you or not."

"I don't blame Marion," Charlie said slowly, "but I think she can have entire confidence in me. I had a good record up to three years ago. Of course, it's within human possibilities I might go wrong any time. But if we wait much longer I'll lose Honoria's childhood and my chance for a home. I'll simply lose her, don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," said Lincoln.

"Why didn't you think of all this before?" Marion asked.

"I suppose I did, from time to time, but Helen and I were getting along badly. When I consented to the guardianship, I was flat on my back in a sanitarium and the market had cleaned me out of every sou. I knew I'd acted badly, and I thought if it would bring any peace to Helen, I'd agree to anything. But now it's different. I'm well, I'm functioning, I'm behaving damn well, so far as——"

"Please don't swear," Marion said.

Continued on page 112

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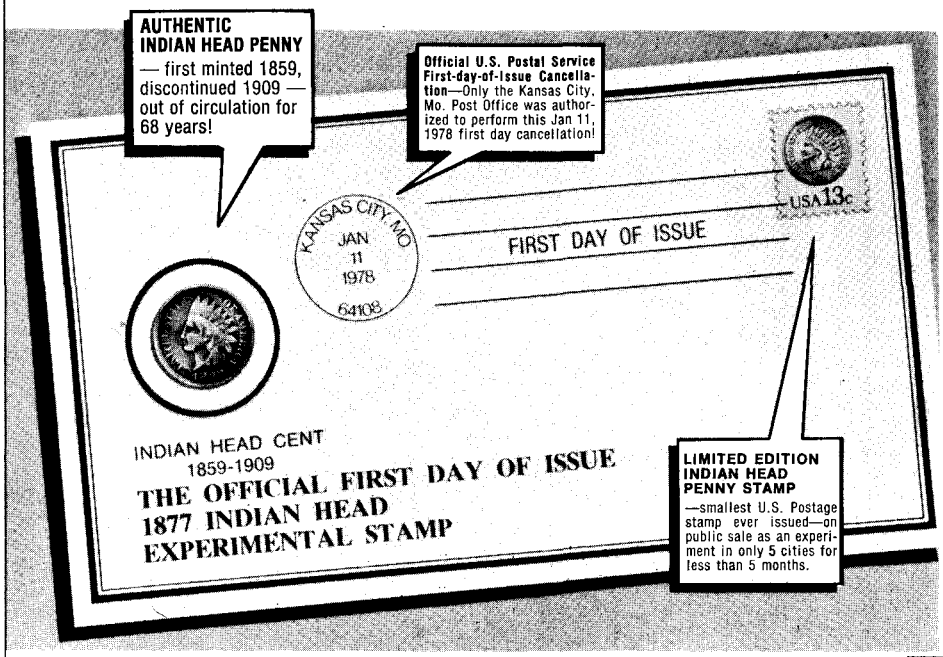
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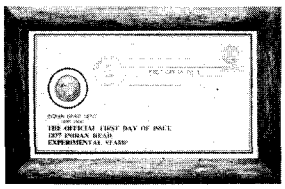

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2. **It is experimental.** The U.S. Postal Service hopes to be able to save a great deal of money by printing 150 of these new stamps on the same size paper used for 100 standard stamps. But they are testing it in limited quantities, to determine whether automatic cancelling machines can handle it. That means only a relatively few stamps will be printed — so the stamp is comparatively rare from its very beginning.
3. **It is on general sale in Post Offices in only 5 cities.** Sales in these "test markets" will help the Postal Service decide whether to change to this new stamp size. That means most Americans will not even have the opportunity to buy it — another indication of rarity.
4. **It is a limited edition** offered for general sale at these Post Offices only through May 1978, and for the rest of 1978 only through Postal Service Philatelic Centers or by mail order. **Limited editions are always prized by collectors.**
5. The prized "city and date of first issue" cancellation enhances the value of the stamp itself many times over, as any stamp collector knows. Once the deadline set by the Postal Service for obtaining this prized cancellation has passed, **it will never again be available.**

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

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Caroline Road, Philadelphia, PA 19176

☐ (#009) Enclosed is my remittance for $10.13 for one collector's set consisting of a genuine Indian Head Penny and the experimental 1877 Indian Head Penny Stamp, with first-day-of-issue cancellation. I understand this collection will be shipped suitable for framing, and will include your 5-year repurchase agreement.
☐ I want two sets for $20.26. (Sorry, no more than two sets per customer.)
☐ (#017) I prefer to receive (it) (them) already framed and matted ready for immediate hanging, and I enclose:
☐ $19.95 for one framed. ☐ $39.90 for two framed.

Total amount enclosed $_____. PA residents add 6% sales tax. Check or money order, no CODs please.

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☐ Visa/BankAmericard ☐ American Express
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Canadian Customers please send orders to: Mail Store Ltd. Dept. IPS, 312 Rexdale Blvd., Toronto, Ontario M9W 1R6
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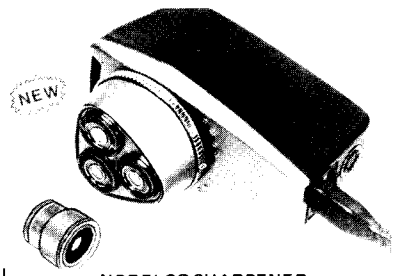

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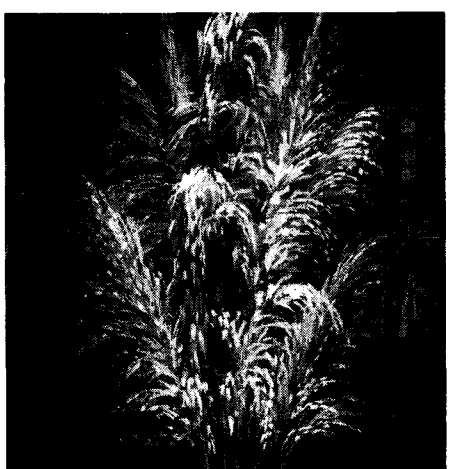

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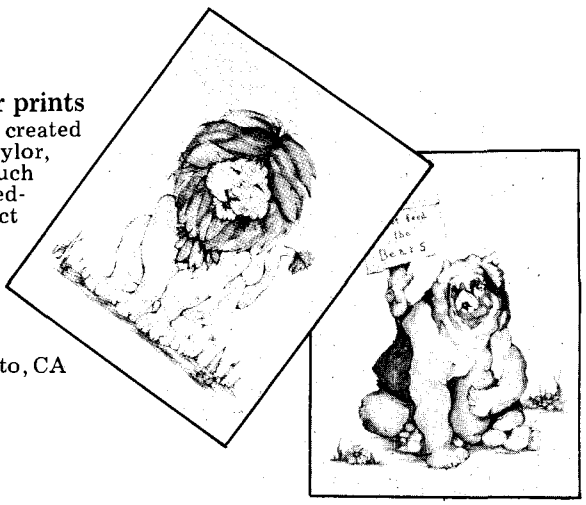

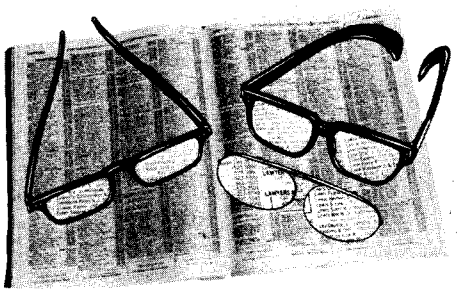

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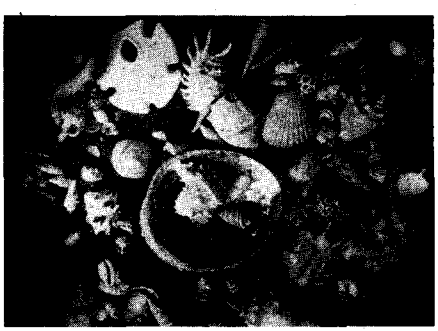

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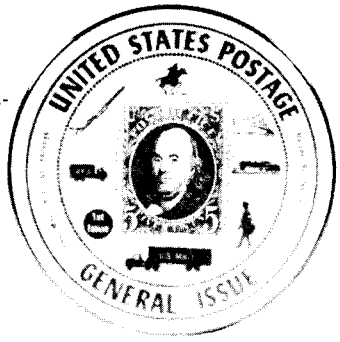
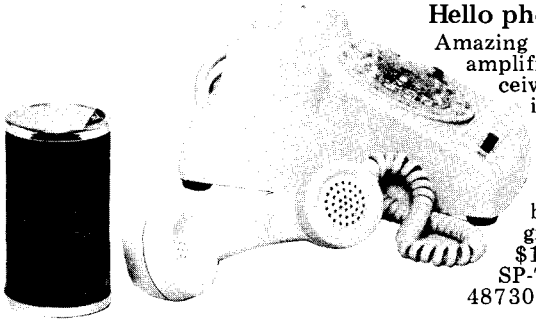
The first issue depicts the very first U.S. postage stamp ever issued. Highest quality reproduction and printing used. Stamp is in red-brown color, encircled by a field of post office blue, with designs symbolizing the long and colorful history of the Postal Service. Serially numbered; $25 each. Check, money order, BA or M/C. Harrison House, Dept. SEP-7, 1503 E. Riverside Dr., Indianapolis, IN 46202.



Hello phone



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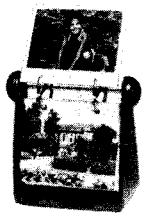

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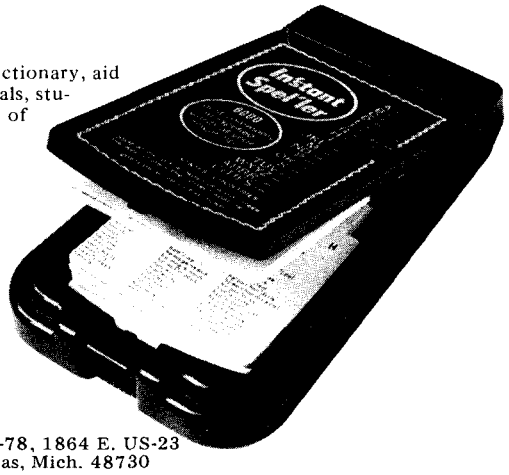

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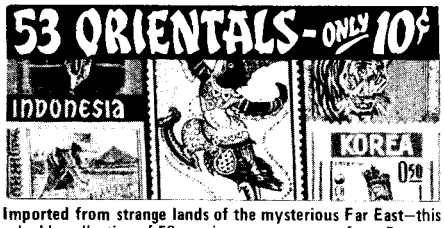

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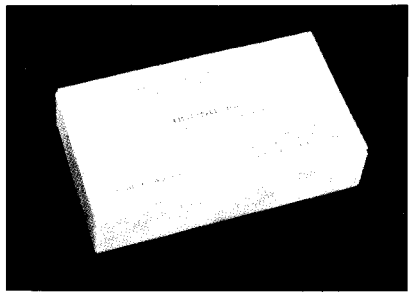

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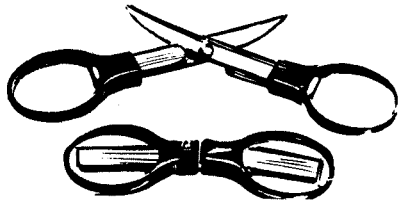

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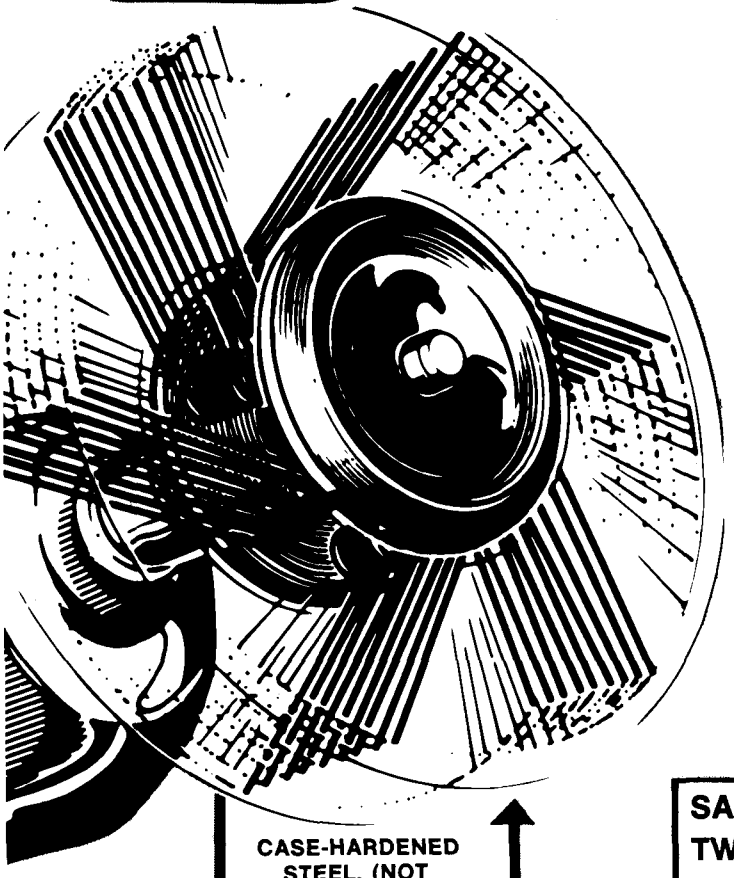

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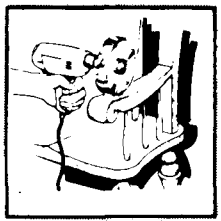
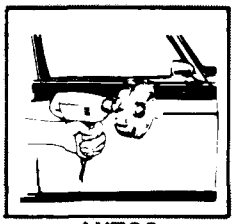
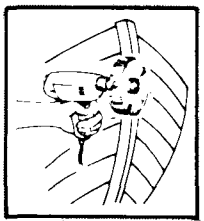


FURNITURE



AUTOS



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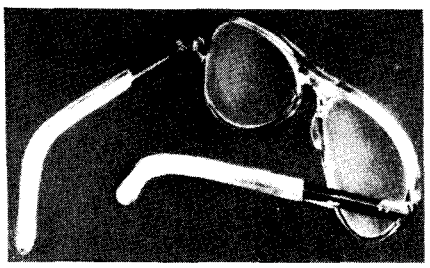

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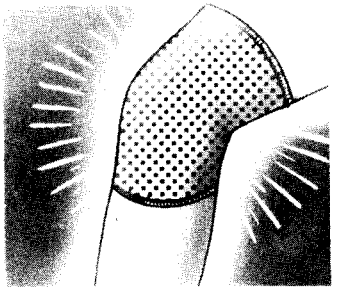

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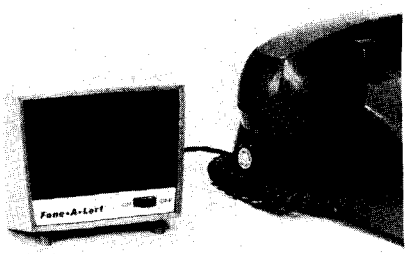

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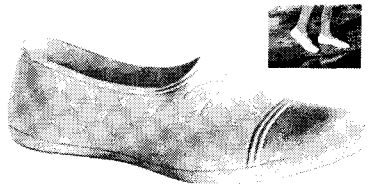

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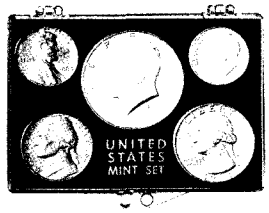

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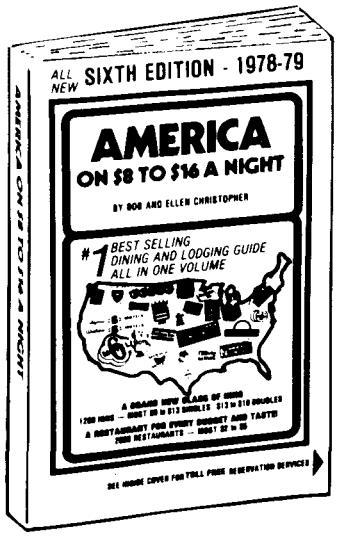

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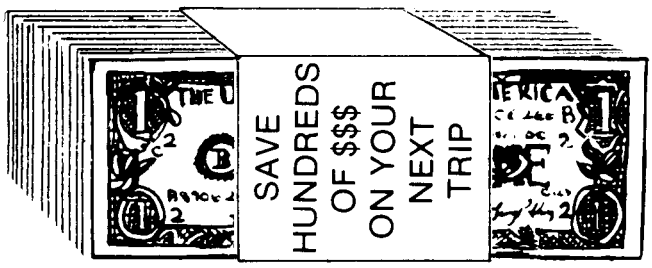

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Red-Headed Woman

continued from page 89

temples. Men said Sally was a cute kid. But they said her friend Lil Andrews would knock your eye out.

"Boy!" they said.

There were many men. Sally knew a great many, and Lillian had met them through her, and had in turn presented all her male acquaintances. The sum total was gratifying. Sally and Lillian were always surrounded. Though they set forth alone after business hours, they were never long alone. You saw them on the corners of the downtown streets on summer evenings, vivacious and flirtatious in the midst of a group of loud and frisky swains.

They were always escorted when, in their vague phrase, they "went places." The phrase was vague, but the places were definite. They went to the movies. They went to Jake's on Water Street, where there was a nickel piano and you could get beefsteak sandwiches and all the liquor you wanted. They went to the Log Cabin, four miles out of town, and stayed till dawn.

On Wednesday and Saturday nights in the winter, they went to the Cloverleaf Ballroom—five cents a dance, six tickets for a quarter. In summer they danced on board the excursion steamer *Playland*, which sailed down the moonlit river and anchored for hours and then sailed back. They danced in the dance hall at Avalon Park, which is in Renwood Heights, and they rode on the roller coaster and on the ferris wheel; and on Sundays they swam in the outdoor swimming pool at Avalon. When there was a circus in Renwood, or a street carnival, or when a musical comedy—"direct from the Gotham Theater, New York, N.Y."—played a one-night stand at the Bijou in Market Square, you saw them there. They really, as Sally said, got around a lot.

They went riding sometimes. They were not particular about their vehicle; they drew the line at trucks, but at nothing else that moved on wheels. They rode in flivvers, in rattling sedans that were taxis in the daytime, in huge, high, touring cars, broken-down aristocrats of the road. Occasionally they rode grandly in brand-new, shining sport cars and roadsters, and even limousines. Their friend Joe Gratz, who was a bootlegger, had a fine new car; and their friend Tuffy Lascari, who worked in the Maple Street Garage, had his choice, when his boss was away, of any car in it.

There were Joe and Tuffy, and there was Chuck Hansen, the caddie master at the country club, and Harry Hoffman, the day clerk at the Harding

Continued on page 116

POST TRAVEL CENTER

Summer, a time to slow down, relax, and enjoy Mother Nature in all her glory. She will never be as alive or as vividly remembered as when you share your summer vacation with someone you love. Take the whole family and explore the world around you. A memory lasts forever and costs so little.

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STAR TREK

Motion picture people live near their work. In the delightful village of Hollywood you can find your favorite star bicycling down the street or tour the studio that produces America's prime-time pleasures.

Hollywood Boulevard never closes. You can walk into a bookstore at one a.m. All night long people glide in a kind of dazed wonder along the polished, terrazzo, star-studded sidewalks (the names of entertainers are embedded in the pavement but you knew that—some of the stars have to pay for it by the way). Beautiful trees, perfectly shaped, almost like edible fruits, shade the walks. Beverly Hills is near and has better best shops than Fifth Avenue. A village atmosphere pervades the place. No wonder they chose it to manufacture dreams.

Oddly, it's one of the best places in the world to vacation. Minutes from Disneyland—one of the true wonders of the new world—half an hour from the famous and compellingly beautiful Huntington Library and Garden in San Marino, and no time from stars' homes and studios. Practically all of the studios operate tours. And you can drive through Bel Air or Beverly Hills or the Canyon and often see Hollywood at home, or take a conducted bus jaunt (available at most hotels) and see some specifics. Hotels and motels are reasonable, restaurants abound in every nationality, and weather doesn't exist.

Another of the pleasures available to Hollywood visitors is a tour of stars' neighborhoods. Gray Line and Star Line are just two of the companies offering guided tours, although a map of stars' homes is available if you want to go it alone. Most movie stars prefer to live secluded private lives, away from the spangle and jangle of always being "on," forever being watched. The buying and selling of their real estate, their locating and relocating, are well-kept secrets in most cases, although this list is compiled from the most recent sources available. Even if your favorite star has moved, you can see where he *did* live. Look, don't touch though. Respect their privacy—its rareness makes it precious.

Many stars live in the Bel Air and Beverly Hills areas, with the major residential streets easily reached from Sunset Boulevard.

Bel Air

Carolwood Drive—Cher, 141; Barbra Streisand, 301.

St. Cloud Road—Jerry Lewis, 322; Anthony Quinn, 355; Johnny Carson, 400.

St. Pierre Road—Ann Sothern, 214; Robert Mitchum, 268; Robert Stack, 321.

Beverly Hills

Canon Drive—Kirk Douglas, 707; Darren McGavin, 713.

Crescent Drive—Doris Day, 713; Louis Jourdan, 714; Debra Paget, 805; Gloria Swanson, 904.

Rexford Drive—Marlene Dietrich, 822; Mickey Rooney, 919; Jane Wyman, 933.

Roxbury Drive—James Stewart, 918; Lucille Ball, 1000.

Stars live in areas other than Bel Air and Beverly Hills, of course. William Conrad (4031 Longridge), Tippi Hedren (4156 Knob Hill Dr.), and Max Baer (12948 Galewood) live in Sherman Oaks; George Gobel (4544 Encino Ave.), Michael Landon (16401 Garvin Dr.), Shirley MacLaine (15963 Woodvale Rd.), John Wayne (4750 Louise St.) and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. (4750 Encino Ave.) all have Encino addresses; and the Brentwood area lists such well-known residents as James Garner (33 Oakmont Dr.), Fred MacMurray (485 Malvern Dr.), Steve McQueen (27 Oakmont Dr.), and Gregory Peck (2359 Mandeville Cyn. Rd.).

Wherever you go, whatever you do while you're in Hollywood, there is always the added excitement of knowing a star might turn up—almost like an old friend from "back home."

Bump into Mitchum, Streisand, or Lucy on bikes? Possible on some Hollywood streets.

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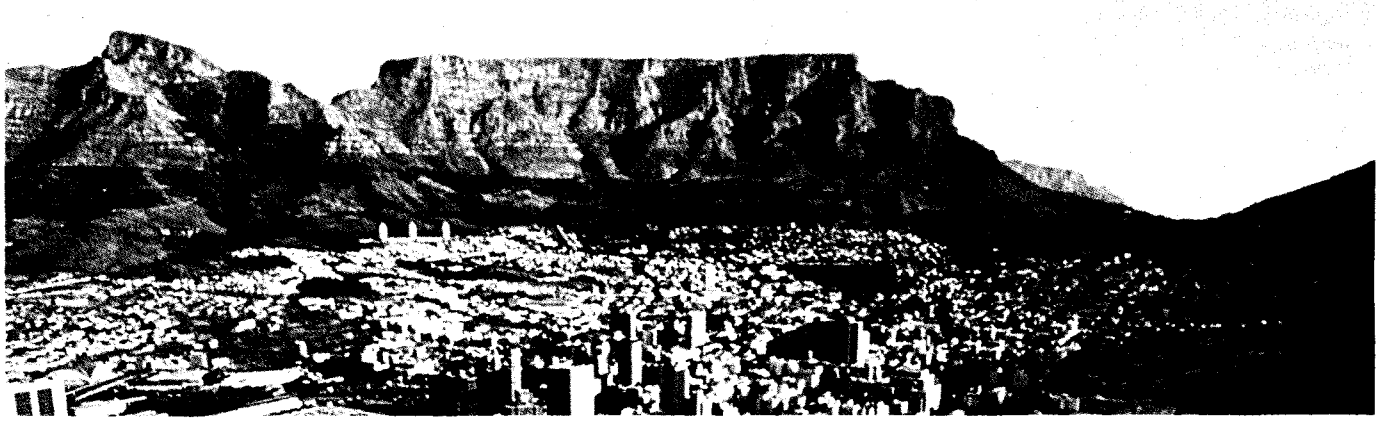

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Red-Headed Woman

continued from page 98

He looked at her, startled. With each remark the force of her dislike became more and more apparent. She had built up all her fear of life into one wall and faced it toward him. Charlie became increasingly alarmed at leaving Honoria in this atmosphere of hostility against himself; sooner or later it would come out, in a word here, a shake of the head there, and some of that distrust would be irrevocably implanted in Honoria. But he pulled his temper down out of his face and shut it up inside him; he had won a point, for Lincoln realized the absurdity of Marion's remark and asked her lightly since when she had objected to the word "damn."

"Another thing," Charlie said: "I'm able to give her certain advantages now. I'm going to take a French governess to Prague with me. I've got a lease on a new apartment——"

He stopped, realizing that he was blundering. They couldn't be expected to accept with equanimity the fact that his income was again twice as large as their own.

"I suppose you can give her more luxuries than we can," said Marion. "When you were throwing away money we were living along watching every 10 francs. . . . I suppose you'll start doing it again."

"Oh, no," he said. "I've learned. I worked hard for 10 years, you know—until I got lucky in the market, like so many people. Terribly lucky. It didn't seem any use working anymore, so I quit. It won't happen again."

There was a long silence. All of them felt their nerves straining, and for the first time in a year Charlie wanted a drink. He was sure now that Lincoln Peters wanted him to have his child.

Marion shuddered suddenly; part of her saw that Charlie's feet were planted on the earth now, and her own maternal feeling recognized the naturalness of his desire; but she had lived for a long time with a prejudice—a prejudice founded on a curious disbelief in her sister's happiness, and which, in the shock of one terrible night, had turned to hatred for him. It had all happened at a point in her life where the discouragement of ill health and adverse circumstances made it necessary for her to believe in tangible villainy and a tangible villain.

"I can't help what I think!" she cried out suddenly. "How much you were responsible for Helen's death, I don't know. It's something you'll have to square with your own conscience."

An electric current of agony surged through him; for a moment he was almost on his feet, an unuttered sound echoing in his throat. He hung on to himself for a moment, another moment.

"Hold on there," said Lincoln uncomfortably. "I never thought you were responsible for that."

"Helen died of heart trouble," Charlie said dully.

"Yes, heart trouble." Marion spoke as if the phrase had another meaning for her.

Then, in the flatness that followed her outburst, she saw him plainly and she knew he had somehow arrived at control over the situation. Glancing at her husband, she found no help from him, and as abruptly as if it were a matter of no importance, she threw up the sponge.

"Do what you like!" she cried, springing up from her chair. "She's your child. I'm not the person to stand in your way. I think if it were my child I'd rather see her——" She managed to check herself. "You two decide it. I can't stand this. I'm sick. I'm going to bed."

She hurried from the room; after a moment Lincoln said:

"This has been a hard day for her. You know how strongly she feels——" His voice was almost apologetic: "When a woman gets an idea in her head."

"Of course."

"It's going to be all right. I think she sees now that you—can provide for the child, and so we can't very well stand in your way or Honoria's way."

"Thank you, Lincoln."

"I'd better go along and see how she is, whether she's all right."

"I'm going."

He was still trembling when he reached the street, but a walk down the Rue Bonaparte to the quais set him up, and as he crossed the Seine, dotted with many cold moons, he felt exultant. But back in his room he couldn't sleep. The image of Helen haunted him. Helen whom he had loved so until they had senselessly begun to abuse each other's love and tear it into shreds. On that terrible February night that Marion remembered so vividly, a slow quarrel that had gone on for hours. There was a scene at the Florida, and then he attempted to take her home, and then Helen kissed Ted Wilder at a table, and what she had hysterically said. Charlie's departure and, on his arrival home, his turning the key in the lock in wild anger. How could he know she would arrive an hour later alone, that there would be a snowstorm in which she wandered about in slippers for an hour, too confused to find a taxi? Then the aftermath, her escaping pneumonia by a miracle, and all the at-

You be the Judge

By J. K. Newton

In applying for a job as a test pilot for McDouglas Aircraft, Mike Barns was asked to undergo a thorough pre-employment physical examination. He passed the exam, but decided not to take the job with McDouglas.

A year later, Mike discovered he was suffering from a debilitating bone disease. His doctors told him that the disease had been present for at least one year before his symptoms had prompted him to go to a doctor. Mike decided to sue the aircraft company for not advising him of the disease. He claimed that due to the failure of McDouglas' doctors to discover this condition during their physical exam, the disease had progressed for a year without his getting any medical treatment. As a result, he said, he had suffered permanent damage.

At the trial, McDouglas' attorney said that, if Mike were one of the company employees, he could understand the company's liability under its health care program. "Mike, however, is not an employee," he argued; "he was just applying for a job when he took the physical examination. It is unbelievable to think we might be liable to him for his disease."

Mike's attorney agreed that, generally, an employer has no duty to his prospective employees to see if they're physically fit. "But," he said, "when a potential employer voluntarily assumes such a duty—as with a pre-employment physical—the company is liable if the physical exam is negligently performed."

If you were the judge, would you make McDouglas pay for not discovering Mike's disease?

The court awarded damages to Mike. It said that Mike's condition was readily ascertainable in the blood analysis taken during the exam. Because of a company policy which allowed the results of the blood test to be filed without medical evaluation, the company had acted negligently in its failure to discover Mike's condition. The company's liability was, therefore, a consequence of its own negligence.

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tendant horror. They were "reconciled," but that was the beginning of the end, and Marion, who had seen with her own eyes and who imagined it to be one of many scenes from her sister's martyrdom, never forgot.

Going over it again brought Helen nearer, and in the white, soft light that steals upon half sleep near morning he found himself talking to her again. She said that he was perfectly right about Honoria and that she wanted Honoria to be with him. She said she was glad he was being good and doing better. She said a lot of other things—very friendly things—but she was in a swing in a white dress, and swinging faster and faster all the time, so that at the end he could not hear clearly all that she said.

IV

He woke up feeling happy. The door of the world was open again. He made plans, vistas, futures for Honoria and himself, but suddenly he grew sad, remembering all the plans he and Helen had made. She had not planned to die. The present was the thing—work to do and someone to love. But not to love too much, for Charlie had read in D. H. Lawrence about the injury that a father can do to a daughter or a mother to a son by attaching them too closely. Afterward, out in the world, the child would seek in the marriage partner the same blind, unselfish tenderness and, failing in all human probability to find it, develop a grudge against love and life.

It was another bright, crisp day. He called Lincoln Peters at the bank where he worked and asked if he could count on taking Honoria when he left for Prague. Lincoln agreed that there was no reason for delay. One thing—the legal guardianship. Marion wanted to retain that a while longer. She was upset by the whole matter, and it would oil things if she felt that the situation was still in her control for another year. Charlie agreed, wanting only the tangible, visible child.

Then the question of a governess. Charlie sat in a gloomy agency and talked to a buxom Breton peasant whom he knew he couldn't endure. There were others whom he could see tomorrow.

He lunched with Lincoln Peters at the Griffon, trying to keep down his exultation.

"There's nothing quite like your own child," Lincoln said. "But you understand how Marion feels too."

"She's forgotten how hard I worked for seven years there," Charlie said. "She just remembers one night."

"There's another thing." Lincoln hesitated. "While you and Helen were tearing around Europe throwing money away, we were just getting along. I didn't touch any of the prosperity because I never got ahead enough to carry anything but my insurance. I think Marion felt there was some kind of injustice in it—you not even working and getting richer and richer."

"It went just as quick as it came," said Charlie.

"A lot did. And a lot of it stayed in the hands of chasseurs and saxophone players and maîtres d'hôtel—well, the big party's over now. I just said that to explain Marion's feelings about those crazy years. If you drop in about 6:00 tonight before Marion's too tired, we'll settle the details on the spot."

Back at his hotel, Charlie took from his pocket a *pneumatique* that Lincoln had given him at luncheon. It had been redirected by Paul from the hotel bar.

Dear Charlie: You were so strange when we saw you the other day that I wondered if I did something to offend you. If so, I'm not conscious of it. In fact, I have thought about you too much for the last year, and it's always been in the back of my mind that I might see you if I came over here. We did have such good times that crazy spring, like the night you and I stole the butcher's tricycle, and the time we tried to call on the president and you had the old derby and the wire cane. Everybody seems so old lately, but I don't feel old a bit. Couldn't we get together sometime today for old times' sake? I've got a vile hangover for the moment, but will be feeling better this afternoon and will look for you about five at the bar.

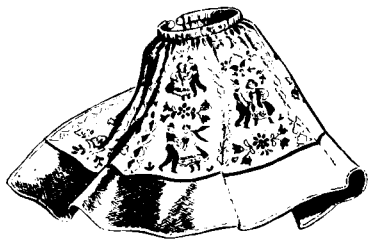
Always devotedly,
Lorraine.

His first feeling was one of awe that he had actually, in his mature years, stolen a tricycle and pedaled Lorraine all over the Etoile between the small hours and dawn. In retrospect it was a nightmare. Locking out Helen didn't fit in with any other act of his life, but the tricycle incident did—it was one of many. How many weeks or months of dissipation to arrive at that condition of utter irresponsibility?

He tried to picture how Lorraine had appeared to him then—very attractive; so much so that Helen had been jealous. Yesterday, in the restaurant, she had seemed trite, blurred, worn away. He emphatically did not want to see her, and he was glad no one knew at what hotel he was staying. It was a relief to think of Honoria, to think of Sundays spent with her and of saying good morning to her and of knowing she was there in his house at night, breathing quietly in the darkness.

At five he took a taxi and bought presents for all the Peters—a piquant cloth doll, a box of Roman soldiers, flowers for Marion, big linen handkerchiefs for Lincoln.

He saw, when he arrived in the apartment, that Marion had accepted the in-



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evitable. She greeted him now as though he were a recalcitrant member of the family, rather than a menacing outsider. Honoria had been told she was going, and Charlie was glad to see that her tact was sufficient to conceal her excessive happiness. Only on his lap did she whisper her delight and the question "When?" before she slipped away.

He and Marion were alone for a minute in the room, and on an impulse he spoke out boldly:

"Family quarrels are bitter things. They don't go according to my rules. They're not like aches or wounds; they're more like splits in the skin that won't heal because there's not enough material. I wish you and I could be on better terms."

"Some things are hard to forget," she answered. "It's a question of confidence. If you behave yourself in the future I won't have any criticism of you." There was no answer to this comment, and presently, after some silence, she asked, "When do you propose to take her?"

"As soon as I can get a governess. I hoped the day after tomorrow."

"That's impossible. I've got to get her things in shape. Not before Saturday."

He yielded. Coming back into the room, Lincoln offered him a drink

"I'll take my daily whisky," he said.

It was warm here, it was a home, people together by a fire. The children felt very safe and important; the mother and father were serious, watchful. They had things to do for the children more important than his visit here. A spoonful of medicine was, after all, more important than the strained relations between Marion and himself. They were not dull people, but they were very much in the grip of life and circumstances, and their gestures as they turned in a cramped space lacked largeness and grace. He wondered if he couldn't do something to get Lincoln out of that rut at the bank.

There was a long peal at the doorbell; the maid crossed the room and went down the corridor. The door opened upon another long ring, and then voices, and the three in the salon looked up expectantly; Richard moved to bring the corridor within his range of vision, and Marion rose. Then the maid came along the corridor, closely followed by the voices, which developed under the light into Duncan Schaeffer and Lorraine Quarrles.

They were gay, they were hilarious, they were roaring with laughter. For a moment Charlie was astounded; then he realized they had got the address he had left at the bar.

"Ah-h-h!" Duncan wagged his finger roguishly at Charlie. "Ah-h-h!"

They both slid down into another cascade of laughter. Anxious and at a

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loss, Charlie shook hands with them quickly and presented them to Lincoln and Marion. Marion nodded, scarcely speaking. She had drawn back a step toward the fire; her little girl stood beside her, and Marion put an arm about her shoulder.

With growing annoyance at the intrusion, Charlie waited for them to explain themselves. After some concentration Duncan said:

"We came to take you to dinner. Lorraine and I insist that all this shishi, cagy business got to stop."

Charlie came closer to them, as if to force them backward down the corridor.

"Sorry, but I can't. Tell me where you'll be and we'll call you in half an hour."

This made no impression. Lorraine sat down suddenly on the side of a chair, and focusing her eyes on Richard, cried, "Oh, what a nice little boy! Come here, little boy." Richard glanced at his mother, but did not move. With a perceptible shrug of her shoulders, Lorraine turned back to Charlie:

"Come on out to dinner. Be yourself, Charlie. Come on."

"How about a little drink?" said Duncan to the room at large.

Lincoln Peters had been somewhat uneasily occupying himself by swinging Honoria from side to side with her feet off the ground.

"I'm sorry, but there isn't a thing in the house," he said. "We just this minute emptied the only bottle."

"All the more reason for coming to dinner," Lorraine assured Charlie. "You will come, won't you?"

"I can't," said Charlie almost sharply. "You two go have dinner and I'll phone you."

"Oh, you will, will you?" Her voice became suddenly unpleasant. "All right, we'll go along. But I remember, when you used to hammer on my door, I used to be enough of a good sport to give you a drink. Come on, Dunc."

Still in slow motion, with blurred, angry faces, with uncertain feet, they retired along the corridor.

"Good night," Charlie said.

"Good night!" responded Lorraine emphatically.

When he went back into the salon Marion had not moved, only now her son was standing in the circle of her other arm. Lincoln was still swinging Honoria back and forth like a pendulum from side to side.

"What an outrage!" Charlie broke out. "What an absolute outrage!"

Neither of them answered. Charlie dropped into an armchair, picked up his drink, set it down again and said:

"People I haven't seen for two years having the colossal nerve——"

He broke off, Marion had made the sound "Oh!" in one swift, furious breath, turned her body from him with a jerk and left the room.

Lincoln set down Honoria carefully.

"You children go in and start your soup," he said, and when they obeyed, he said to Charlie:

"Marion's not well and she can't stand shocks. That kind of people make her really physically sick."

"I didn't tell them to come here. They wormed this address out of Paul at the bar. They deliberately——"

"Well, it's too bad. It doesn't help matters. Excuse me a minute."

Left alone, Charlie sat tense in his chair. In the next room he could hear the children eating, talking in monosyllables, already oblivious of the scene among their elders. He heard a murmur of conversation from a farther room and then the ticking bell of a phone picked up, and in a panic he moved to the other side of the room and out of earshot.

In a minute Lincoln came back. "Look here, Charlie. I think we'd better call off dinner for tonight. Marion's in bad shape."

"Is she angry with me?"

"Sort of," he said, almost roughly. "She's not strong and——"

"You mean she's changed her mind about Honoria?"

"She's pretty bitter right now. I don't know. You phone me at the bank tomorrow."

"I wish you'd explain to her I never dreamed these people would come here. I'm just as sore as you are."

"I couldn't explain anything to her now."

Charlie got up. He took his coat and hat and started down the corridor. Then he opened the door of the dining room and said in a strange voice, "Good night, children."

Honoria rose and ran around the table to hug him.

"Good night, sweetheart," he said vaguely, and then trying to make his voice more tender, trying to conciliate something, "Good night, dear children."

Charlie went directly to the bar with the furious idea of finding Lorraine and Duncan, but they were not there, and he realized that in any case there was nothing he could do. He had not touched his drink at the Peters', and now he ordered a whisky-and-soda. Paul came over to say hello.

"It's a great change," he said sadly. "We do about half the business we did. So many fellows I hear about back in the States lost everything, maybe not in the first crash, but then in the second, and now when everything keeps going down. Your friend George Hardt lost every cent, I hear. Are you back in the States?"

"No, I'm in business in Prague."

"I heard that you lost a lot in the

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crash. Is that right?"

"I did," and he added grimly, "but I lost everything I wanted in the boom."

"Selling short."

"Something like that."

Again the memory of those days swept over him like a nightmare—the people they had met traveling; then people who couldn't add a row of figures or speak a coherent sentence. The little man Helen had consented to dance with at the ship's party, who had insulted her 10 feet from the table; the human mosaic of pearls who sat behind them at the Russian ballet and, when the curtain rose on a scene, remarked to her companion: "Luffly; just luffly. Zomebody ought to baint a bicture of it." Men who locked their wives out in the snow, because the snow of '29 wasn't real snow. If you didn't want it to be snow, you just paid some money.

He went to the phone and called the Peters' apartment; Lincoln himself answered.

"I called up because, as you can imagine, this thing is on my mind. Has Marion said anything definite?"

"Marion's sick," Lincoln answered shortly. "I know this thing isn't altogether your fault, but I can't have her go to pieces about this. I'm afraid we'll have to let it slide for six months; I can't take the chance of working her up to this state again."

"I see."

"I'm sorry, Charlie."

He went back to his table. His whisky glass was empty, but he shook his head when Alix looked at it questioningly. There wasn't much he could do now except send Honoria some things; he would send her a lot of things tomorrow. He thought rather angrily that that was just money—he had given so many people money.

"No, no more," he said to another waiter. "What do I owe you?"

He would come back someday; they couldn't make him pay forever. But he wanted his child, and nothing was much good now, beside that fact. He wasn't young anymore, with a lot of nice thoughts and dreams to have by himself. He was absolutely sure Helen wouldn't have wanted him to be so alone. (1931)

Red-Headed Woman

continued from page 89

Hotel, and Lefty McCarty, who owned a share in his cousin Patrick's pool room. There was a curly-haired young barber named George Beauvais, and there was Bones Jones, who drove his own taxi, and Manny Lippman, proprietor of a stall in the Central Market, where he sold butter, eggs, milk, cream, and cheese. There were various clerks and mechanics, there was an undertaker's assistant, there was Fred Kelly, motorcycle policeman on the Turnpike, and Gus Vidabeck, who managed Avalon Park. There were salesmen from out of town, of course, upon occasion; and there were several young men who seemed to do nothing, but seemed to have spending money.

These were the friends and companions of Lillian and Sally, and Sally was content. But Lillian was not. Though she accepted their attentions and, in one or two cases, their affections, she was at heart indifferent to and scornful of them all.

She said to Sally that they were all right, she supposed, but that they didn't mean anything.

"They won't get you anywhere," she said.

"Won't, eh?" said Sally, and sniffed. "Where you trying to go?" she demanded.

Lillian didn't know exactly. She had only formless, dim ambitions in those days. She smiled, however, as if she knew very well.

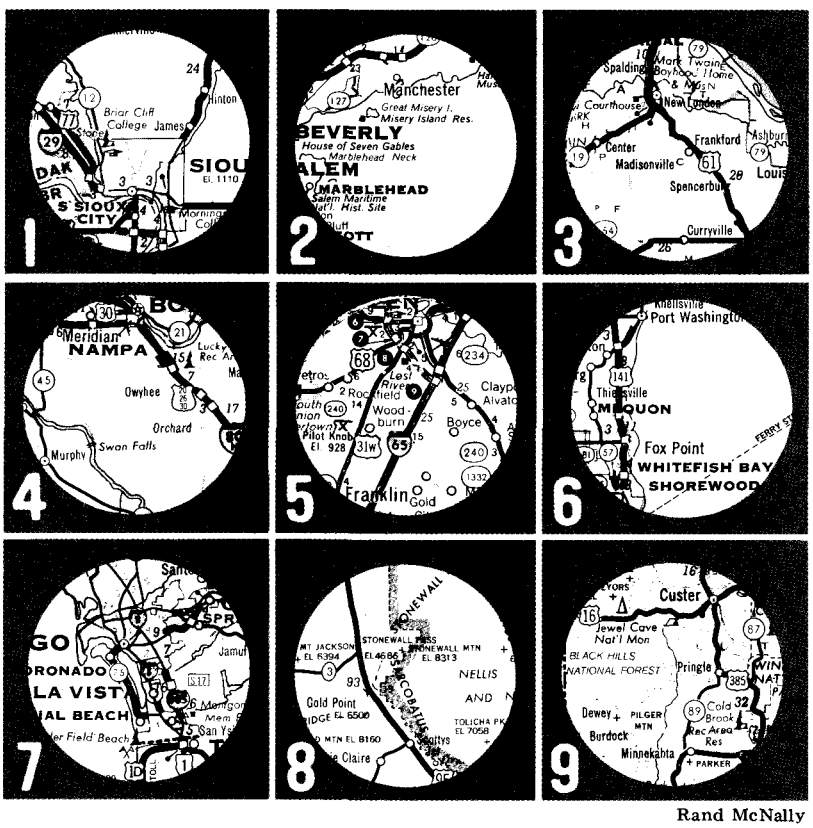
"You'd be surprised," she said.

It was Lillian who always directed Tuffy, or Joe, or whoever was driving them, to drive out by the country club "and on out that way." It was the longer route to any of their destinations, but Lillian always said it was prettier. In case they should guess what she really meant, she also said that it was a smoother road. She didn't want them making fun of her.

When they neared the club, she exhibited no interest in it. Almost always she appeared not to notice it at all. The road ran past the clubhouse, past the tennis courts and the swimming pool, around a bend, and along beside the golf course. In winter there was not much to see and Lillian's seeming obliviousness was easier for her. In summer, on Sundays, or in the evenings, or late in the long, hot afternoons, there was so much to see that she wished the driver would slow down—irritably she wished that he would, though she never asked him to.

She caught fleet, vivid pictures from the tail of her eye that enchanted her. Pictures of luxury, pictures of leisure, gaiety, and sport. The clubhouse porch with the basket chairs and the flutters of flowered chiffon in them. The flying white figures on the slate-gray tennis courts. The golf links with the little, numbered, red flags here and there, and the golfers in their light clothes on the emerald-velvet grass. Rich people. Society people.

Around the bend, the road ran close to the golf course for a little way—so close that it was pos-



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(Answers on page 118)

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sible to recognize the players. They were familiar; they were people you saw downtown almost every day. But they seemed different. They had a very particular glamour here. Downtown, in the stores, at the bank, you could rub elbows with them. Here they were aloof. You could only look.

Lillian to this day remembered riding beside the fairway once and seeing Irene Legendre, with a pickaninny caddie, hunting a ball in the underbrush at the edge of the road. It was one of those incidents you forget at the time, and then recall later on, when events have given them significance. Irene wore a yellow sports dress and a little yellow hat, and a perforated glove without fingertips on her right hand, and she held a stick with which she beat the grass. Just as Joe Gratz's car swept by her, she glanced up; there was a sudden flash of blue eyes—turquoise blue, like the water in the painted swimming pool at the club.

Lillian remembered. She remembered Sally's saying, "In all this heat! I wouldn't be her, believe me."

Lillian thought sardonically, "Oh, wouldn't you!"

III

She was not quite 20 when she lost her job at the Renwood Chamber of Commerce, which she had held for six or seven months. The secretary, Mr. Herbert L. Mason, had just learned that her reputation around town was, as he said, "Er—well——"

"Bad," Lillian supplied for him calmly. "I suppose so. Some cats in this town can't stand it to see a girl have any fun."

Mr. Mason was genuinely sorry. Lillian was a good stenographer. He wrote a note to that effect to whom it might concern, and he paid her two weeks' extra salary. Lillian spent the money on a weekend in Detroit. Her railroad fares and her hotel expenses cost her nothing; still, she spent every penny. It was only $36. It bought a facial massage and a negligee and a bottle of perfume and one or two bits of black chiffon underwear.

When she returned and left the negligee and the underwear at Sally's, Sally said, "Well, and what you going to do now?"

"Now I'm going out home," said Lillian, shutting her suitcase again, "and tell 'em all about my trip."

She laughed and Sally laughed.

"No, what I mean is," Sally said then, "what're you going to do about a job?"

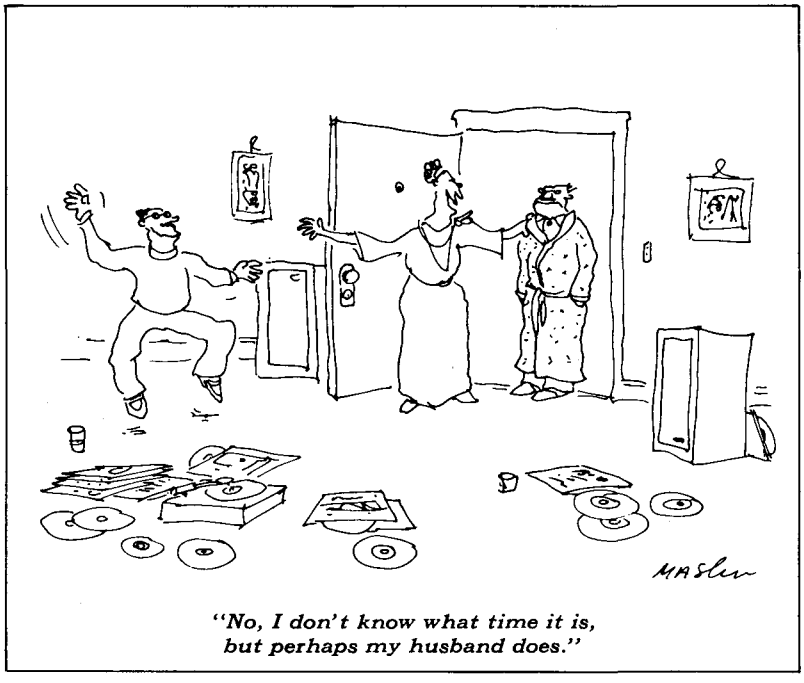
"Oh, I'll get one."

"They want somebody down at Legendre's," Sally told her. "There was an ad in the paper today. Wait, I saved it."

She found it after some search. "'Wanted,'" she read aloud. "'Experienced stenographer, neat appearance. References required. Apply in person. Legendre Coal Company.'"

Lillian nodded. "That's me," she said.

The mines of the Legendre Coal Company were in the hills, but the business offices were on River Street, Renwood. There was a two-story building of buff-colored brick, with sheds behind it and freight cars full of coal on tracks at the side. Mr. Byron Legendre's spacious lair was on the second floor. His sons William and Byron, Junior, and his son-in-law, Frank Reynolds, had cubbyholes downstairs, connecting with the central office.



"No, I don't know what time it is, but perhaps my husband does."

In the central office were clerks and bookkeepers, and four stenographers, including Lillian. "Miss—ah—Andrews," she was to Bill at first. Sometimes she was "Miss—ah—Anderson." Bill was not very good at remembering names. Finally he decided for his convenience to call her "Red," and did. "Hey, Red, take a letter, will you?"

He was an informal and a jovial young man, very popular with the employees. "The help," he called them, and made them like it. He joked with them in passing, and grinned impersonally and expansively. It was hard, and yet somehow easy, to remember that he was the boss' son.

He had tremendous energy, an over-accumulation, and strove to work it off daily, with the office as his gymnasium. This was the secret of what appeared to be great business zeal. People said that that young Bill Legendre was a hustler. It was not altogether true. He was an athlete cooped up.

Bareheaded—he never wore a hat—he arrived of mornings in his roadster, in a small, but violent, temporary tornado of pebbles and dust. He never stopped to open the roadster's door, but flung himself over the side. He rushed into the office, and rushed all day. When he left his swivel chair, which he did every two or three minutes, he left it in such haste that it overturned more times than not. When he mounted the stairs to his father's office, he mounted them three at a time. You heard him crashing down again, whistling as he came. Except for the whistling, if someone had thrown him it would have sounded the same way.

Byron Legendre, Junior, was two years older than Bill, and he was several decades more sedate. Their brother-in-law, Frank Reynolds, was 35, already bald, nervous, humorless, and rather haughty. It was young Mr. W. H.'s desk buzzer that Lillian jumped to answer. The other three stenographers also jumped to answer it; but Lillian, who wasn't doing anything just then, was quicker.

There was quite a little hard feeling about it.

Bill wore custom-made, monogrammed shirts and he worked in his shirt sleeves. He smoked cigarettes or sucked at a short, chubby pipe. It was almost impossible for him to dictate sitting down. Indeed, it was almost impossible for him to dictate. Stalk the floor as he would, head lowered, thumbs tucked into his belt, to the door and turn, to the window and turn, to the water cooler and drink, his letters were not master-

Where Do You Think You Are?

continued from page 116

1. Iowa
2. Massachusetts
3. Missouri
4. Idaho
5. Kentucky
6. Wisconsin
7. California
8. Nevada
9. South Dakota

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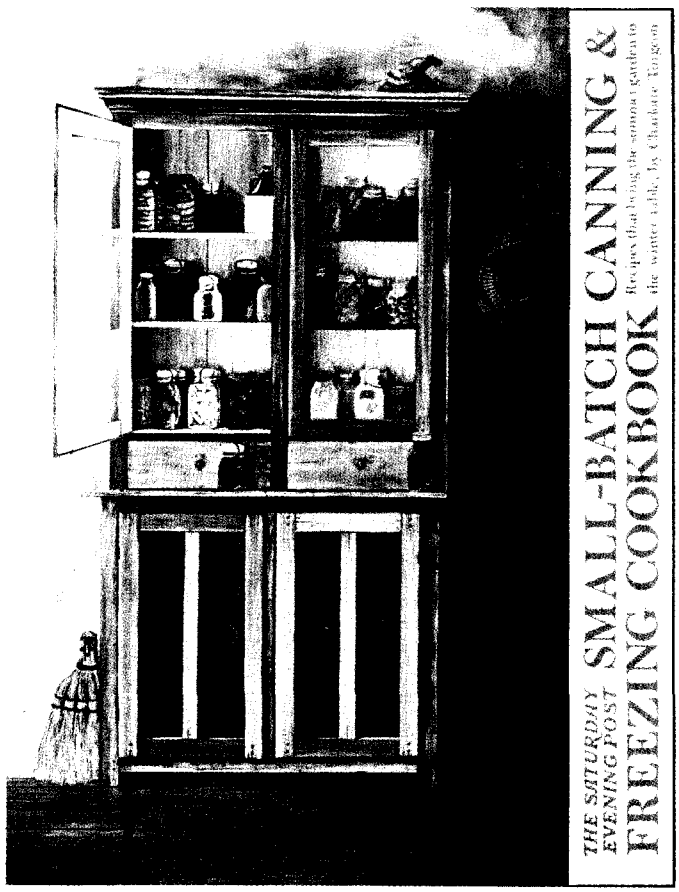
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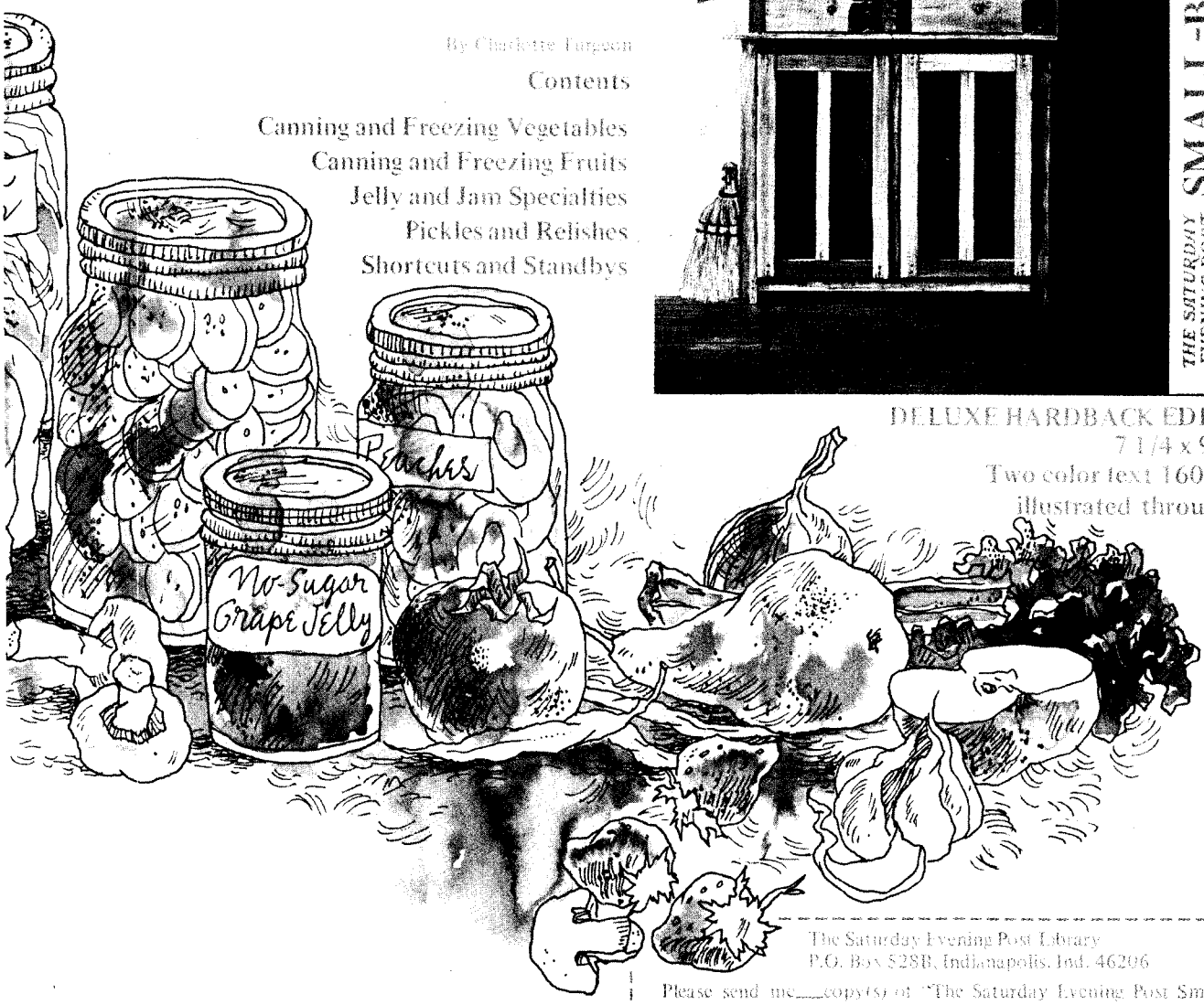

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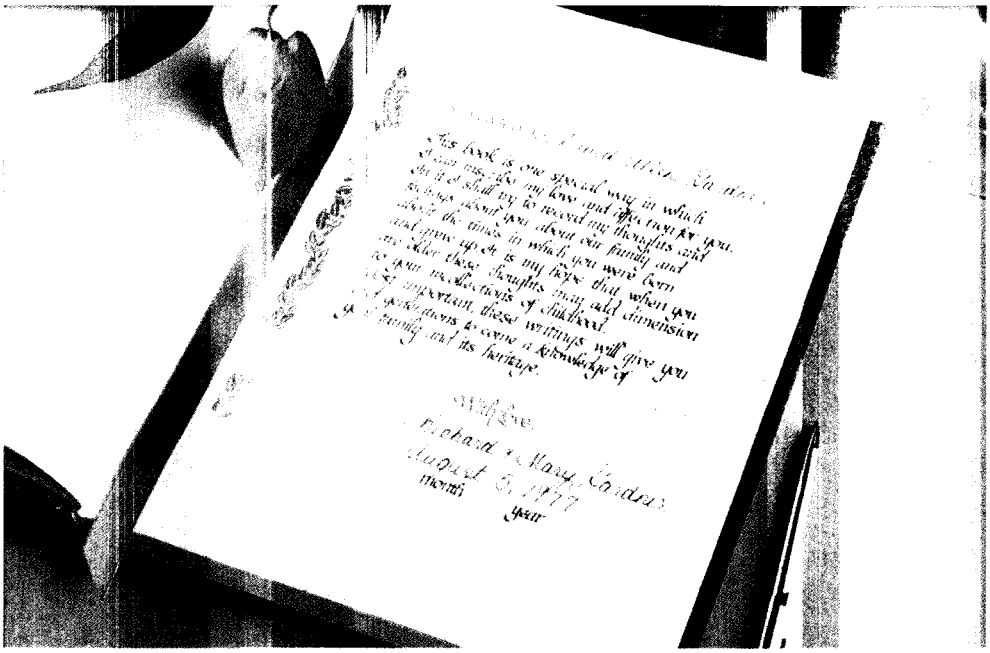

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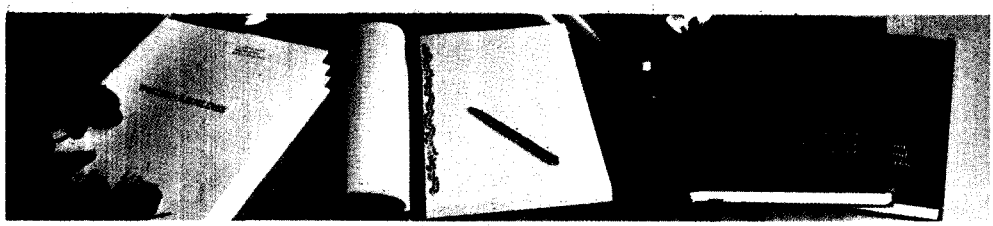

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pieces—not at all.

"Oh, hell," he would say eventually. "You finish it, Red. You know what I want to tell 'em, don't you?"

Lillian did. She made it her business to know. It had seemed to her, since her first week at the Legendre Coal Company, that young Mr. W. H. should have his own stenographer. Not just one of the girls, but a special one. Lillian, for example.

She managed this in due time. It was one of the several things she managed. Though Bill, for politic reasons, did not officially promote her, he rang for her when he rang. She handled all his affairs. She was better informed about them than the other girls in the office, though they had been there so much longer. To his brother and brother-in-law, Bill said that Red was the smartest girl of the lot. Byron, Junior, and Frank, who found her lazy, slow, and careless, couldn't understand it.

"If you mean the best-looking——" Byron suggested dryly.

"Well, sure," said Bill. "She's that too."

She was. She would have been the best-looking stenographer at a convention of considerable size. There was her hair, which was thick and long and the color of tea in a crimson cup. She had worn it in a rigid marcel wave by Sally Holtz, until just lately. Now she wore it straight and divided in two and slicked against her scalp, to the ears, where it was pinned in braided wheels. Though Bill did not recognize the coiffure, the girls in the office did. Mrs. Bill Legendre appeared there sometimes with no hat on.

Lillian had lovely skin, of the delicate, translucent white that freckles in the sun, so that she had to be careful of it. She had hazel eyes and a bright, soft mouth. She complained that her figure was old-fashioned because it was not boyish, but she secretly approved of it. Her dresses were tight and thin. Her skirts were knee length. This was the summer of 1929. She viewed with alarm the longer skirts in the fashion news from the cities, though she thought the normal waistlines would be nice.

She affected exotic perfume and noisy bracelets, and her working costumes were alluring first of all. Nothing tailored, nothing stiff. Nothing high in the neck. She took her movies and her confession magazines to heart; she knew what a young girl trying to get along should wear.

She knew how one should act. She acted that way. Usually Bill did not seem to notice, but once or twice he did. It was irritating that when he did, he laughed at her.

"Not trying to vamp me, are you."

Continued on page 124

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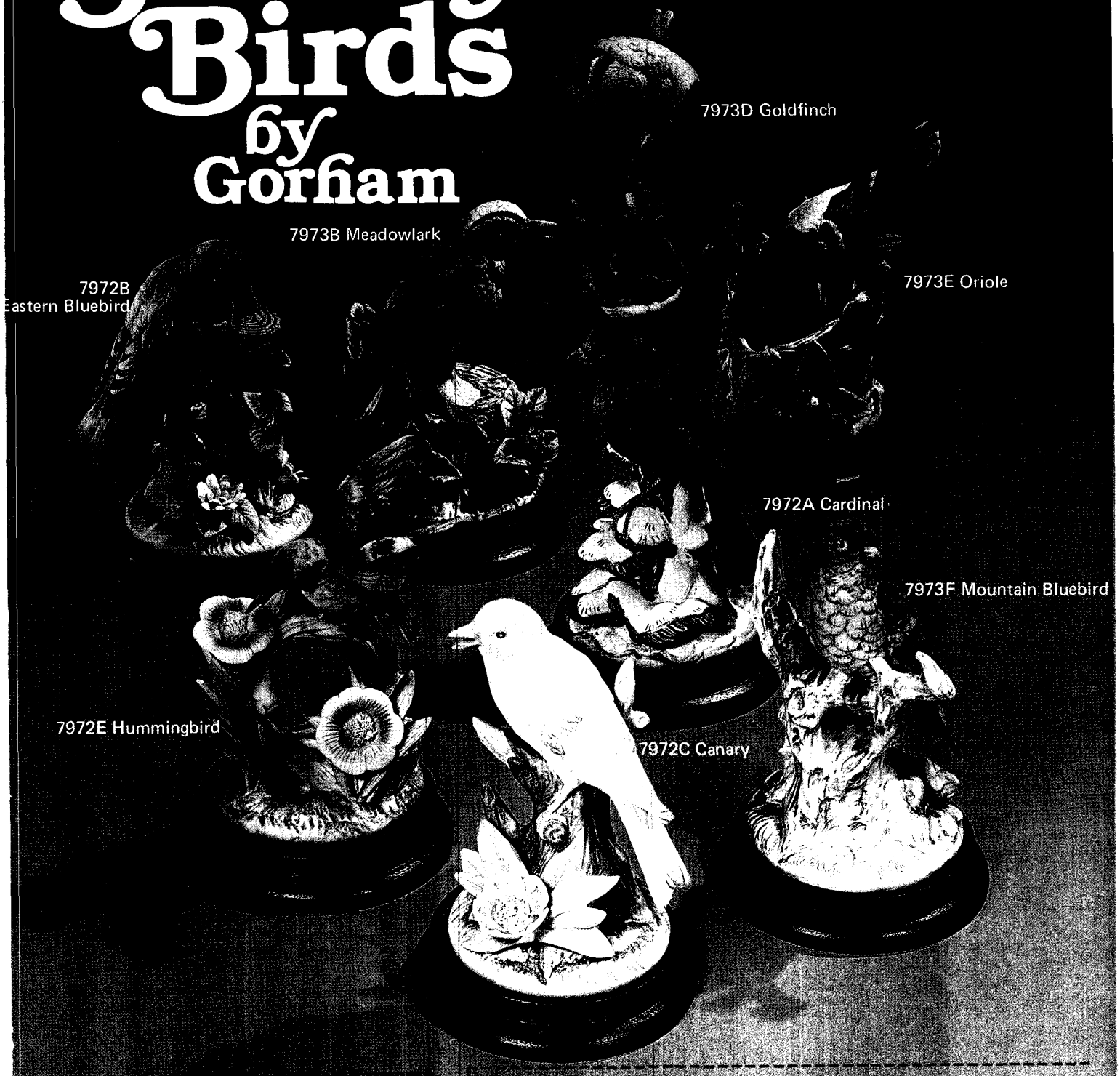

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"To be conscious that you are ignorant of the facts is a great step to knowledge." Benjamin Disraeli (1804-1881).

Movies on Medicine

In this *Post* salute to the movies, we would be remiss if we failed to alert you to the entertaining as well as educational movies available to you at little or no cost from pharmaceutical companies and health foundations. One of the finest films we've reviewed is the Arthritis Foundation's *Wherever You Are*, which won the Cine Golden Eagle Award, equivalent in its field to an Oscar or Emmy. This film features none other than Henry Fonda as leading man.

There are films to help you stop smoking, that teach breast self-examination, sex education for teenagers, first-aid procedures, family planning, and describe danger signals which you should know about. Nearly every organized health foundation in the country provides thought-compelling films that could improve the quality of your life or alert you to life-threatening problems in your own family.

These movies are geared to every age group—from preschooler to adult. A phone call to the nearest pharmaceutical company branch office or non-profit health foundation will bring you a catalogue of films to choose from. Most will furnish a volunteer speaker to round out your program. If you do not have a sound projector, don't be discouraged. Many of these agencies will furnish a projector for your use.

We urge you to remember this resource when planning programs for the groups in which you participate. You will not only entertain, you might save a life.

Preventing the Second Heart Attack

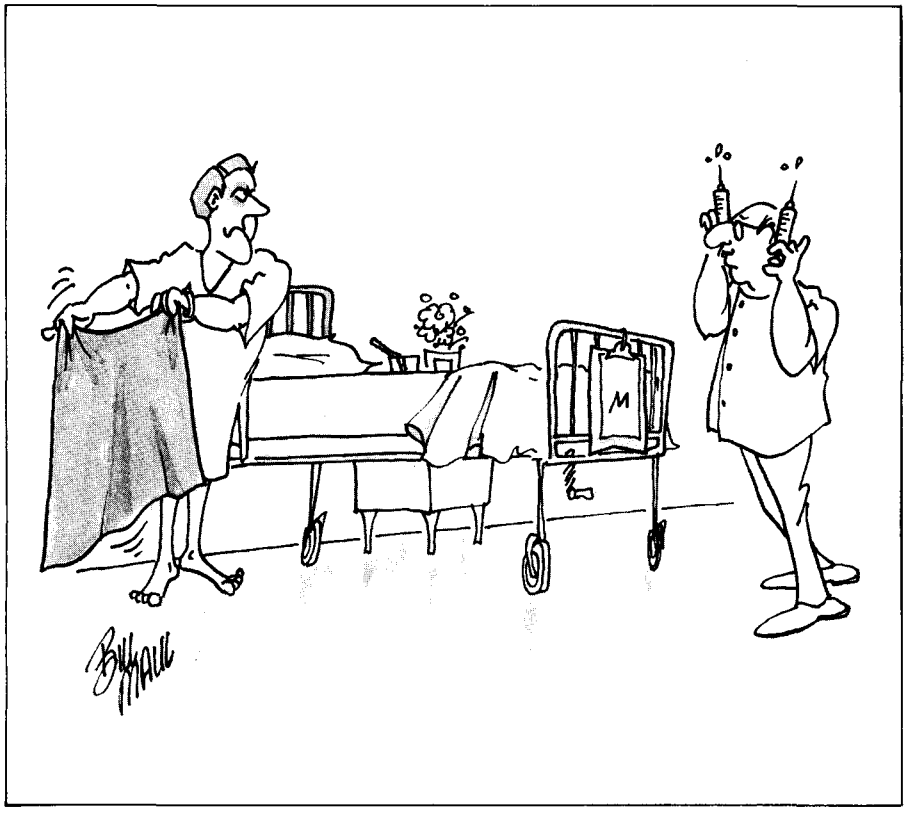
After the first heart attack, 10 to 11 percent of the patients who survive will die from a second attack within the first year. A new treatment involving an old drug may cut in half the 45,000 lives lost each year to a second infarction. The drug is Anturane, originally dispensed by Ciba-Geigy Pharmaceutical Company in 1959 as a treatment for gout.

Twenty years ago Dr. J. Fraser Mustard of Canada was studying the blood platelet survival in the circulation of gout patients. He noticed that the platelets of those taking Anturane survived longer than expected. This observation was relayed to Dr. Roy Ellis of the Canadian branch of Ciba-Geigy, who footed the bill for further Anturane studies. The studies revealed the drug reduced the number of deaths in stroke patients, prevented transient attacks of blindness due to blood clots in the carotid artery, and blocked the formation of clots in the shunts of kidney patients on hemodialysis. Ciba-Geigy then obtained a Canadian license to market Anturane for the treatment of thromboembolic (blood clot) disorders.

Exciting plans were laid in 1975 for a large clinical trial of the drug's ability to prevent reinfarction (another heart attack). To have meaningful results many patients were needed; 1,200 was the minimum number arrived at for the test.

Twenty-six major community hospitals were chosen to participate. All had coronary intensive care units. ECG's (electrocardiograms) for each prospective participant were interpreted by means of a nationwide on-line computer network connected by telephone to Tele-Med Corp. of Chicago. This procedure provided immediate printouts and interpretations of each ECG. This procedure assured uniformity of interpretation for all 1,200 patients.

Dr. Sidney Kane, of Ciba-Geigy, was made overall director of the project. Only he had complete access to all the information gathered by the random double-blind study.



"For legal and ethical reasons," said Dr. Kane in describing the project to the *Medical Tribune*, "we had to have someone to blow the whistle in case it became apparent the drug was doing harm, not good." The results, however, caused Dr. Kane to release test data four months earlier than the scheduled full-year project because of the drug's obvious effectiveness.

According to Dr. Kane, "I took a look at the data when we accumulated the 1,200 patients needed. By even the most rigorous standards, it was clear that Anturane was working. I was uncomfortable—I asked myself whether, if I were a practicing physician, I could properly withhold this drug from a person who'd suffered a myocardial infarction, knowing that if I did, he might die. There'd be no second chance. I couldn't sit on what I knew. . . ."

Note: FDA approval has yet to be granted for the marketing and prescribing of the drug for the purpose of treating heart attack victims in the U.S. It is prescribed in the U.S. for gout, however.

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Unexpected Benefits from High-Fiber Diet

After a steady high-fiber diet a group of 180 elderly Italian patients recently showed more than improved bowel movement. According to Dr. Ranzo Romanelli, Professor of Gerontology and Geriatrics at the University of Pisa, the diet also reduced the incidence of angina pectoris and transient ischemic attacks; improved the symptomatology of diverticular disorders and hiatus hernia; plus, produced a notable rise in blood hemoglobin from previously depressed levels.

Dr. Romanelli reported that the patients, who ranged in age from 60 to 94 years, were fed a daily diet containing 25 to 50 grams of wheat bran. The intent had been to simply measure the effectiveness of a high-fiber diet in reducing constipation. It accomplished the intended purpose, with dividends.

Dr. Romanelli ascribed the long transit time of 70 to 80 hours in a low-fiber diet to a high incidence of constipation among the elderly which results in a straining at stool. This, in turn, may lead to abnormal intra-abdominal pressure and reduced cardiac output. A high-fiber diet can reduce transit time to less than 20 to 30 hours, thereby reducing strain and the problems that follow.

Test Your Own Vitamin C Level

Authorities on vitamin C report that any kind of stress on the body due to illness, unusual psychological pressure, or extreme fatigue depletes your level of ascorbic acid at a higher rate than usual.

How can you be sure that you are taking enough vitamin C? One suggestion is that you regularly test your urine for vitamin C spillover. Many vitamin C researchers feel that if you are not secreting vitamin C in your urine, you are not getting enough and that the correct intake will vary according to your general condition.

A growing number of urologists believe that an adequate level of ascorbic acid in the bladder could prevent bladder carcinogens, such as those caused by smoking, from developing cancers. Urologists prescribe 1,000 to 1,500 milligrams of vitamin C to patients who have a history of bladder tumors.

The urine test is a simple procedure. C-Stix and instructions for testing can be ordered from Miles Laboratories in Elkhart, Indiana. A kit of 50 tests costs $6.50.

A reminder to smokers: 25 milligrams of vitamin C are destroyed for each cigarette smoked.

The Non-Dairy Creamer Myth

***Q.** For the last few years I have used non-dairy creamers for my coffee because they are easier to store and I believed they were safer for me to use. I watch my weight and try to limit high-cholesterol foods in my diet. Now a friend tells me that I would be better off to use low-fat milk. I don't know what to believe.*

A. You may be fooling yourself.

Nearly all brands of synthetic creamer contain at least as much caloric value as whole milk and some contain as much as or more than light cream or half-and-half. On the average, powdered non-dairy creamers have 16 calories per serving; frozen/liquid varieties have about 23; whole milk has 17.

The base vegetable fat component of most non-dairy creamers is coconut oil, which is even more saturated than most common animal fats. By itself it is 90 percent saturated. When the manufacturer finishes hydrogenating it, it is 95 to 98 percent saturated.

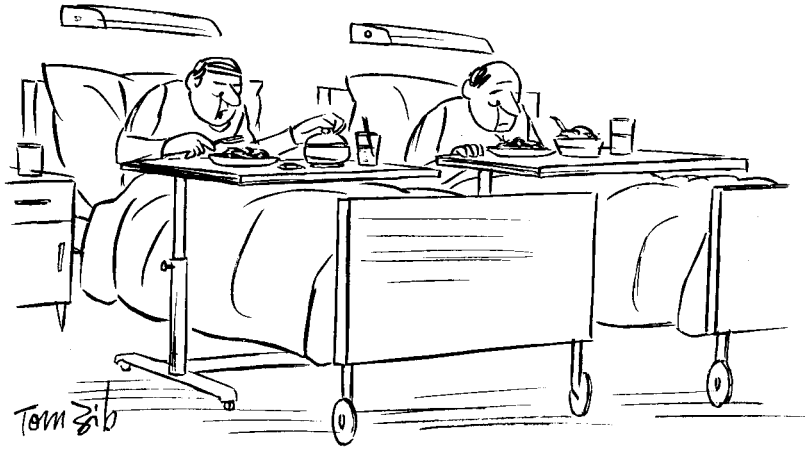
"Coconut oil is unique among vegetable oils," says Dr. Ancel Keys of the University of Minnesota. "It is a saturated fat which contains no cholesterol, although the body certainly makes a lot of cholesterol out of it. Lauric acid, one of the fatty acids in coconut oil, has a powerful effect in raising serum cholesterol."

Good News

A team of pediatricians has been able to modify weight gain in a test group of 80 infants without interfering with growth and development in the first three years of life by modification of dietary intake. The "prudent diet" was begun at age three months.

This group was compared with 50 infants who were fed a standard diet. By age three years, the comparison group showed a 25.5 prevalence of overweight as compared with the test group with a significantly lower incidence of only 1.28% obesity. "In educating the 'taste-maker,' the mother, we have been able to influence the eating habits of the entire family for the better," reported John C. Pisacano, in a recent pediatrics journal. "Our program of modifying the taste preferences of the young infant can direct him away from the eating habits condemned by investigators when he reaches adulthood.

"Americans consume up to eight times the amount of refined sugar as is present in the diets of non-Americans. Diabetes mellitus incidence in the United States is of similar proportions. Most of the sugar is consumed by children. We began to teach our mothers the need to limit sugar and about making baby's food at home. We instructed mothers to add no sugar or salt to the food they prepared. We recommended that they use lemon juice as the only preservative and to fresh-freeze excess fruits and vegetables for later use. We recommended that cholesterol be limited to 300 mg daily."



"I'm being treated for acute indigestion which I didn't have when I came in here."

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Red-Headed Woman

continued from page 120

His grin was wide, and Lillian saw that he thought it was a joke. It was not a joke to her. Financially, socially, in every way that mattered, this was the grandest young man with whom she had ever come into contact. It might profit her nothing, but she would do all she could about it.

She had never seen a coal mine. She told Bill so, over and over, and with a touching wistfulness, in the tone in which one might say, "I have never really had a good time." Bill promised to take her, and one June afternoon he kept his promise, upon being reminded of it just as he was setting out.

"You said you'd take me next time," Lillian pouted. "Aren't you going to? I finished those files. I haven't got a thing to do this afternoon."

Bill was in his usual rush. "All right, come on," he said.

They left the office together and drove to the Legendres' mine at Gray's Ferry, 15 miles away. From there they drove to the one at Cold Spring Hill—another 12 miles. They visited three mines in all, and Bill vanished into each. Lillian, in a white dress and sunburn hose and high-heeled, white-kid pumps, waited in the roadster.

"A lot you're finding out about what a mine looks like!" Bill jeered amiably. "All you wanted was an afternoon off."

"It's your fault," Lillian said. "You didn't tell me there was no use going in these clothes."

"I didn't see what you had on."

They were late getting back. Some of the roads in the vicinity of the mines were bad, and there was a long and confusing detour with a dearth of signposts on it, so that Bill had twice taken wrong turns. It was almost seven o'clock when they rode into Renwood. Everybody was on the downtown streets, bound for the movies. The roadster's top was folded back. Everybody saw them.

"Scandal," Bill said, and smiled.

Lillian also smiled. That would be fine.

Her luck was amazing in the weeks that followed. Afterward, in retrospect, she was to perceive that it had been—that she had had what were called the breaks, all through that summer. There was the streetcar strike in July and August. No trolleys ran to Renwood Falls, or anywhere else for that matter; and the buses at 5:00 and 5:30 could not accommodate all the commuters. Lillian remarked to Bill at the office that often she didn't get home until seven; and Bill, in the naive belief that this was a hardship, took to running her out to the Falls after work in the roadster. Having deposited her on her doorstep, he cut across coun-

Continued on page 128

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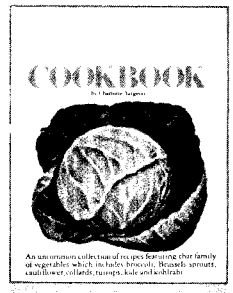

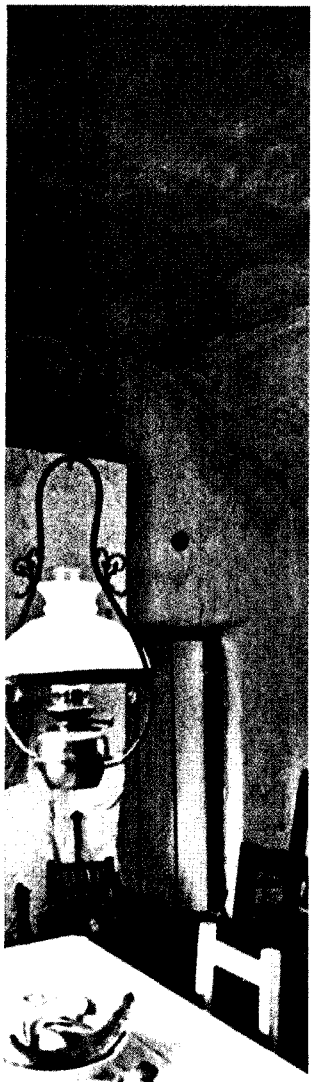

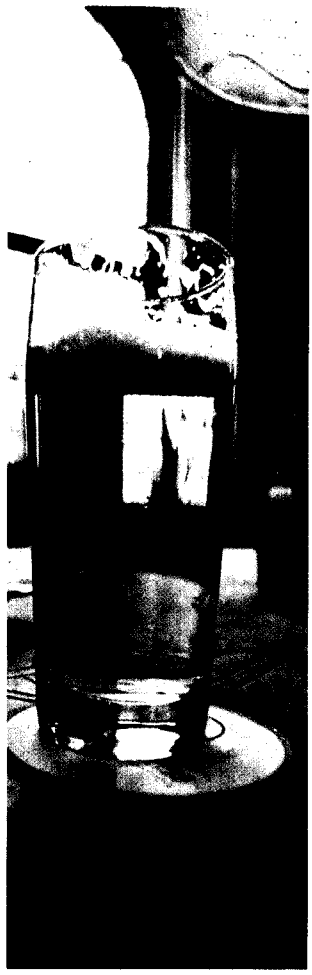

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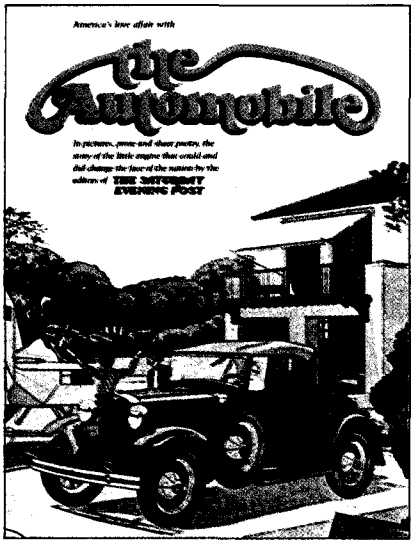

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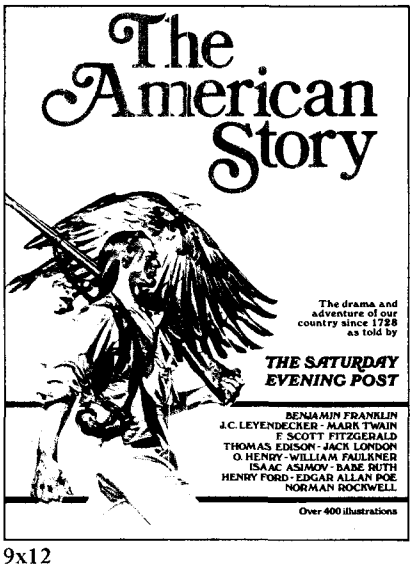
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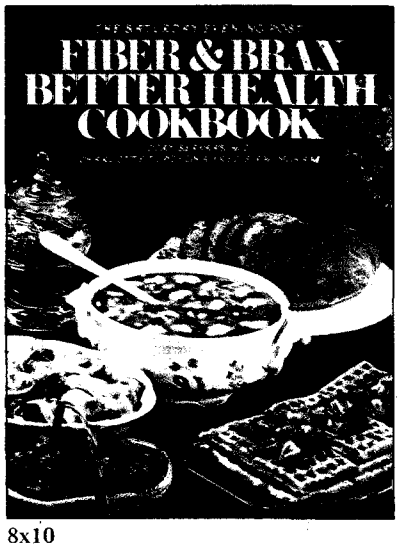

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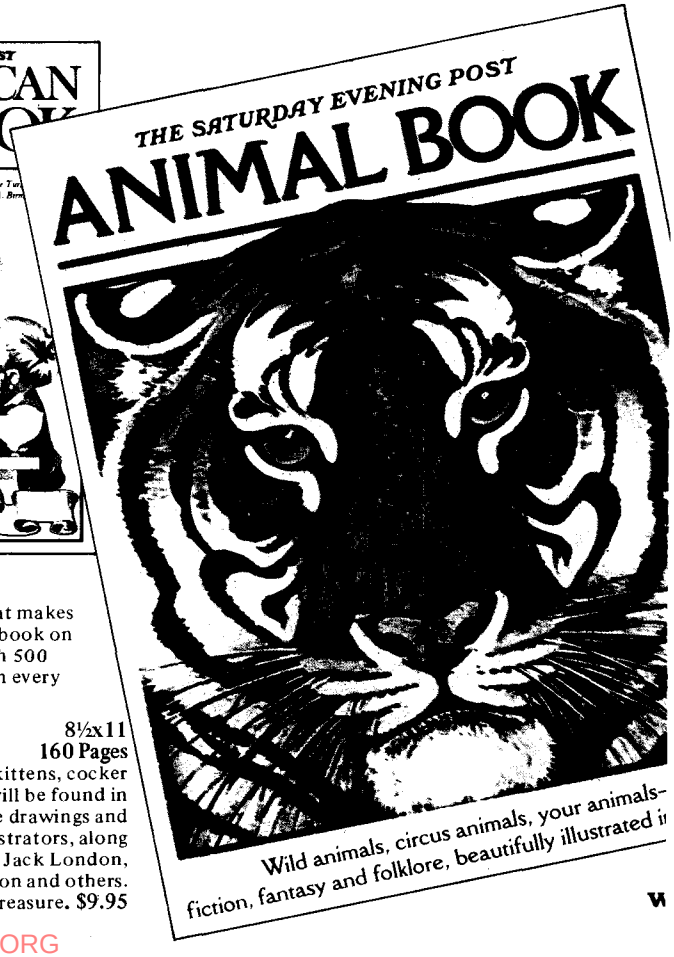

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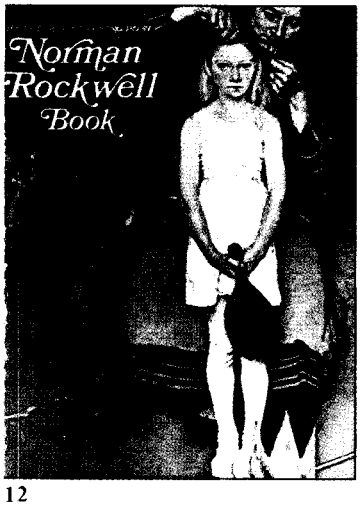

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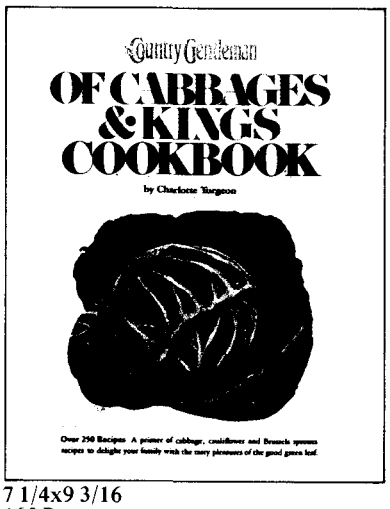

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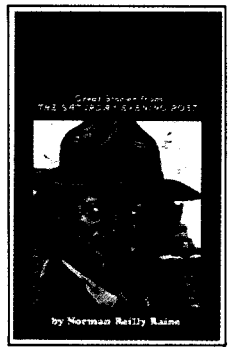

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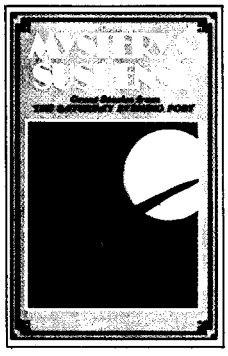

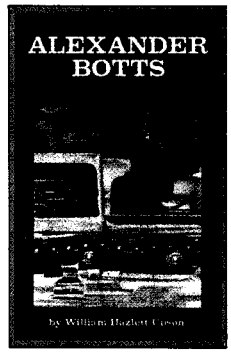

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Red-Headed Woman

continued from page 124

try, via a little back road, to the golf course, where he usually played nine holes, or eighteen, before dark.

He did not seem to realize, and Lillian did not tell him, what Renwood had to say about these daily departures from town. As one worthy lady whose home was en route expressed it to other ladies, "Every night about five o'clock they start out, as bold as brass—and heaven only knows when they come back!" This point was much discussed. No one ever saw Bill's car returning, though people on their porches watched for it for hours and hours. The theory was that it stole by at dawn or thereabouts.

Bill should have realized. He had lived in Renwood always. No doubt he would have been more careful had his conscience been less clear. As it was, he was insanely indiscreet—Renwood being Renwood. Twice he was seen buying Lillian a soda at the drugstore near the office. Several times on the way to the Falls he let her practice driving his car. In July he was laid up for a few days with a bad sinus, and on the third day he had Lillian come to his house to take dictation. This was in the morning. Irene was playing golf. Mrs. Walter Jameson, the Legendres' neighbor on the right, said that Lillian stayed an hour and a half. Mrs. Henry Ives, of the house on the left, begged to differ with Mrs. Jameson. It was, insisted Mrs. Ives, two hours if it was a minute.

By the first of August, Bill Legendre's affair with Lillian Andrews was the talk of the town. Everybody, apparently, knew about it except Bill and the members of his immediate family. Lillian heard all the gossip through Sally. "Tell me everything you hear," was her standing order, and Sally, who in her beauty shop heard everything there was, readily complied. Sally was proud of Lillian, though somewhat envious of her. "You're in the big leagues now, all right," she sighed. "I've got to hand it to you."

Lillian was well aware that when Bill's father heard the rumors there would be trouble. He might even discharge her. She visualized a scene in his office, herself teary-eyed and appealing. "But, Mr. Legendre, that isn't fair! How can I help what people say?" It was a relief when the first of August came, and Byron Legendre, accompanied by Byron, Junior, departed on their annual fishing trip to Canada. They wouldn't hear anything for another month, anyway.

Bill's wife had not heard anything—not yet. Lillian was sure of that. There was not the slightest change in her bearing when she came into the office. She still smiled sweetly. " 'Lo, Miss Andrews! How're you today?" If Lillian knew wives—"and I ought to," Lillian said to Sally—this continued cordiality indicated ignorance. Nobody had told Irene the news.

She proved it additionally, conclusively in Lillian's mind, by going away blithely for 10 days.

This was in mid-August. Thus the Renwood *Herald*: "Mrs. William H. Legendre, of Hilldale Avenue, leaves today for Cincinnati to visit friends. Mrs. Legendre will be matron of honor at the wedding, on August 21, of Miss Barbara Blair, of Cincinnati, to Jackson Hastings, of the same city. Miss Blair was a classmate of Mrs. Legendre, the former Irene Brickley, at the Montgomery School for Girls in Cleveland."

Bill gave a poker party that night at his house, and another the next night. And another the next. This was the custom. When any young Renwood wife went away, the temporary bachelor quarters thus established became the scene of as many stag poker parties in succession as the forsaken wives who remained in town would stand for. Since the games often lasted till morning, since very much liquor was consumed, and since the stakes from time immemorial had been high beyond all reason, the number of such parties that were stood for was not many. Having played host and banker on Friday and Saturday and Sunday nights, Bill found himself on Monday night alone.

In the afternoon, in the office, Lillian heard him at the telephone, trying vainly to get up another game. She heard him laughing over some of the replies. "Oh, Lord," he moaned, "I certainly am in wrong! They'll be telegraphing 'Rene a petition to come back home! Well—Tonight's out, then. We'll put it off. Maybe Wednesday or Thursday night. Okay?"

He drove Lillian to Renwood Falls after work, as usual.

"Aren't you lonesome," Lillian said en route, "with Mrs. Legendre away?"

He nodded, his eyes on the road. "You bet I am."

"But I suppose you have lots of things to do in the evenings."

"Oh, I kill the time all right," Bill said.

Lillian waited, but he said nothing about this evening. "Well, you're lucky," she sighed enviously, after a moment. "I wish I could say as much. I get so bored sometimes evenings, I think I'll go crazy."

He turned his head then. "Oh, no, I don't believe that," he decided aloud. "You've probably got 50 boyfriends. I can't see you sitting at home."

"Oh, I go to the movies"—Lillian's voice was scornful—"and over to Avalon and those cheap places." She made a little face and shrugged. "It's hell to be poor."

"But I like Avalon," Bill argued. "I think it's great. We were over

Continued on page 132

The Perfect Squelch

Lydia, a Hollywood gossip columnist, never let herself be hampered by facts or ethics. Facts she distorted; ethics she simply ignored.

Her greatest joy was digging divorce rumors from Hollywood's rich lode, and she always dug hardest where famous names were involved. When she needed an item to spice up her column, she just picked a big name and asked in print if he or she were planning to split—and why?

One happily married couple, whom Lydia had hinted was on the verge of divorce a dozen times, was especially irritated by her tactics. So when she approached them in a restaurant, obviously hunting for column material, they felt a natural urge to throttle her. Instead they sat quietly as she cooed, "May I join you?"

The husband looked up at her coldly. "Why?" he asked. "Are we apart again?"

Donald W. Frank

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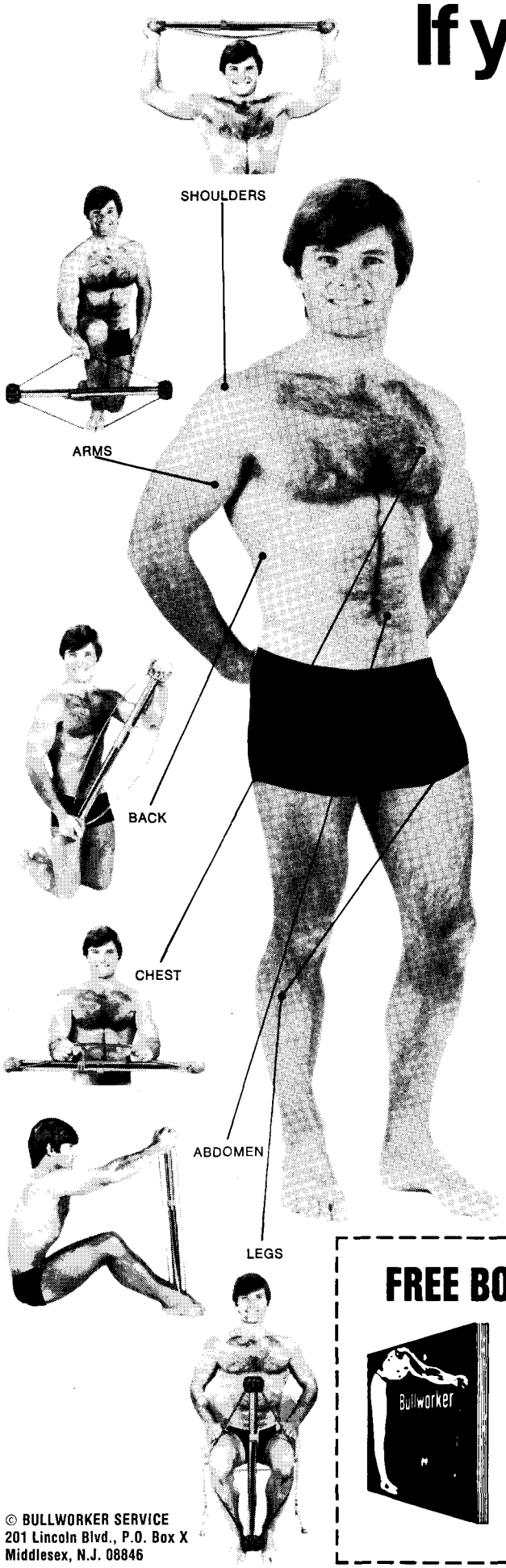

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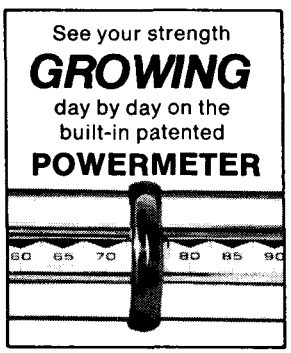

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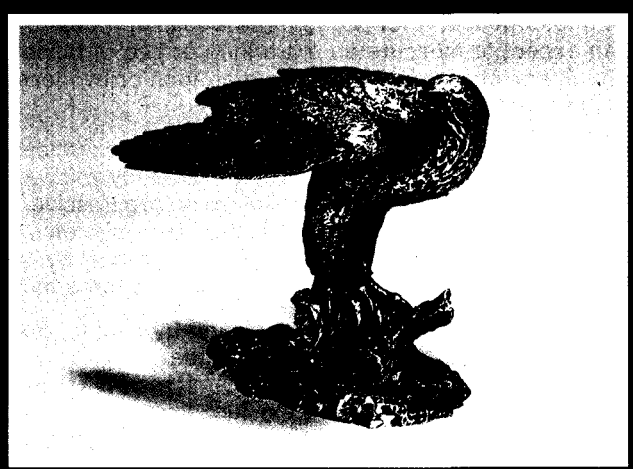
Canadian Wood Bison
6.0"L, 3.5"H - 3 lbs., 1 oz.



Southern Bald Eagle
4.5"L, 4.5"H - 2 lbs., 6 oz.

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Red-Headed Woman

continued from page 128

there just the other night, a whole crowd of us——"

"Slumming," Lillian said.

Again he looked at her. "Why, not at all. We——"

"You wouldn't like it if you didn't have better places to go, I'll tell you!" Lillian cried passionately. "You'd hate it just like I do! The only reason you like it is because it's so different from what you're used to. That's why you go there. I haven't got any choice!"

Bill frowned a little. From under her lashes, Lillian saw that he was surprised at her bitterness, and troubled. He was ever a sympathetic young man.

"Well, but listen, Red," he said, "I'm not used to much. You talk as if Renwood was New York or something. Nobody has such a hell of a gay time around here, that I know of. And there aren't many places. Where do I go that you don't go, after all?"

"The country club."

"Oh, yeah. The club. That's a hot spot!" Bill scoffed. "Except for the golf and occasional dances with bum orchestras, it's as dead as your great-great-grandfather."

Lillian did not argue. The country club was beside the point just now. "And you go places out of town," she continued. "Grand places. Like last week—remember you told me to call up the Summer Palace on the Cleveland Road and reserve a table for eight for that night? You go places like that all the time."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Bill protested, half laughing. "The Summer Palace isn't anything, Red! It isn't grand at all. It's just a roadhouse. I'll take you there some night," he added involuntarily, "and you can see for yourse——"

"Oh, take me tonight!" interrupted Lillian ecstatically.

She was reproachful the next minute, eyeing him with hurt gray eyes, biting her lip. "I see," she said. "You didn't mean it. I'm sorry."

"Why, sure I meant it," said Bill. "Sure I did," he repeated with more conviction, as Lillian continued to look wounded to the quick.

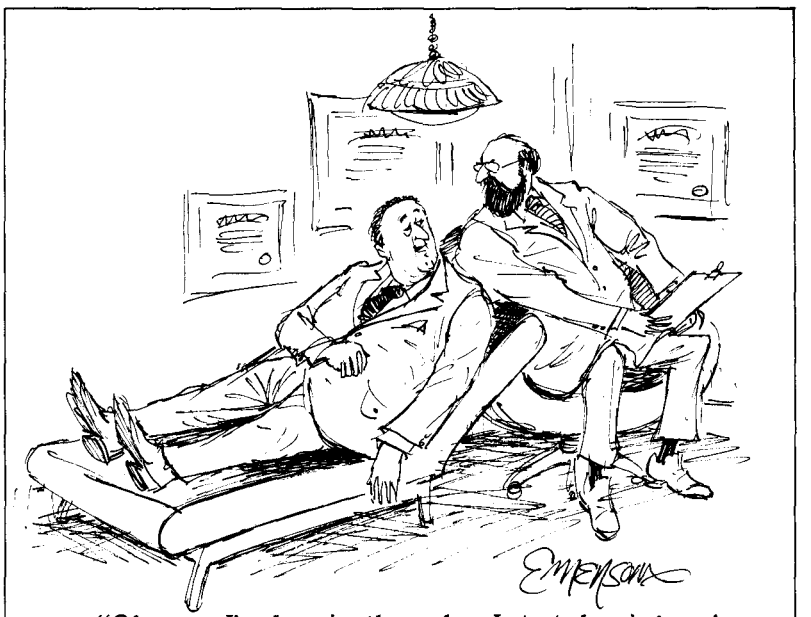
She shook her head. "I'm sorry," she apologized stiffly again. "After all, I work for you. I forgot my place, I guess."

"Baloney!" Bill snorted.

He all but stopped the car. They had been flying. They barely moved now. "Look here," he said. "I've got a golf match on, but I'll be through by 7:30. I'll pick you up about eight o'clock—how's that?—and we'll go to the Summer Palace. And," concluded Bill, "that's a date. No more of your nonsense, young lady."

He picked her up at Sally's at a little after eight. Lillian had said, "I'll be at my friend's, in town," and she had given him the address. Sally lived in the Iroquois Flats on Maple Street, over the Maple Street Garage. "Just blow your horn," Lillian had instructed Bill, "or ring the bell marked Holtz, and I'll come right down."

She herself had reached Sally's at quarter of seven, after an hour and a half of dressing at home. She wanted Sally's little lavender hat that curved off the forehead, to wear with her pink-blue-and-lavender-flowered chiffon. She wanted Sally's handbag made of small pearl beads, and she wanted Sally's butterfly-shaped, rhinestone shoe buckles. The fact that the buckles were firmly sewed onto slippers of Sally's made no difference. "I'll take 'em to Marek's tomorrow morning," Lillian promised, hacking with fingernail scissors, "and have 'em sewed back on as good as new."



"Of course I'm happier than when I started seeing you! This is the last of ten $80 sessions."

It had begun to rain.

"It's raining," said Sally at the window. "Maybe he won't want to go."

Lillian merely smiled. She thought: "And wouldn't you be tickled!"

"It's coming down in buckets," Sally presently reported. "You'll ruin your clothes in that open roadster."

"His wife's got a coupe," Lillian said. "He can borrow that.... Say, Sal. What do you think?"

"About what?"

"I've got three-quarters of an hour yet. Be a sport and give me a facial, will you?"

Sally groaned. "Don't I give enough facials all day long? I'm sick of giving facials! I should slave for you for nothing!" She was already languidly going for cream and towels.

"I'll pay you," Lillian said—"someday."

" 'Someday' is right!"

Lillian laughed. "Well, I might. You can't tell."

The facial took half an hour. Lillian and Sally together powdered and painted Lillian again, and touched her ear lobes with red and her eyelids with blue and her curved bronze lashes with black. In her artistic fervor Sally forgot her little jealousy.

"You look swell," she said. "You look like a million dollars. Let's see your nails," she added professionally.

Lillian presented them.

"They ought to be more pointed," Sally said, "when they're so long." She rummaged in a drawer and produced a sandpaper file. "Here, sit down here. Gimme your paw."

It was still raining when Bill rang the doorbell and Sally made a sudden, maddening, last-minute fuss about her hat. It was, she insisted, her best hat. She had paid eight dollars for it. She wasn't going to have it worn in a pouring rain like this. Lillian could wear her own hat.

"Or else take my umbrella," Sally said finally, relenting somewhat.

Lillian, in a frenzy to

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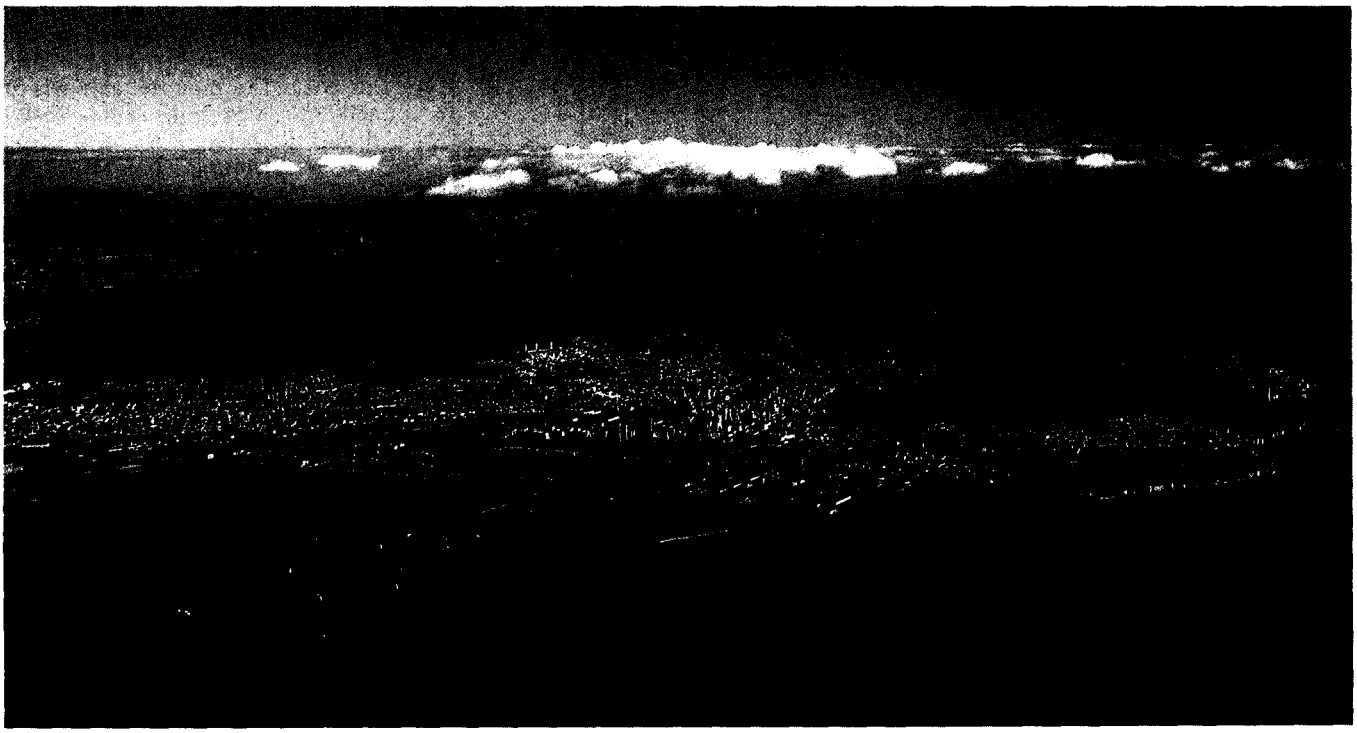

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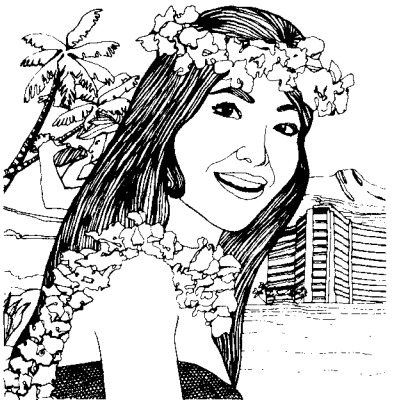

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be gone, seized the umbrella. She could have struck Sally with it. "All right, all right!" she cried angrily. "You just want to be mean, and you know it!"

"Oh, go to hell," Sally said.

They often parted on that note.

Lillian left the umbrella outside in the hall, propped against the plaster. It wasn't raining very hard now, anyway.

Bill was waiting at the foot of the long steep tunnel of the stairs, beside the six bells and the six brass mailboxes. There was a fly-specked light bulb burning in the wall beside him, and Lillian, descending, could see that he was bareheaded as usual, freshly combed and slicked, and immaculate in a brown, double-breasted coat and tan flannel trousers. He seemed altogether too big and too well-dressed for the tiny, dingy place.

"Say, it's raining," he said. "Haven't you got an umbrella?"

"No, I haven't."

"You'll get wet between here and the curb."

"I don't care."

"I'll put my coat over you," Bill said, taking it off, "and we'll run for it. . . . There, now. All set?"

"Uh-huh."

They opened the door and scurried together across the gleaming sidewalk, Bill in his waistcoat and shirt sleeves, Lillian's head and shoulders hooded. She hoped that Sally was watching from the window, and then, in a flash, hoped she wasn't. It would be like Sally to put her head out and scream, "Where's my umbrella? Well, you bring back that hat this minute! You know what I said!"

"It's letting up," Bill remarked of the rain, when they were in the car. Parenthetically: "Thanks," he muttered, for Lillian was helping him on with his coat. The monosyllable was gruff, and at once she knew that one shouldn't help. Her hand dropped away as if she had burned it.

"I think it'll stop before long," Bill continued. "Hope so, anyway. Say, but didn't it come down when we were playing the fifth! On the second round, that was. We were drowned by the time we made the clubhouse."

"You didn't catch cold?"

Bill was kicking at the starter. "No," he said, and laughed. "We took care of that, all right. We were afraid of that, so we killed a quart of Scotch between us." He sat back abruptly in his seat. "Oh, good night!"

"What's the matter?"

"I forgot the liquor. I had a flask all filled to bring along, and like a dope I left it at the house."

Lillian whimpered appropriately.

"Well——" said Bill. He sat up again, and again kicked at the starter. "Guess we'll have to go back. You don't mind,

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do you? The stuff they sell at the Summer Palace isn't fit to drink."

"I don't mind a bit."

"If I can ever get this buggy started," Bill said. "It's Irene's, and it has the pip. Got to get her a new one."

This was the first time he had spoken of his wife by her first name to Lillian, but Lillian failed to mark this. She was preoccupied with the realization—which she found not displeasing—that Legendre's share of the quart of Scotch in the locker room had been generous. "He's a little tight," she thought, watching him. She was not surprised. It was her understanding, derived from downtown hearsay, that all members of the uptown crowd drank hard on all occasions, and the men especially hard when their wives were away.

The starter worked at last, and they wheeled from the curb and turned around, directly in front of the yawning doors of the Maple Street Garage. Several youths were lounging just inside, out of the rain, and among these Lillian looked for and discovered Tuffy Lascari, dark in his business grease and overalls. She saw him recognize, first, the car, then Bill, and then herself. She had an inclination not to speak to him, but the urge to acknowledge his recognition, and so confirm it beyond question, was, under the circumstances, stronger. Unseen by Bill, she fluttered a white hand briefly at the window. She was smiling to herself when they drove on.

"Did you phone the Summer Palace?" Lillian asked. "I mean, to make a reservation? Or did you want me to? I thought of it, but I didn't know."

Bill shook his head. "There'll be tables, all right. They won't have much of a crowd on a Monday night—and rainy at that."

She was a little disappointed. She wished he had made a reservation. "A table for two, for Mr. William Legendre"—and for Lillian Andrews. She would have liked to think of it as all arranged.

Bill's house was set back from the avenue, at the head of a terraced lawn. Around the lawn there was a low, vine-clad stone wall, and the foot of the driveway was marked by square stone posts, not quite so low, that supported twin globes of pale white light. Bill turned in between these with the safe but shocking swerve of three years' practice, and the coupe fled up the driveway, flinging gravel behind its wheels. They passed the side door of the house, visible under a wrought-iron lantern, and continued to the back, where the driveway made a loop around. Bill achieved the loop and returned to the side door, where he stopped. The whole entrance had not taken 30 seconds.

He opened the door on his side. "I'll only be a minute."

"Look," said Lillian quickly. "Do you mind if I come in with you? I mean, I'd love a little drink before we start on that long drive."

"There's no bad idea!" Bill said. "We'll both have one. Sure, come on in."

Lillian hesitated now. "But maybe your servants—what will they think?"

He was amused. " 'They' is 'she,' " he said—"our one and only. Oh, she's gone home hours ago. And it wouldn't matter anyway. Come on, hop out," he added.

He helped her out and then leaned into the car and shut off the motor. He forgot the headlights, but Lillian reminded him, and he turned back to extinguish them. She waited in the shelter of the little gable that jutted over the side door, while Bill slapped his pockets to locate his keys.

She said to herself, "Glad I thought of this."

There was no light inside when the door was opened, and Lillian, entering first and stepping sideways, tripped over something that slid with a crash to the floor.

"Goodness! What was that?"

Bill found the wall switch. "Irene's golf clubs," he said. "I'm sorry. I didn't know they were there."

He stood the clubs up again, in a corner this time. The initials "I. B. L.," in black, looked at Lillian from the bag, and Lillian looked stonily back at them.

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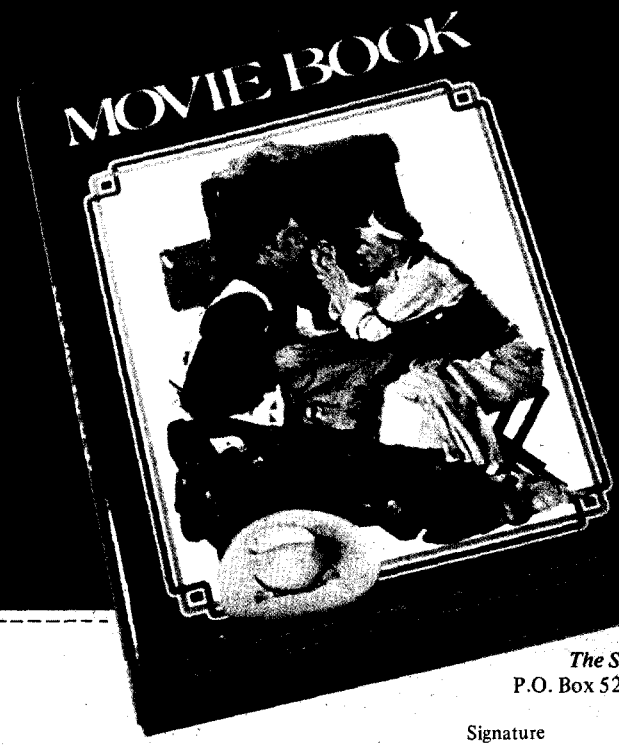

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There were open doors on both sides of this little hall. Through the door on the right a billiard table was discernible in the shadows. Bill led the way through the door on the left and found another switch. This was the big living room, that extended across the front of the house. Lillian had seen this room before. The front door opened into it, and she had passed through it, bearing Bill's mail and her notebook and two or three newly sharpened pencils, a month before.

It was different now. She was a guest this time, and catering to her pleasurable awareness of the fact, she dropped at once into the biggest chair and took her hat off. She tossed the hat to another chair nearby. She leaned her head back, and crossed her knees, and let her arms lie along the arms of the chair.

She said to Bill, "Is there a cigarette around somewhere?" and almost dared to call him "Bill," but did not quite.

He supplied cigarettes and a lighter, having first put a record on the phonograph—a thing Bill always did, had Lillian known it, the minute he entered this room. To the beat of "Am I Blue?", the song of the summer, he disappeared in the direction of the kitchen to mix highballs. "Gin and ginger ale," he had inquired, "or Scotch and soda?" and Lillian had said, "Scotch and soda" because it had a high-hat sound. Left alone, she rose and began to ramble about, examining pictures, fingering materials, picking things up and putting them down. She thought the room was not so beautiful as it should have been. It was too plain. She thought, "Say! If I had her money——"

She wandered into the dining room and out again, and crossed to the threshold of the billiard room and stood there a minute. She decided that a little later, before they left, she would go upstairs and look around. She had seen only the upstairs hall and a sort of study that other time. She thought she would like to see Irene's room. She remembered a glimpse as she passed it. A big, cool room, all green and lavender, with twin beds in it.

She thought how Irene would hate it if she knew that Lillian Andrews was here in her house, roaming all around, making herself at home; and the thought entertained her. She wished there was some way to make it certain that Irene would know, and know by finding out and not by hearing it from Bill. Lightly she said to herself, "I might leave something of mine in her room! My handkerchief, or some bronze hairpins or something." Her lips smiled over this whimsy. But her eyes narrowed, weighing the pros and cons.

They drank their highballs leisurely, with the phonograph playing all the while. Bill never for a moment let it stop. During a record he did not seem to listen, for he talked of everything else, but automatically toward the end of the piece he lounged to his feet and crossed to the instrument, carrying his tall glass with him and still talking. He set the drink down sometimes on the polished wood, sometimes on a pewter coaster which somebody—doubtless Irene—had hopefully placed there. He played both sides of every record, always glancing at the labels, but apparently merely from habit, for he never discarded one. It was plain that at home Bill lived, conversed, played cards, read, and ate his meals to this jazz accompaniment, and that peace and calm were disquieting to him.

"Don't you have a radio?" Lillian asked.

"Yeah, but it's in the billiard room. I don't like it so well, anyway," said Bill. "I'm old-fashioned or something." He was slurring his words a little. Since their arrival, he had had two drinks to Lillian's one.

"Let's have one more highball," Lillian suggested. "And then we'll go."

They had two more highballs each, and Bill brought a bottle from the kitchen and set it where he could reach it easily. He also presently produced some potato chips and some olives, and the remains of a roast duck on a platter.

"Mus' have a little something to eat," he said. "Can't drive 30 or 40 or how many miles on an empty stomach. I haven't had anything to eat since noon, 've you, Red? And it mus' be——What time is it?"

It was 10:30 by Lillian's little white gold wristwatch. She looked, then put the ticking thing to her ear.

"Stopped," she said. "I guess it's about nine o'clock, but I don't know."

"Who cares, anyway?" Bill cried genially. "Have a potato chip, Red." He surveyed her with sudden fondness.

"Good little Red," he said. "I like you!"

Lillian softly smiled. "Do you really—Bill?"

"I cert'n'y do. I think you're swell."

The phonograph was playing "I'd Rather be Lonely." With her smiling eyes still on Bill's eyes, Lillian hummed it low in her throat. She stood up suddenly, setting her drink down on a little table.

"Dance with me!" Her voice had a new, exultant undercurrent. "Why do we bother about the Summer Palace anyway, Bill," she said, "when we've got music and food and liquor and everything here?" (1931)

"We, the Jury—realizing that this defendant will undoubtedly have the charges against him dismissed on a minor legal technicality after five years of appeals—have decided to save the State time and money by finding him not guilty NOW."

Hitch-shock

Alfred Hitchcock said of his reputation as an outstanding practical joker, "I have pretty much outgrown that now, but I still have a little fun in elevators. Sometimes when I am in a crowded elevator I turn to someone with me and say, 'Of course, I didn't know the gun was loaded, but when it went off it blasted a great hole in his neck. A flap of his flesh fell down, and I could see the white ligaments uncovered. Presently I felt wetness around my feet. I was standing in a pool of blood.' Everyone else in the elevator stiffens; then I get out and leave them standing there."

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Making Movies

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keep your eye, and your mind, open for such alternate ways of showing your audience what you see through your camera.

You might start with a view of Tommy filling a tub with a hose as he looks around the backyard (a panning shot) for something. The film might then cut to a long shot of the obviously empty backyard. There might follow, as the next shot, a revelation: a shot of Fido, fully aware of what he's in for, crouching cannily under the porch. All this is both more informative and more amusing than one continuous shot wandering all around the house and yard and incorporating a good deal of unimportant scenery. (*Timing* has been long recognized as a key element in theater, especially in comedy.) Continuing the mood, your next sequence—following Tommy's discovery of Fido's whereabouts—might be a "chase" scene deliberately shot in fast motion for a Keystone Cops effect.

A non-comedic situation, too, can be broken down into dramatically telling components. Say daughter Daphne is going to her first prom. There is a dull way to see—and shoot—her departure: she comes down the stairs, she enters the living room, she greets her date, and he and she exit through the front door—all, from the viewpoint of an impartial observer. But if you want a meaningful record of this momentous event in Daphne's life, there's another way to see it, and shoot it.

Look at it this way (through your camera), and imagine your audience seeing it this way. The scene begins with a view of Daphne descending the stairs; it's carefully and beautifully composed, and she truly looks lovely. Cut to a shot of her date, who has been sitting nervously in a chair waiting for her; he gets up, expectantly—and appreciatively. Cut to a shot from her point of view: the boy, looming large or small, seen as she might see him. Next, a close-up of Daphne's face, perhaps lighting up—whether with triumph or expectation—perhaps smiling shyly. Cut to the reaction of her mother or father upon seeing this exchange; that reaction will depend on the people, of course, and may be beaming, worried, wistful, disapproving, or something else entirely. Cut to an outdoor shot, a close-up of the young couple emerging from the house; then zoom out to a long-view shot of them, moving away from the house, crossing the sidewalk, and entering a car.

If you've deduced that the scene as shot this second way has a great deal of emotional content, you're quite right; it has deliberately investigated the feelings and attitudes of the people involved, not merely their outward behavior. Further, this hypothetical series of shots has injected the filmmaker's point of view: every shot selected has been an "editorial" decision, right up to the final one that indisputably points up the young couple's going "out on their own."

Rarely have you seen a movie in a theater—or, for that matter, a television show—that hasn't somehow incorporated this "editorial" factor, that hasn't reflected in some way the feelings of the person or persons who directed and/or shot it. And before you get uptight about being "propagandized," realize that this fact is really inevitable: there are an infinite number of ways to shoot anything, and most filmmakers deliberately look beyond the obvious—both into their subjects and into themselves—for the impactful, the revealing, the insight that will give the audience just a little bit more than they bargained for.

An alert cameraman, for instance, might shift his focus from the face of a political speaker, with its mask of calm assurance, to the hands that are folding and unfolding nervously—something that cameraman might note, but which the audience would never see unless the camera is deliberately used to reveal it. During a discussion or debate, the camera might turn during one participant's statement to focus on the reaction of another—who may be nodding agreement, or gaping in wide-eyed disbelief, or beginning an indignant interruption, or busily scribbling notes. In this kind of reaction shot, the technique serves a dual purpose: while the effect of the speaker's words is shown, an air of anticipation is created as well, setting the scene for subsequent active response.

This lesson has merely hinted at the myriad ways of viewing the world anew through your camera. We hope our thoughts will serve as food for your own.

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FINAL ACTS

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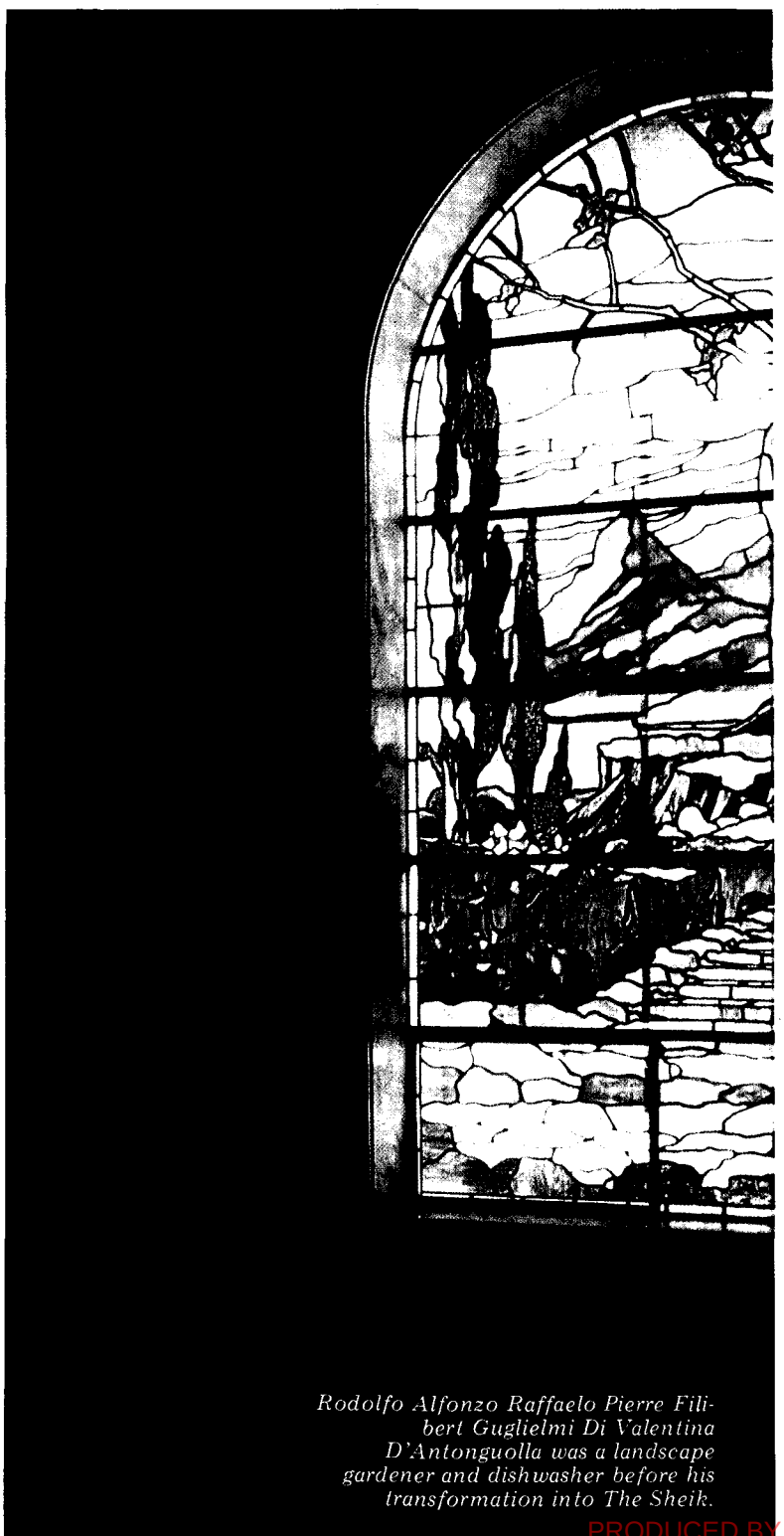
by Beverly Smith, Jr.

Photography by Peter Borsari



Rodolfo Alfonzo Raffaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi Di Valentina D'Antonguolla was a landscape gardener and dishwasher before his transformation into The Sheik.

"I'm afraid it's pretty gruesome," my wife Grace said. "They've got poor Valentino laid out for public view in the Gold Room at Campbell's Funeral Church—Broadway and 66th. They've rigged him up in full evening dress in a fancy silver casket. My city editor says the fans are putting on a regular mob scene outside, scuffling to get in. The pressure of the crowd pushed in one of Campbell's big plate-glass windows. Three cops, a photographer, and some of the women were cut so badly by the glass that they had to be taken to the hospital. It sounds kind of ghastly—I don't want to drag you into this."

It also sounded kind of dangerous, I said. A girl could get hurt in a mob like that. This was the very time she needed a man's strength and judgment. "I will protect you," I said.

As we came up from the subway, we saw a dense column of people, mostly women, shuffling southward along the east side of Broadway toward the funeral parlor six blocks away. Police kept them in line. From the other side of the street an even larger crowd, straining against the police lines, was struggling to dash across and break into the column which was approaching the Mecca of mourning. Every now and then a group of frantic women would elude the foot patrolmen and make a wild rush, only to be turned back by mounted police.

Now a veteran sergeant of foot police intercepted us. "Where you think you're going?" he demanded. Grace showed him her reporter's card. He softened. "The Brooklyn *Eagle*, huh? I was born and raised in Flatbush. Whole family used to read the *Eagle*. What can I do for you?"

"The editors want me to go into the Gold Room where the casket is," Grace said apologetically. "You know—get the atmosphere."

"It's awful in there, miss," said the sergeant gloomily. "Women screeching and fainting. No place for a nice young lady like you. But—well, seeing you're from the *Eagle*, I guess I can slip you in. How about this guy—er—this gent'man with you. He a reporter?"

"Not yet," Grace said. "He's my husband."

"Then he can't go in—sorry—not unless he goes back about ten blocks and stands in line three or four hours. Then you might not find him again all night, not in this mob. Tell you what, mister," he said, turning to me. "You stand on the northeast corner over there, in that space we've cleared by the lamppost. You got my permission. Stay right there until your wife gets back."

For ten minutes or so I stood on my corner, leaning on my umbrella and trying to look inconspicuous. Then the mounted patrolman guarding my sector, cantering back after helping repel another feminine charge a half block to the south, spotted me. He reined in his horse and glared. "Hey, you!" he shouted. "How'd you sneak over there? Get back across the street."

"I'm waiting here for my wife," I yelled back, standing firm.

The ridiculous excuse seemed to exasperate him. He touched the flank of his horse and rode straight at me. I dodged instinctively and dashed out into the street.

The cop rode at me again. "I got permission to stand here!" I yelled. "From the sergeant." I'm not sure he heard me above the tumult. If he did, he paid no heed. Again I dodged, ran, feinted, ducked.

As I once more sprinted safely back to my post, I heard a louder roar from the crowd. They were cheering me.

There is something stimulating in the cheers of the multitude, however irrational they may be. I caught my second wind and went on with the game, but my triumph did not last long. As I dodged and weaved, I heard the ominous clop-clop of hooves converging from north and south—reinforcements coming up.

My original pursuer vaulted down from his saddle. He seized my arm. "You're under arrest," he growled. As he led me away, the crowd booed. ☒ (1962)

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Woody Allen

continued from page 55

sessions from five to only three a week, Woody still feels uneasy in any kind of social situation. As he puts it, "I don't relate well to people. I'm not gregarious. I have a few close friends and that's it."

Not that Woody suffers too much from the self-imposed seclusion, considering the splendor of his surroundings. He may look like an errand boy and retain a slight Brooklyn accent, but he lives in regal magnificence. His duplex penthouse is elegantly decorated with Oriental rugs, Early American antiques, and Picasso prints. It seems truly a glass-enclosed retreat, ideal for writing comedy, practicing his clarinet, reading Camus and Kafka, or indulging his fantasies of being Willie Mays, Marlon Brando, or others on his endless list of idols.

Woody moved here from a brownstone townhouse to escape the teenage fans who followed him home, left notes under his door, and threw stones at his windows to attract his attention. Unfortunately, though, even his apartment does not provide him with the absolute ultimate in security. Once Woody arrived home to find the FBI staked out there to monitor a presidential parade. Another time lightning zigzagged across his terrace, shaking the building and sending slabs of concrete hurtling to the pavement, while Woody and Diane Keaton sat frozen in terror on the living room couch.

Diane, although a close friend and co-star of several of his films, no longer lives with Woody. And now, at 42, Woody leads a bachelorlike existence of "short flirtations." He's tried marriage twice. When he was only 19, he wed Harlene Rosen, a college student. She proved a great subject for jokes ("My wife cooked her first dinner for me, and I choked on a bone in the chocolate pudding"), but an unsuitable mate, and they divorced after five years. Then on Groundhog Day, 1966, Woody married Louise Lasser (star of the recent "Mary Hartman" series). Because "neither of us was that committed to such a close relationship," the union dissolved after four years.

Woody has no objection to attempting marriage a third time, but the odds against taking this step seem rather staggering. "I'm looking for absolute perfection," he states. "And I'm always disappointed, not to mention them!" He hastens to add for the record, however, that he is certainly not as inept with women as his screen performances suggest. "I don't act like I'm out on a date in *Play It Again, Sam*—I don't knock over chairs and crash through things." And if the number of calls Woody receives on a rainy Sunday afternoon is any measure, women seem to adore him.

Woody's personal life doesn't exactly mirror his Jewish middle-class upbringing. But as Allen Konigsberg of Flatbush, Brooklyn, he gave fair warning of his unusual destiny to his parents, for he was anything but a typical boy. For one thing, he was victimized by an inordinate number of fears—not only of death, kidnapping, heights, and the dark, but of dishwashers and flushing toilets as well. He was so painfully shy that "I never ate with my family but in my bedroom or the cellar." Unable to bear being called on in class, he would knock pencils off the desk, then bend down pretending to look for them until the bell rang. He utterly loathed school, read nothing for his first 15 years except Mickey Mouse and Batman, and made grades that varied between below average and way below average.

His uniquely sensitive antennae were tuned in elsewhere. Woody was absorbed in magic, which he practiced diligently, spending six to eight hours a day standing in front of a mirror with an array of coins, cards, handkerchiefs, and hats. He was also addicted to comedy. In the local movie theaters and vaudeville house, he carefully studied the routines and scribbled the jokes on his Raisinet boxes. Then he went home and copied the acts to the last detail.

By the time Woody reached high school, his comic gift was not only apparent but paying off. Woody was writing down the gags that irrepressibly sprang from his creative mind and selling them to newspaper columnists and press agents. "After school I'd get on the BMT subway," he recalls, "and start listing jokes. I'd always write five to a page and do ten pages. I was thrilled. I thought I was in the heart of show business." In fact, he was earning a miserable $25 a week. But he soon graduated from these one-liners to contributing sketches for Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, Art Carney, and other well-known comedians.

Performing his material, however, was not as easy as writing it. Woody was so terrified when he began that friends had to physically force him onto the stage. "That first year on the stage was the worst in my life," he admits sheepishly. "I'd have this fear in my stomach from the minute I awoke until I went on at 11 at night." His apprehension proved totally unwarranted, though. Nightclub audiences responded wildly to his self-deprecating wisecracks and autobiographical jokes

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On his 27th birthday and 25th anniversary in show business, Mickey Rooney's mother scolded him for not using his influence to put his sons (Mickey, Jr., two, and Timothy, ten months) into movies.

Rooney answered, "My kids will have normal childhoods. They won't go to work until they're four or five."

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like "My family didn't have the money to buy me a dog, so they gave me an ant; I called it Spot."

Adding directing to his growing repertoire of skills, Woody made *Take the Money and Run* and thus began the long string of popular films which he wrote, directed, and starred in. The success of these movies has led many critics to label him as the comedian of our age and to place Woody in the exclusive ranks of great screen comics.

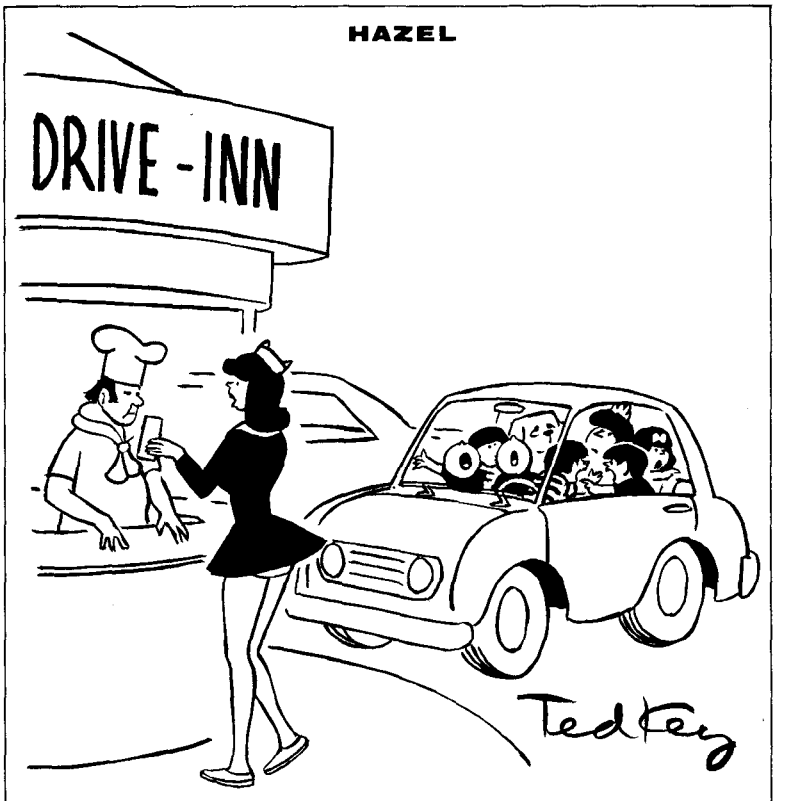
How does Woody himself account for his enormous professional success? "Whatever popularity I have," he begins in a typical self-put-down, "I think comes from people identifying with my characters and seeing in them some of the awkwardness and problems they themselves have. I think it's also related to the fact that I experiment and diversify in an attempt to grow."

Woody's films clearly reflect this diversity. "In *Take the Money and Run*," he explains, "the humor depended on jokes I wrote into the script. But the script for *Sleeper* was not particularly funny. I had to make the material funny by my performance. *Play It Again, Sam* was totally different because it was a character comedy in which the laughs came from unfolding a bizarre and neurotic personality. And *Love and Death* had a rather heavy theme. Even the hero dies at the end!"

Woody considers *Annie Hall* his most serious comedy, because it deals with believable people in a true-to-life romance. It's the most risky as well. "In this kind of film," he points out, "I couldn't use any zany cartoon settings or explosive rapid-fire jokes. I sacrificed these in the hopes that people would be amused by getting involved with the characters and story." Woody was admittedly "dubious" that the movie would please even a small, sophisticated audience, and was "completely amazed" by *Annie Hall*'s mass appeal not only here but throughout the world.

In many of Woody's films, students and critics have claimed to find deep meanings and social comments. *Love and Death* for instance, was viewed as an attack on the sexual mores of that period, *Sleeper* as a satire on advanced technology. Woody himself is surprised by such interpretations because "any meaning is purely accidental and unintended. I've basically been struggling just to get laughs."

And quite a struggle that is, according to Woody. In fact, he describes it as "sheer anguish" which he endures only for the feeling of accomplishment he gets at the end in having created something permanent that perhaps will continue to entertain people. "Making a film," he grumps, "means getting up at 6 every morning, shooting maybe 10 hours in very hot or freezing cold weather, and eating out of a catering truck. Not to mention the physical stuff like hanging from wires. Or, if, God forbid, I must go abroad, the really crazy problems I can run into there. Like working with 1,000 Russian soldiers in Hungary for *Love and Death*.



"Two Tom Thumbs, one Little Miss Muffet, two Red Riding Hoods, one Little Bo Peep, and two aspirins."

By the time the interpreter translated my orders, it was too late—the dynamite charges had gone off! Somehow the film turned out okay—but at great expense to my emotional life.

"Then," Woody continues, with his brows furrowed in distress, "after I finish shooting, I must edit 150,000 feet of film, which starts to look very stale. For months on end I put in all this work on a movie with absolutely no reward yet—no laughter from any audience."

Ironically, as Woody's films have improved, he has faced another dilemma. "I used to just crudely slap my movies together and submerge everything to the joke," he explains. "But gradually, over the years, I've learned more directing techniques—what time of day to shoot, what lenses to use, how to light, where to place the camera. I can make much better films. The problem is that a beautiful shot intrudes on the laugh. So I've been trying to reconcile the pretty and the funny—and, believe me, it's not easy!"

Nevertheless, Woody fully intends to increase his cinematic skills as well as make more daring movies. "I know I could do a good old-fashioned comedy tomorrow," he says, "that would be a surefire success. It would have a strong plot and contain no ideas that question or threaten our middle-class values. But this doesn't interest me anymore. If anything, I want to make comedies that are less and less 'comfortable' to the point where I can use comedy to express the social and philosophical ideas that men like Bergman and Antonioni express in serious films."

In fact, Woody is taking a radical step into serious films. For months he has been engrossed with his usual frenetic intensity making a brooding Bergmanesque drama about a family of women. He solemnly promises that "it won't have any laughs, at least not intentional ones," but will say no more about his newest opus because he feels "on very shaky ground. It's like making my first film all over again. I doubt if this one will have any broad appeal, but I must do the movie to find out if I have enough flair and promise in this area to work in it again."

Woody is certainly taking on heavy challenges. But perhaps meeting them will lighten his burden. Maybe the man who has so often said that "my only regret in life is that I'm not someone else" will at last be satisfied to be uniquely talented Woody Allen.

Academy Awards

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even at its most violent. Director Robert Altman makes you believe the entire movie was shot by the yellow glow of kerosene lamps. He focuses on his characters, on Warren Beatty and Julie Christie, who are themselves beautiful, and refreshingly—for the genre—fallible, human.

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